BRITANNIA and EVE

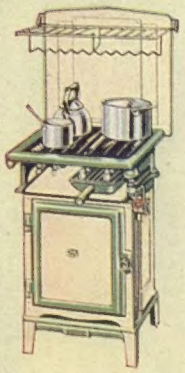
1/-

JANUARY
1937

BARBARA HEDWORTH
STENSON COOKE
TREVOR ALLEN
FERDINAND TUOHY
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
F MATANIA R.I.

COMPLETE HOME
and FASHION SECTIONS

And she can cook...



. . . CHANGED THOUGH HER ideas upon domesticity undoubtedly are, it is the delightful truth that the modern woman can cook. She has no use at all for the legend that knowing how to cook is a rare and mysterious gift, granted to a favoured few. With common sense and a Main Gas Cooker, she knows that she is capable of cooking anything from a rice-pudding to a full dinner, if necessary. The big feature of the Main Gas Cookers is the Mainstat Oven-Heat Controller, which automatically regulates the heat of the oven—and incidentally prevents the use of too much gas. All you have to do is set the Mainstat at the required letter, light the gas, and after the oven has heated up, put in the food. You can trust the Mainstat to cook the dish perfectly without attention. The Main Recipe Book tells you all about it. Put your name and address on a postcard and we will send you a copy FREE. Write to R. & A. MAIN LTD., DEPT. (37), 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

MAINSTAT MAIN CONTROLLED

Gas Cookers

IN DELUXE COLOURS OR DAPPLE GREY ENAMEL FINISHES

See them at the Gas Showrooms

What Shredded Wheat will give you day by day

Will for Work!

You know very well how irksome work can be if you're not feeling yourself, and how differently you tackle it when you're fit. It's all a matter of Health, and Health very largely is a matter of food. That's why it's very important to start off the day with Shredded Wheat.

THE RIGHT FORM OF NOURISHMENT

Important, because Shredded Wheat is crammed with all the precious goodness of pure whole wheat in a form which is easily and quickly absorbed by the system. In other words, Shredded Wheat gives you the type of nourishment that is quickly turned into driving force and staying power.

A MODERN GIRL PROVES ITS WORTH

She writes: "*I have found Shredded Wheat the ideal breakfast food. When friends ask me how I keep so healthy, I tell them I have Shredded Wheat to thank for it*". In fact thousands everywhere are daily proving its worth as a builder of health and energy.

THOUSANDS LIKE ITS WHEATEN FLAVOUR

It's great to know too, that although Shredded Wheat is so beneficial it is also very nice to eat. It has a wholesome, wheaten flavour, nutty and crisp, which all relish with delight. With milk, hot or cold; with cream, honey or stewed fruits; as a sweet or as a savoury, Shredded Wheat is one of the most delicious and health-giving cereals you can buy.

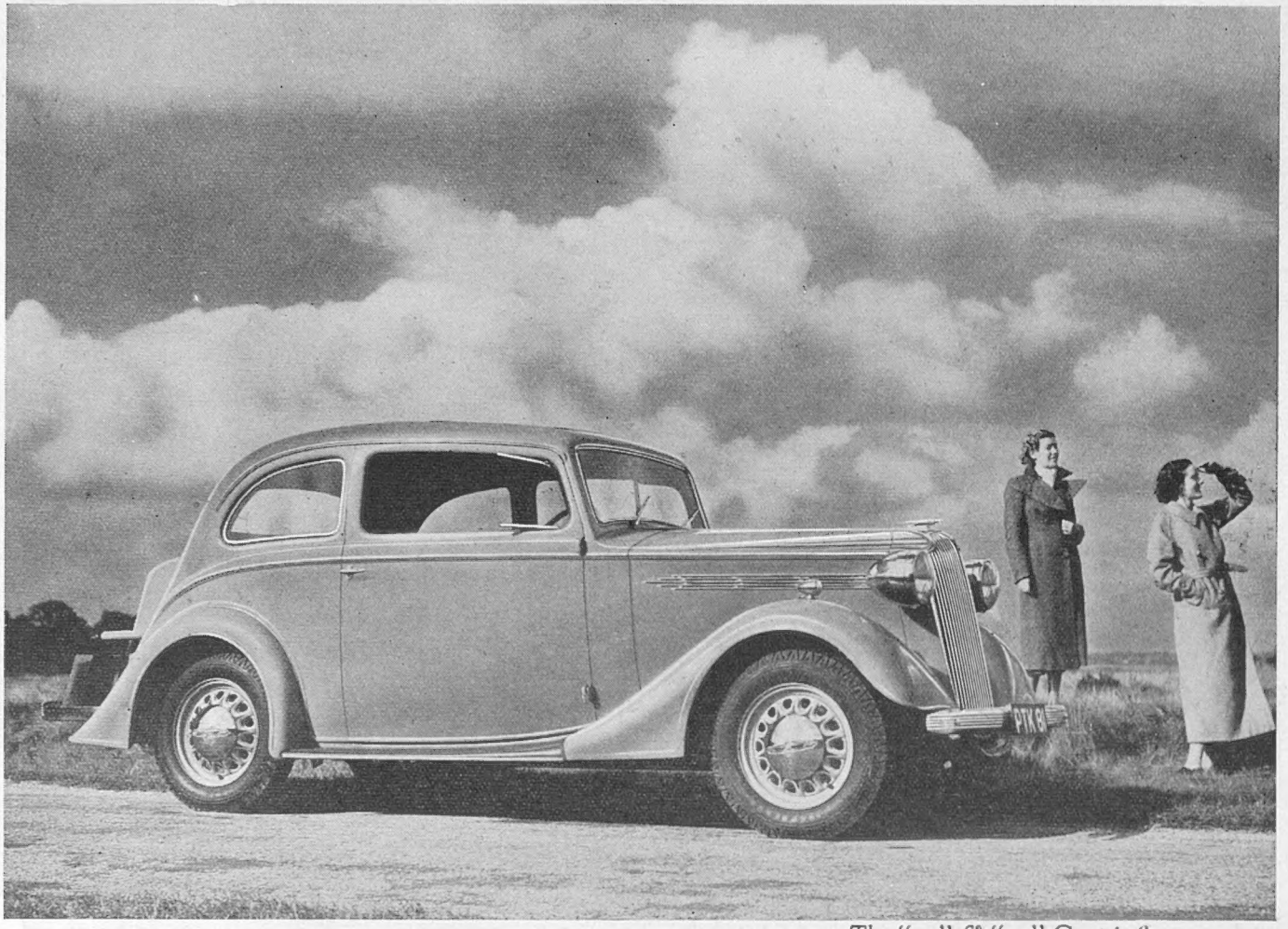
A BOON IN THE KITCHEN

And look how handy Shredded Wheat is. It's always ready to serve in a great variety of tempting and appealing ways, at any time. No wonder it has earned the reputation of being Britain's favourite Breakfast Food. It has every good quality—lightness, digestibility, deliciousness, adaptability, economy, food-value and health-value. Why not make it a regular daily dish?

. . . Keep up to the mark on

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY LIMITED, WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE (Pratt's)



The "12" & "14" Coupé, £235.

Servant or Soul-Mate?

Considered coldly and dispassionately as a mere means of transport, or as a car to be loved by the enthusiast for its own sake, this Vauxhall "12" & "14" is a remarkable motor car. Those whose car is solely a necessary servant will be satisfied that it covers the miles very quickly, effortlessly and in comfort. But others, more sensitive, will delight in its eager liveliness and the smooth silence in which it travels. They will appreciate at their full worth such features as Independent Springing and No-Draught Ventilation, Body Conformity Seating and Super Synchro-Mesh, — and all the other qualities that make this Vauxhall so much more than a dependable car.

The 12 & 14 h.p. is at your local Vauxhall dealer's now. A trial run is yours for the asking. Saloons cost from £195.

Vauxhall

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDS.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 14, No. 1. JANUARY 1937

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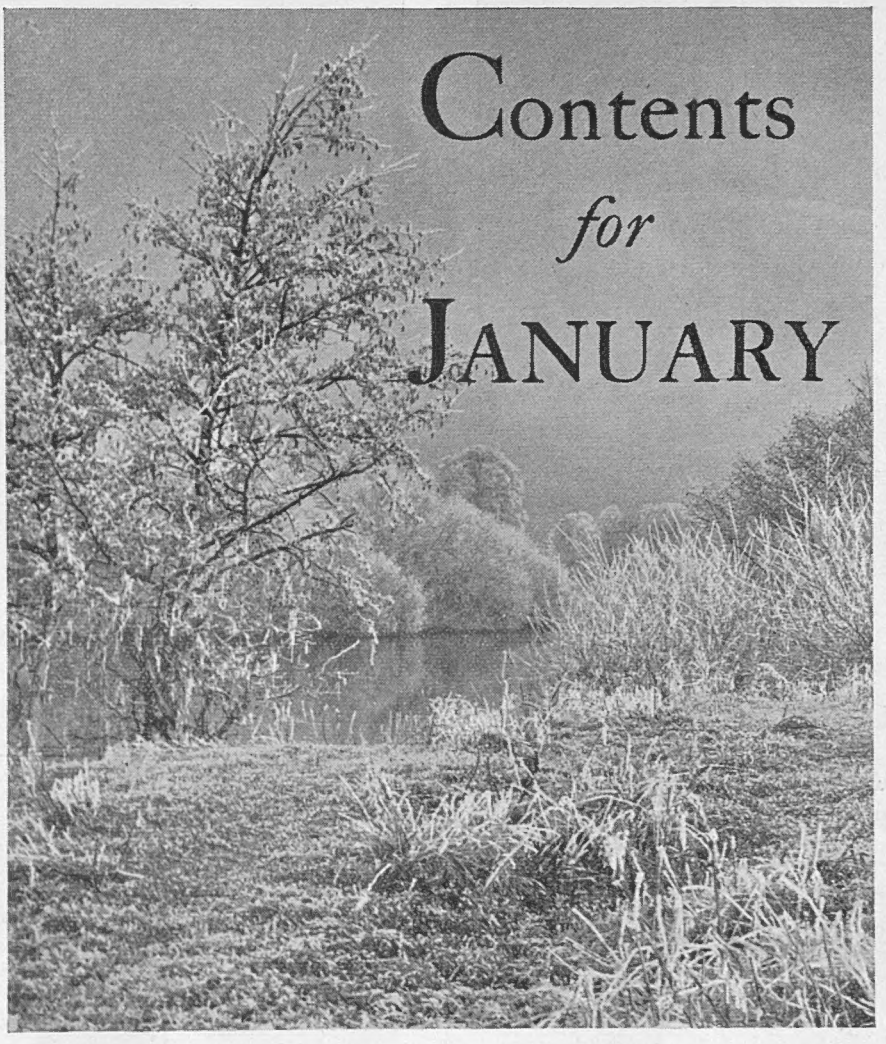

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4 and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 114. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

CARR'S

TABLE WATER BISCUITS

Perfect with Cheese.. Perfect with Butter... ..with a glass of Wine or alone

BY APPOINTMENT

MADE ONLY BY

CARR'S OF CARLISLE ENGLAND

© 956

Winter Sunshine

New World Rivieras

Through bookings to Nassau — paradise of sunshine and sport— from £63 return including round-trip ocean fares, hotels and meals in New York. Also convenient connections to Bermuda, Florida and California.

Easter Cruise

"LANCASTRIA" MAR. 25

For parents and scholars—Azores, Madeira, Tenerife, Casablanca, Gibraltar—from L'pool—Adults from £18, Girls £14, Boys £12 with shore excursions

Spring Cruise

"LACONIA" MAR. 17

To Mediterranean & Riviera; a month's voyage to eleven fascinating ports including Algiers, Athens, Naples, Villefranche — from Southampton Rates from 52 gns.

Apply Cunard White Star, Ltd., Liverpool, London or local agents

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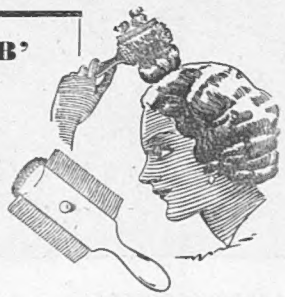
The DENMAN

MASSAGE 'BRUSCOMB'

Banishes Dandruff and Prevents Premature Greyness



What faded, falling or greying hair needs is increased blood circulation, which will give it new vitality, gleaming high-lights and freedom from dandruff. Brush massage is the correct and healthful way of achieving this. The Denman Bruscomb builds up hair health in three ways:

1. Hair-tensioning, i.e., gently pulling on hair roots, feeding them and stimulating the blood.
2. Massaging complete length of hair from root to tip, also under tension, which causes electrical action in the nerve cells, thus improving the colour and life of the hair.
3. Thoroughly cleansing the hair and scalp—removing dandruff, grease and dust.

You will notice, too, that this pleasant way of bringing back life to the hair, and elasticity to the scalp, will bring beauty to your eyes. It will also banish ageing wrinkles from your forehead.

The Denman Massage Bruscomb takes apart for cleaning or for use as a brush only. It is supplied at from 2/11 to £2 2s. 0d., for children's, shingle and full-head sizes.

DENMAN PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. B), 169, REGENT ST., W.1

Now available in Clear, Cream or Pearl.

VAREEN

A pleasure to use. Durable in colour and finish. Gives an exquisite finishing tone to my lady's toilet.

Favourite Colours of Vareen Nail Polish:

Natural Rose	*Pale Coral*	*Orange Rust*	*Red Lake Red*
Deep Rose	*Blush Pearl*	*Flame*	*Dark Red*

Liquid Nail Polish	1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
Remover or Oily	1/- and 1/6
Cuticle Cream	1/- and 1/6
NAIL WHITE PENCIL	1/-
Cuticle Remover	*1/-*

Obtainable from Messrs. Harrods, Barkers, Marshall & Snelgrove, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, all stores and chemists, including Boots Branches, Hairdressers and Manicurists.

VAREEN, LTD., LONDON, W.11

his mother uses THE NEW 'Viyella' NURSERY

KNITTING YARN 6½d. oz.

A brand new knitting yarn that will not shrink and will not stretch; extra elasticity makes it always dry to shape. Colours absolutely fast. Produced at Viyella House by experts in children's wear.

See the new Nursery 'Viyella' leaflets at your wool shop. Jolly and practical patterns for children's clothes.

A VIYELLA HOUSE PRODUCT

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM

HAMPTON'S GREAT JANUARY SALE

DAILY: UNTIL JAN. 31. HOURS: 9.30—6.30. SATS. 1 p.m.

LONDON'S FINEST VALUES IN DOWN QUILTS

at a saving of **17/6 & 22/6**

Covered in good quality artificial silk Marocain, reverse side sateen to tone. Attractively stitched as illustrated, edges finished with ruched piping. Well filled with good quality purified down, light in weight and well ventilated. In shades of Rose, Blue, Green and Gold.

Single bed, 5½ × 4 ft. Reduced from, each, 52/6 to **35/-**

Double bed, 6 × 5 ft. Reduced from, each, 67/6 to **45/-**

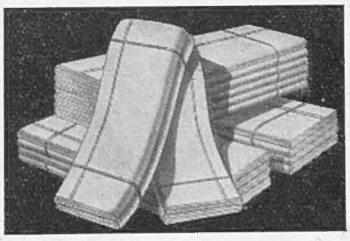
BEDSPREADS TO MATCH:

70 × 100 ins. Reduced from, each, 32/6 to **21/6**

90 × 100 ins. Reduced from, each, 42/- to **27/6**

200 PAIRS ONLY CORDED IRISH LINEN SHEETS

AT A SAVING OF **15/- & 20/-** *per pair.*



A bargain offer which should not be missed. These Sheets are woven from fine quality yarns and have a pleasing finished appearance. Hems finished with two rows of cord-stitching in place of the usual hemstitch. Laundered ready for use.

Single bed, 2 × 3¼ yds. finished. Reduced from, per pair, 45/- to **30/-**

Double bed, finished 2½ × 3¼ yds. Reduced from, per pair, 60/- to **40/-**

750 PAIRS FINE QUALITY CORDED EGYPTIAN COTTON SHEETS

AT A SAVING OF **7/6** *PER PAIR*

These Sheets have a pleasing silky texture and the wide hems are finished with an attractive two-cord stitch in place of the usual hemstitch. Laundered ready for use. Finished 2 × 3¼ yds. Reduced from, per pair, 22/6 to **15/-**

Please write or phone for Hampton's 40-page Sale Catalogue, illustrating many examples of supreme Sale values in Home Furnishings of every description. Post free.

HAMPTONS: PALL MALL EAST
LONDON, S.W.1. *Telephones: Whitehall 1020*

The Once-a-Year BURBERRY SALE

Now Proceeding

Garments of rich quality at low prices.

The Burberry

THE BURBERRY
In Gabardine. Lined with proofed check wool. In fawns, browns, greens, dark greys. 34-ins. to 44-ins. chest, 44-ins. to 52-ins. lengths. S/breasted unbelted, circular collar
SALE PRICE **75/-**

BURBERRY Model No. 2
Single-breasted, with revers that close snugly.
SALE PRICE **94/6**

SLIMBER BURBERRY
Lined Urber Silk of varied hues. In putty, flecked fawn and browns. 34-ins. to 44-ins. chest. 44-ins. to 52-ins. lengths.
SALE PRICE **£6.5.6**

OVERCOATS (Urbitor Coatings)
Pure wool West of England coatings, proofed by Burberrys' special process. Fawns, browns, grey-blues, lovats. 34-ins. to 42-ins. chest. Lengths up to 52-ins. Single-breasted styles.
SALE PRICE **£5.4.6**

TWEED OVERCOATS (Belted and Unbelted)
Cheviots in speckled shades of fawn flecked with grey, brown and grey, etc.
Usually 8½ gns.
SALE PRICE **£5.5**

MANNEQUIN MODEL COATS
in Tweeds, Saxonies, Worsteds, Cashmeres, and other cloths.
Usual price 10 to 16 guineas.
SALE PRICE **6, 7 & 8 gns.**

COSTUMES (Ready-to-Wear)
Surplus stock. Fawns, browns, lovats, black, grey and navy. Worsteds, Homespuns, Herringbones, etc. 34-ins. to 44-ins. chest.
Usually 10-13 gns.
SALE PRICE **6½ & 7 GNS**

KNITTED TWEED MIXTURE CARDIGAN SUITS
Colouring: black/white, navy/white—flecked red, etc. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42.
Usual price £5.19.6.
SALE PRICE **£5.0.0**

HAND-MADE BLOUSES
In attractive pale shades, this season's models.
Usual prices 69/6 and 63/-.
SALE PRICE **39/6**

BOYS' BURBERRYS
(Model No. 1)
In shades of tan, fawns, lined throughout check. Lengths 26-ins. to 40-ins.
SALE PRICES **42/- to 58/-**

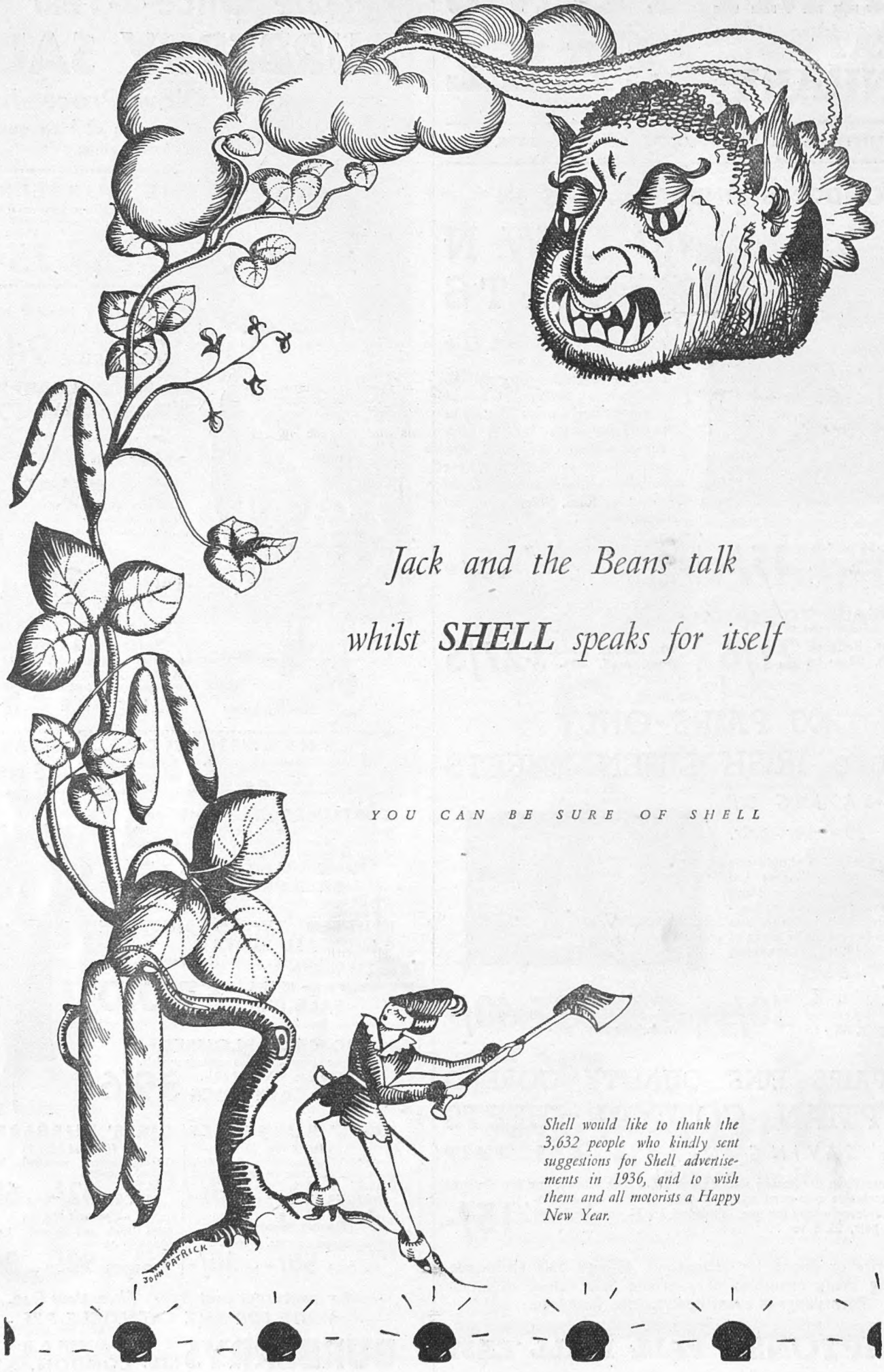
(Double-Breasted)
Belted. Lengths 26-ins. to 40-ins.
SALE PRICES **50/- to 80/-**

GIRLS' BURBERRYS
(Model No. 1)
Circular collar, unbelted, lengths 26-ins. to 44-ins.
SALE PRICES **42/- to 65/-**

(Model No. 2)
With lapels and belted. Lengths 26-ins. to 44-ins.
SALE PRICES **50/- to 84/-**

Garments sent post free. Alterations free.
WRITE FOR SALE CATALOGUE S.75

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1



Jack and the Beans talk

whilst **SHELL** *speaks for itself*

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Shell would like to thank the 3,632 people who kindly sent suggestions for Shell advertisements in 1936, and to wish them and all motorists a Happy New Year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Hail, fair morning, on which the British nation to a man wakes up to be shot.

Dog, Wireless and Annual Motor Licences renewable. Income Tax (and Super Tax !) falls due. Oh, rabbits, rabbits, rabbits, was ever such a morning after the night before !

Compose Conscience, Budget, and New Year Resolutions with Slender Hope and Superb Grit, taking a deep breath and chanting :

Should old accounts, then, be forgot
And never come to mind?
We'll beg an overdraft, my love,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

Saturday, January 2nd

Manchester Races. Chief race : Victory Hurdle. In this look out for Hill Song, Latoi, Red Horizon, if still running. They are tipped by Ladbroke. Do bookies know ?

Sunday, January 3rd

Second Sunday after Christmas, and positively the last for recovering from Holidays.

Monday, January 4th

To WORK. Alas ! the stars say : Least done, soonest mended. They do not favour money-making until Wednesday, January 6th.

Friday, January 8th

EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS OPENS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

This show has been inaugurated to support a movement towards HUMANISED HOMES as against the purely mechanised dwelling-places that have been shooting up recently.

The centre hall of Burlington House will be devoted to domestic architecture, and leading architects are to submit plans, sketches and models which break right away from the rectangular box-room so typical of flat and house designing to-day. This type of designing has been found to have a bad effect on the nerves of occupiers.

Statistics from Dagenham, and each of the great working-class estates, show a curious increase in the death-rate, and this is not because the dwellings or surroundings are insanitary, but because the shape of the rooms affords no rest or spiritual satisfaction. They cannot be made into homes. They are built for the Robot man, and man is not a Robot, yet. This tendency is true of prevailing domestic architecture, and the exhibition is trying to stage a revolution.

The house-conscious should try to visit it during the next six weeks. Homes are on view for the man with the small, large and moderate income, and in all of these special attention has been paid to sound proofing.

Saturday, January 9th

If nights are fine during this week-end, stars are at their brightest during the year. About 9.30 p.m., looking due south, ORION dominates the sky ; this constellation is always the most clearly marked. But the most vivid single star is SIRIUS, slightly east of south. CAPELLA, a fine star of yellow tint, is immediately overhead. Over the western horizon are the four stars of the Great Square of PEGASUS. These are the mighty ones which stand forth to the most casual observer ; sublime in their indifference, serene, and beautiful.

Monday, January 11th

Oxford Hilary Term begins. So does wardrobe revision for boys and girls returning to public and boarding schools. Distressing avalanche of new socks, shirts, shoes, boots ; agony advertisement of countless mothers. We would like to meet the mother of the boy who "bagged" John's best pyjamas, sponge bag, football boots ; also the mother of the girl who went home with Doris's new blouse, hair-brush, and eleven handkerchiefs. Do these children exist ? Have they mothers ? May we be introduced.

Tuesday, January 12th

New Moon, 4.47 p.m. Bob once, turn silver coin and wish. *Bad luck if you catch sight of it through glass.*

Wednesday, January 13th

Cambridge Full Lent Term begins.

Saturday, January 16th

Rugby : England *v.* Wales, Twickenham. Always an enthusiastic match. Stellar forecast : Weather good.

Monday, January 18th

Now that families are back at school, eyes on seed catalogues and aquariums.

England has become goldfish-mad, having discovered that a decorative tank in the window gives a millionaire touch to any home. And fish are such fun, said the cat.

"If we chuck out the sideboard and have a tank that is twice as large, how many veil-tails, fantails and Chinese moors can we take ?" cry enthusiasts, driven crazy by the news of shoals due to arrive here during the next few days. Most of these shoals are sold out before they land !

Eight 2 in. fish can be kept in a tank 24 in. long, by 12 in. deep by 12 in. wide. This costs £2 to £4 if bought already equipped. But it is fun to make one up yourself with $\frac{2}{3}$ water-plants, $\frac{1}{5}$ gaudy pebbles and red snails, and $\frac{2}{3}$ water. An inch layer of fine mould is placed over the bottom of the tank in which the plants can root ; this is then covered with an inch of fine silver sand. Gravel should never be used. Fish food gets down between it and ferments. The water should not be changed, but kept level with the top and aerated occasionally by an electric buzzer. The right plants oxygenate the water ; snails scavenge.

All kinds of amusing side-lines develop with this hobby. You can search during week-ends for the water-plants in brooks and marshes. Dig in the garden for worms, the food preferred. Breed red snails and daphnæ (water-fleas which do not leave the water) in buckets. One Cabinet Minister has five such buckets in his dressing-room, all for love of his fish.

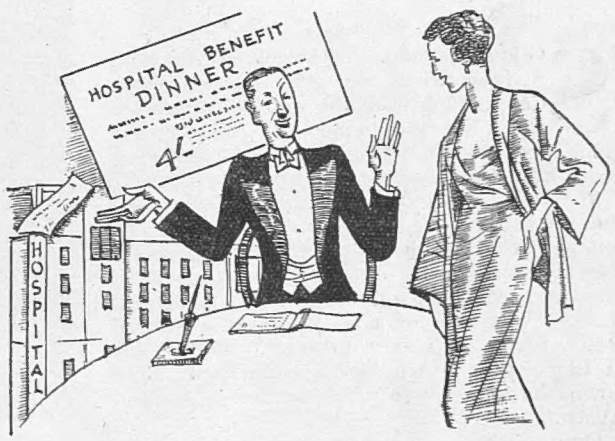
Monday, January 25th

Good time to have furniture mended, odd repairs done. Carpenters are slack.

Tuesday, January 26th

Full Moon, 5.15 p.m. Also, about this time, a flux of hospital benefit dinners at fashionable restaurants.

As the dinner subscription is low to ensure a large attendance, and some of the ticket money has to be sent to the hospital, the food suffers. "If the soup had been as hot as the wine, and the wine as old as the chicken, and the chicken as plump-chested as the lady sitting next me, I might have held on to it . . ." said a diner at one of these functions.



Joking aside, you will be more generous and better advised to send a donation without expecting convivial returns for your money.

Then, if you feel you deserve a treat, go to the opening night of the Cochran revue on *January 29th*.

Binnie Hale, Nelson Keys and Gitta Alpar will entertain you. The book is by A. P. Herbert. It satirises the guests at an English country house party. A. P. H. has kept his dignity as an M.P. by lampooning everyone and no person in particular. But it's sharp. Some will be struck by the wit, others by the clothes. All will remember it.

Sunday, January 31st

Don't forget to say "Hares, hares, hares," last thing before you fall asleep, and bring Good Luck to February.

By C. Patrick Thompson

("Flight")

"Canopus" in flight. This is the first of the 28 new Empire Flying-boats being built for the Empire routes of Imperial Airways

John Bull *soars* Into the Air Age

"Canopus" at anchor. This flying-boat has accommodation for 24 passengers for day stages and 16 on night stages, carries a crew of 5, and its weight loaded is 18 tons

"SO long, darling. I'll telephone you from Sydney when we get in next week. Couple of days at the wool sales, and I'll catch the next plane out. Why, in not much more than a fortnight, you'll be motoring down from town again to pick me up here!"

Mr. Smith kisses his wife, and vanishes into the depths of the silver sea-plane. A few minutes later the big boat gathers speed across the smooth stretch of Southampton Water. She tilts, lifts her long, slim, winged body into the air with the effortless ease of a seagull rising, turns her nose south-east. The people at the airport watch her dwindle from sight down the long air lane to the Timor Sea and Australia.

On the lower deck of the high-wing monoplane, Mr. Smith passes his time between the smoking-saloon, the glass-sided promenade deck, and his luxurious bunk. Time passes in a succession of sunsets and dawns as the machine rushes steadily around the curve of the planet, between the panorama of earth and ocean, and the blue kingdom of the sky. They are punctuated for Mr. Smith and his two dozen fellow passengers by the regular descents at the airports of the route chain, the debouching of the crew of six from the upper deck and the embarkation of a fresh crew; a leg stretch of an hour or two; and up and off again—into the dawn, into the high noon, into the flood-lit night. Roads, rivers, railways, shimmering deserts and misty mangrove swamps, mountain ranges and islands covered with pearly cloud, the cities of twenty-nine countries, move into Mr. Smith's orbit of vision, and recede into the distance behind him.

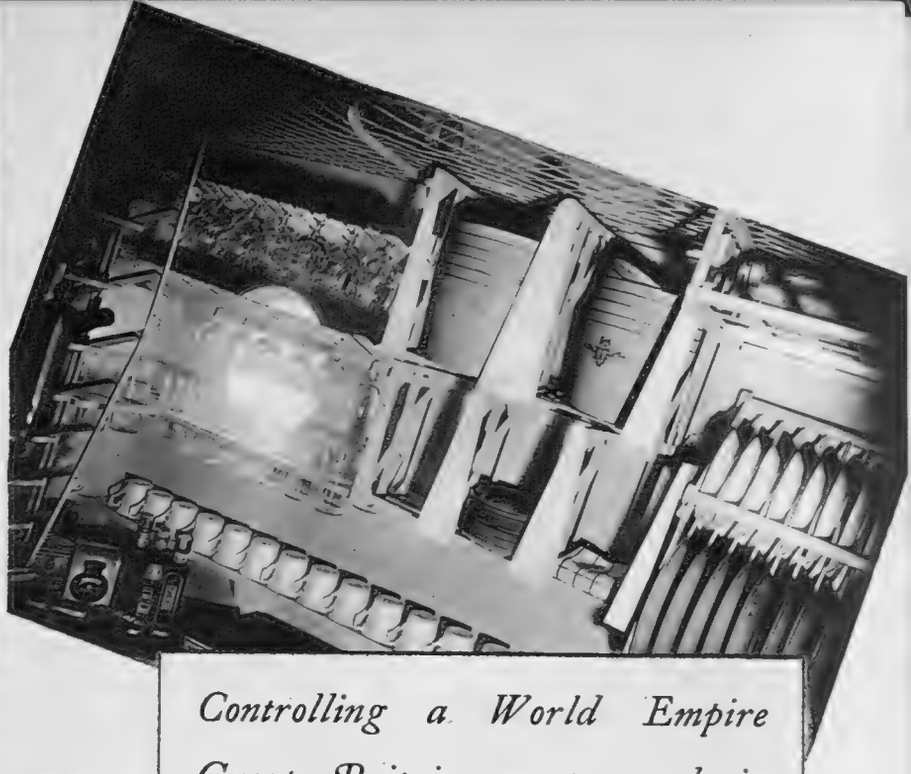
On the seventh day out he looks down and sees the green-shadowed streak of the Parramatta river opening out into the calm and sparkling pool of Sydney harbour, spanned by the delicate tracery of the great bridge. Nearer, and he can see the long line of Pacific rollers breaking against the high cliffs at the harbour entrance, white sails of yachts skimming the water on the sheltered side, the indentation of Circular Quay with the ferry-boats bustling among the big ships lying at the dock-side.

And down there he sees a silvery winged boat cutting a streak of foam as it skims the pool surface, and soars up. He knows it for a sister-plane of the one which is now carrying him down to his business in Sydney. In the harbour and the airport he looks for some sign of excitement, but perceives none. After all, one seaplane in a day, one seaplane out a day, with passengers and mails destined for the terminal points, junctions, and intermediate stations of the England-Australia airway—they're used to it now. . . .

A fantasy of the remote future? It sounds like it, until one examines the new British air mail map and Imperial Airways 1937 schedule, and inspects one of the great new fleet of twenty-nine 18-ton, twin-deck seaplanes which have been going into commission from the Southampton air base at the rate of one every three weeks since October, 1936.

One then realises that the fantasies of 1936 will be the realities of 1938; that something terrific and revolutionary is moving with abruptly increased acceleration towards materialisation: and that the year 1937 is likely to mark a dividing line between old and new in air history. Indeed, in terms of air transport, and all that it implies of an immense speed-up of communications and contracting of time distances, events in 1937–38 look like making the 1919–35 period—sixteen long years of trail-blazing, trial-and-error experimenting, struggle, setback, advance—appear by contrast merely the prelude to action.

Into this new air age John Bull, after his slow start, is heading as the world leader. The mercantile air fleet that he is so rapidly building is the world's biggest and most up-to-date so far. He has already passed the United States in regular air route mileage, with an aggregate 53,291 miles against the 52,461 miles of airways for the United States (the runners-up are France with 24,451 miles, and Germany—in the absence of figures for the Soviet Union, which probably somewhat exceed the German mileage—with 22,291 miles). Incidentally, all these



Taking early morning tea in one of the new Imperial Airways Empire Flying-boats, and (right) a view of the kitchen

The smoking cabin in the "Canopus," the first of the 28 new flying-boats built for Imperial Airways for Empire routes

figures will be substantially larger when the full 1936 figures are known, but Britain will still retain the lead, and may even increase it. And when the Transatlantic air services begin regularly to function (the experimental service starts this year), Britain will be found dominating the business as she dominates the Transatlantic sea-ferry.

This pre-eminence has not been achieved without a struggle, or without the stimulus of competition and even grave menace to existing British interests and to Britain's future as an international trader, carrier, banker—and as an empire. The hard fact is that the British, controlling a world empire, must somehow excel in international air services, or lose the chief place they have won by the supremacy of their sea instincts and services.

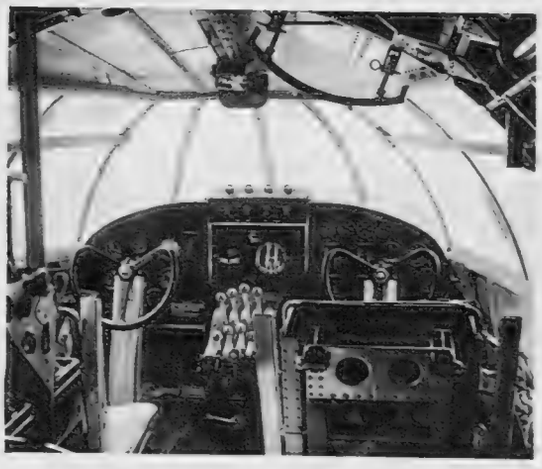
For men are no longer measuring distance in miles. They are more and more measuring it in time; and Britain, with her gigantic and widely separated empire, cannot afford to fall behind other nations in contracting time distances. Indeed, she must if possible shorten time distances beyond the point possible for any other people, except perhaps the Americans. Since the maximum speed of practical land and sea transportation has about reached its limit, time distances now can be shortened only in the air.

This means more than machines. It means more than daring. Men have raced through the air at 440 miles an hour, soared in a plane nearly 14 miles into the sky, flown without alighting a distance of 50,000 miles, re-fuelling in the air. They have rushed around the world, across the Atlantic, to Australia and South Africa from England, like so many human bullets. All this means little more than headlines, and the "heroism" of professional risk-takers. When it has ended in upside-down landings, exhausted flops from a cockpit, or an unlucky drop into a sea, it has done nothing more than provide a personal news story and a reminder that stunt aviation is as dangerous as motor-racing, coal-mining, or window-cleaning, if something goes wrong.

The conquest of air distances, like the conquest of land and sea distances, for the service of the human race, lies along the unspectacular path of the normal. It is a matter of achieving a commercial proposition: of time-tables, elimination of risk and strain, provision of comfort and even of pleasurable travel—and speeds ever rising within the limitations of these basic conditions.

Machines and men are in advance of everything else, now. Two things have to catch up with them. One is organisation. The other is policy. A spotlight on the revolution in British air-transport, which begins in 1937, illuminates this whole field—and explains why, although (*Continued on page 92*)

Controlling a World Empire Great Britain must excel in international air services, or else forfeit the chief place already won by the supremacy of her sea instincts and services



The control bridge of the "Canopus" ("*Flight*")

In parachute jumping there is no set or particular way of leaving the machine. Some jump backwards, some frontwards and some head-first to imitate the movement of a high dive. This jumper is going the ordinary way, feet first

PARACHUTE—

The Story of Armed Men falling from the Skies

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A small army of Russian parachutists floating to earth having jumped from squadrons of troop-carrying 'planes during manœuvres of the Red army near Kiev

WE have got to the stage of unloading artillery and tanks from the air. H. G. Wells, in his " fantastic extravaganza," "War in the Air," never got as far as that. Yet this inspired pre-view appeared less than forty years ago, at a time when several of the likely air chiefs in any coming air war were not only already of this planet, but were boys well on in their school-days.

The March of Time, indeed! Call it, rather, the Rush. Call it very surely the Insane Rush.

For what are we up against here, once again? Familiar irony of the turning of an invention contrived exclusively for the preservation of life into an instrument directed at its destruction.

When ballooning began to catch on about a hundred years ago—the week I write marks the centenary of a record 400-miles' journey from this country to Germany—accidents and tragedies gradually led to the evolution of the first crude parachutes. So unreliable were these at first, that to jump meant almost certain death : in fact, it was not until the 'sixties or 'seventies of last century that a precarious safety appeared, and exhibition leaps from a trapeze attached to the basket began to attract awed throngs.

In early 1914 nobody had yet left an aeroplane in flight. But jumping from captive balloons was being practised on Salisbury Plain, and this form produced the first successful aerial leaps for life of the war. A " sausage " would be set ablaze or break from its mooring. It would as likely as not contain an officer and an N.C.O. Priority of affairs ran as follows : first, overboard with maps and documents ; second, the N.C.O. leaps ; third, the officer. But it all had to be done so rapidly and in such a tangle, sometimes with the basket tilting crazily while it careered away, that 100 per cent. success would be the rarest of events. The whole business was still primitive enough as late as 1916, when Basil Hallam fell from his harness in an enforced leap just behind Arras. He had only been out a short while, and any G.H.Q. with imagination must have ordered Hallam's assured ear-marking—cult of the time, that he was—for doing precisely what G.H.Q. was always bleating about—namely, " improving the morale of the troops." However. . . .

Towards the close, in 1918, a very, very few agents were dropped from aeroplanes behind the enemy's lines, to be collected—perhaps—a dawn or two later. We had a special flight of six, under a Major W., engaged on this intensely difficult job. The French were on to it, too. But, whereas we could experiment (minutely) with Flems, and the French, better still, with agents who were native of the very countryside over which they would be dropped, obviously a great advantage, the Germans were out of luck. Even had they managed to parachute a Belgian or French refugee behind our lines, he 'd never have turned up at the subsequent collection rendezvous, while any German who alighted in North France could not long have escaped detection.

How far off all that reads!

A conservative estimate is that Russia already possesses well over 100,000 latest-type parachutes, and that a good million of her young men and women are using them for practising. If the United States may be the more exclusively expert and better equipped, and Germany and Italy, did we but know, probably not far behind, Soviet Russia has all along been the pioneer of mass parachuting, as if realising that should her vast expanses ever be invaded, a light force of all arms dropped in rear or flank of a penetrating enemy—that is, dropped in friendly, national territory—could well exert decisive influence.

The French Army is the latest to adopt the idea of " air infantry," and soon we may expect them all to be at it. Czechs, Poles, Belgians, Germans, Swiss, at any rate. Ourselves are apparently

Joe Crane, of Roosevelt Field. He has jumped nearly 1000 times and is a leading member of the Caterpillar Club, which is restricted to airmen who have had to jump to save their lives. The membership of this club has reached nearly 900

An American parachute jumper got caught up in the tail of the machine, but he managed to cut himself free and descended safely with his reserve parachute

A Russian taking a practice drop from a training tower at Moscow

Aerial Infantry. Russian soldiers dropped by parachutes from bombing-type 'planes. An incident during the recent manœuvres of the Soviet Army

still going to wait and see, although the Air Force itself is, of course, copiously served with parachutes. Meanwhile, what is happening abroad really falls under two heads. There is the military preparation proper—such as the creation of two French parachute units, based on Rheims and Algiers, each unit to consist of a company of light infantry and a squadron of troop-carrying machines. Then, beyond and around this purely military aspect, parachuting is fast developing into the latest popular-sport for the young and hardy in both Germany and Russia. And certainly, if the younger generation is out for thrills, there seems no surer one than diving off an aeroplane thousands of feet above the earth. At that, there is always the delayed-opening fall for the really *blazé*: letting yourself fall half-a-mile before doing a thing about it. One Russian, I believe, has allowed himself to (*Continued on page* 90)

Murder Service

Fate gives an ironic twist to a fatal game of cross-purposes between Master and Man

By

Donald S. Aitken

Illustrations by Kenneth Inns

The man-servant was holding a sealed envelope in the plume of white steam issuing from the spout

LONG practice had made Nichols adept at prying into his master's correspondence. In the butler's pantry a small kettle was boiling rapidly. The thin, bony-faced man-servant was holding a sealed envelope in the plume of white steam issuing from the spout.

Nichols was not prompted in this by mere idle curiosity. He had a very definite, vital interest in George Bentham's private affairs.

An interest dating back to the morning, three months ago, when Bentham had gone out, carelessly leaving his wall-safe open. This had afforded Nichols an opportunity of glimpsing his master's will and learning, to his great surprise, that he was named as the sole beneficiary.

"As a reward for his long years of loyalty and faithful service to me," had been the reason for the bequest set forth in the document.

Nichols withdrew the envelope from the cloud of hissing steam and examined the back critically. The flap was beginning to curl, but was not quite ready to be peeled back. He thrust it into the steam again.

This letter, bearing a Canadian stamp and postmark, had arrived in the post a couple of hours ago. The other letters, Nichols could see without opening them, were bills. Most of George Bentham's post these days consisted of bills.

Presently, Nichols tried the envelope again. This time the flap opened without difficulty. He extracted the letter.

As they scanned the contents, the man-servant's cold, colourless eyes widened. The wooden lines of his thin face came to life under tense excitement.

The letter was from the manager of Bentham's mining property in the wilds of Canada. Property into which Bentham had sunk large sums of money for the past several years in an unsuccessful attempt to find silver.

But now, so the letter stated, large deposits of pitchblende, enormously rich in radium, had been uncovered on the property. Only with a great effort could Nichols keep his skinny white hands from trembling.

The losses Bentham had been incurring in the City meant nothing now. He was a rich man again, richer than he had ever been before!

Nichols replaced the letter, sealed up the envelope as though it had never been opened. He permitted himself a thin smile of self-congratulation. If he hadn't waited—if he had killed Bentham two months ago, when the idea first came to him—this property might have been sold for what it would fetch, to pay Bentham's creditors.

He had no qualms about killing his master. All these long years he had never been anything but envious of Bentham, though he had managed to keep this fact well hidden. Bentham's will was evidence of that!

Now, at last, his chance had come! He would conceal this letter from Bentham to-night; to-morrow place it among the morning post. By that time Bentham would be dead—a suicide, in the eyes of the world.

The whole thing would be perfect. Absolutely perfect! Every one of Bentham's investments had been going wrong lately. He was known to be deep in debt. On more than one occasion he had jokingly remarked before guests about suicide being the only way out for him. People would recall those words when they learned he had been found in his bedroom, a bullet through his brain, his own gun lying beside him.

As elation rose high within him, Nichols smiled gloatingly. To-night he would play the part of a menial for the last time. Never again would he have to bow and scrape before someone no better than himself. He would be rich. His

thin lips formed the word soundlessly, over and over. Rich. Rich!

GEORGE BENTHAM dined at his club, returning late to his Park Lane flat. Nichols was at the door to receive him.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Nichols."

Bentham removed his hat, coat, and gloves. He was a well-preserved man in his middle forties, dressed in a manner that reflected credit on his valet: well-pressed blue suit, faultless collar and tie, shoes that shone like patent leather.

Nichols took the silk scarf handed him, bowed slightly.

"Can I get you something, sir?"

Bentham nodded. He looked a little tired.

"The usual, if you will, Nichols." Then, as his manservant was about to start away, he added: "Oh—and bring an extra glass."

On his way to the pantry a cloud came over Nichols's bony face. Why the extra glass? Was Bentham expecting a visitor?

A few minutes later he entered the softly lit living-room bearing a tray containing a whisky decanter, a siphon of soda and two tall glasses. He set the tray down on a small table in front of the divan. Bentham looked up.

"Anything by the late post, Nichols?" he asked.

From a mahogany table in the centre of the room Nichols fetched several letters. Bentham glanced through them, tossed them aside.

"Bills, bills, bills!" he groaned. "I seem to get nothing else!"

Nichols's thin features expressed sympathetic concern.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. Then after a slight pause, "Will that be all, sir?"

A sigh escaped Bentham and he smiled up sadly from the divan. "No," he said, "there's something else. Sit down, Nichols."

The manservant stood as though he had not heard aright. Bentham repeated the request.

"Sit down."

Nichols sank on to the edge of a nearby armchair, wondering what on earth had come over Bentham. He was acting strangely to-night.

Bentham mixed two stiff whisky-and-sodas. Then he held one out to his manservant. Nichols rose, started to protest.

"No, no! Sit down, Nichols. I'm afraid I've got bad news for you. You see—you're no longer my servant. I'm discharging you."

Sinking down into the armchair again, Nichols struggled to keep his composure.

"I—I don't understand, sir!" he managed.

"Of course you don't!" Bentham smiled sadly again. "You must be thinking this a pretty fine reward for all the years of faithful service you've given me. It can't be helped though. My broker informed me to-day that I'm cleaned out—practically a pauper. I only hope there's enough left to pay your back wages."

For a moment Nichols sat stunned. Then he was striving to conceal the surge of joy that was running through him. He must say something appropriate.

"But—but, Mr. Bentham, sir!" he heard himself gasp. "There must be some way to——"

"To recuperate my losses?" Bentham took a long pull on his drink before setting it down. "Not a chance. The stock market is a hard mistress, Nichols. When she breaks a man she does a pretty thorough job of it. Besides—I've learned my lesson. I'll never gamble again."

Nichols lowered his colourless eyes to hide their pale gleam. What a stroke of luck this was! Bentham's finances collapsing on this night of all nights! There couldn't be a more perfect motive for suicide.

"But, Mr. Bentham—what are you planning to do?" Marvellous how much sympathy he was able to inject into his voice!

Now that his secret was out, Bentham seemed to recover some of his usual cheerfulness. His face was brighter, as though a load had been lifted from his mind.

"I'm going to Canada," he announced.

"Canada, sir?" An icy hand seemed to tighten around Nichols's heart.

"Yes. I shall leave on the first boat I can get. I own a bit of worthless mining property over there—it covers quite a few acres." Bentham smiled wryly. "It's about the only thing I have left, and I'm going to try to live on it somehow. I may be able to raise a few horses or cattle. Do a bit of trapping in the winter, perhaps."

"But——"

"I know!" Bentham interrupted. "You think I'm soft; that hard work would kill me. Well, it's time I tried it anyway. Just now I'm more worried about you."

Nichols shifted his lean body uneasily in his chair. "Oh, I'll find another place, sir. But it won't be the same—working for someone else."

"Thank you, Nichols. I'm afraid I've turned out to be a pretty rotten master."

A protest from Nichols was cut short.

"My life's been a selfish one up to now," Bentham went on. "I've sought to make money by speculating on the enterprise of other men. A sort of parasite. In a way I'm glad I've gone broke. I see now what I've missed. It's service, Nichols. Service!"

THE dead man's hand hung down over the arm of the chair, the dangling fingers only a few inches from the weapon.

Never before had Nichols heard his master talk like this. This was a new, different Bentham.

"Service, sir?" he echoed.

"Yes—the only really worth-while thing in life! Statesmen, doctors, scientists, soldiers—they all find happiness in service to others. I've lived only for myself." Bentham paused a moment and then went on: "I envy you, Nichols. Your years of loyalty and faithful service must give you a feeling of inner satisfaction that nothing can ever take away."

Nichols fidgeted and made no reply. While Bentham had been talking he had realised with a little shock that his plans for the murder were not fully complete. The gun! He'd forgotten to take it from the drawer of Bentham's bedside table! He must find an excuse to enter the bedroom before his master retired.

He looked up to see Bentham frowning at an empty cigarette case.

"Have I any Egyptians left, Nichols?"

The manservant was on his feet at once. Everything was breaking in his favour to-night.

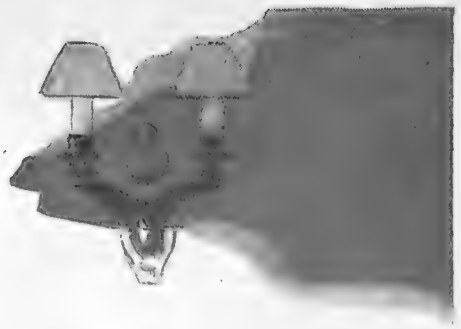
"They're on your dressing-table, sir. Permit me to fill your case."

Bentham handed it over with a smile. "You see," he pointed out, "I'm dependent on you even to keep me supplied with cigarettes. It's time I went to work!"

Moving across the carpet with silent tread, Nichols opened a door and went through into his master's bedroom.

From the drawer of a small table beside the bed he took out the revolver Bentham always kept there. As he was thrusting the weapon into his hip pocket a slight noise behind him caused him to start and swing around.

He saw then what had happened. A slight breeze fluttering through the open window had caused the door of the bedroom to close. It was the click of the latch he had heard. Nothing to get alarmed about.



THE police surgeon turned away from the corpse and looked at the two plain-clothes detectives, Todd and Redman

Over at the dressing-table he filled the cigarette case and returned with it to the living-room. Bentham nodded his thanks.

"We'll have another talk in the morning, Nichols," he said. "No need to keep you up. I'll see the lights are put out."

As Nichols left the room, Bentham reached out and poured himself another whisky-and-soda.

"Good old Nichols!" he murmured. "No man could wish for a more faithful servant."

UPON reaching his own room, which opened off the small kitchen, Nichols pulled the revolver from his hip pocket. He examined it carefully to make sure that it was fully loaded. Then he placed it under his pillow and started to undress.

Over his pyjamas he donned a dressing-gown. He lit a cigarette before stretching himself out on the bed to wait.

All Bentham had said about loyalty and service came back to him. What a lot of rot! Only a man who didn't know what poverty was would talk like that. Loyalty—service! They wouldn't buy a man the luxuries that made life worth living. Bentham himself had never given them a thought as long as he had money. Now, believing he had lost everything, the poor fool was trying to pretend that wealth was not important.

Nichols took a deep drag at his cigarette, blew the smoke up at the ceiling. A look of crafty greed came into his pale

eyes. Brains—that's what a man needed! Brains enough to be able to grab a fortune when it was within reach!

Funny, though, about Bentham planning to go to Canada like that. He couldn't imagine Bentham wanting to work with his bare hands like a common labourer.

NOT until one o'clock did Nichols get up from his bed. The inside of his mouth felt hot and dry from the long chain of cigarettes he had smoked. He thrust his bare feet into a pair of soft carpet slippers. As he knotted the tasselled cord of his dressing-gown more tightly around his waist, he felt a sudden weak emptiness in the pit of his stomach.

For one brief instant fear gripped him. He could not go through with his task. Then with an effort he braced himself and gained control of his shaking nerves. The panic left him. Taking the revolver from under his pillow, he crept out of the room.

He felt his way through the dark kitchen, continued on to the living-room. At the door of his master's bedroom he halted and placed an ear to the upper panel. He listened intently.

Except for the rapid *tic-tic* of the living-room clock, everything was as quiet as the grave.

He wrapped fingers around the porcelain door-knob, turned it stealthily. Gripping the revolver tightly, he eased the door open about half an inch.

To his utter dismay he saw that the bedroom lights were full on. Cold, clammy fear oozed up inside him again. Suppose Bentham was awake! Quite involuntarily he pushed the door open wider.

Relief swept over him as he saw his fears were groundless. Bentham was not in bed, but had fallen asleep in an armchair. He had discarded his coat and waistcoat and put on a purple lounging robe.

Nichols slipped inside. As he cat-footed across the thick carpet his ears caught the deep, rhythmic breathing of the sleeping man. He tip-toed in a half-circle and took up a position behind the armchair.

The nerve-tension was awful now. Nichols's lips were set in a line as thin as the gash of a razor. No longer the perfect manservant—but a white-faced killer! He thrust the revolver around from behind the chair until the muzzle was barely an inch from Bentham's right temple—close enough to leave plenty of burnt powder marks around the bullet hole.

The sleeping man was breathing more heavily now. Nichols increased the pressure on the trigger.

A flash! An explosion!

Under the impact of the bullet, Bentham's head jerked slightly; then was still again. Blood welled up through the little round hole in the temple and began trickling down.

A little colour seeped back into Nichols's strained, white face. The tautness of his nerves eased. It had all been so simple! Then he caught himself. Mustn't relax yet. The job wasn't finished.

With a handkerchief he wiped the revolver thoroughly. Then he raised Bentham's right hand, wrapped the limp fingers around the butt, and pressed the finger-tips down hard to make sure of leaving some good clear impressions.

Holding the gun by the extreme tip of the muzzle, he placed it carefully in position on the carpet. The dead man's hand hung down over the arm of the chair, the dangling fingers only a few inches from the weapon.

Nichols straightened and took a step back. He surveyed the scene with a critical eye. Bentham's head had fallen forward on his chest. Crimson trickled down the side of his face and dripped from his chin on to the monogrammed breast pocket of his purple lounging robe.

Evil satisfaction lit up Nichols's pale eyes. Everything had gone exactly as he had planned.

The telephone was in the living-room.

THE police surgeon turned away from the corpse and looked at the two plain-clothes detectives, Todd and Redman.

"Bullet fired point blank" was his verdict. "A simple case, I should say. Not much here for you chaps."

Todd, a heavy-set man with grizzled grey hair, nodded.

"Seems that way, doc," he said. "We'll check the prints on the gun, though, to make sure. Better look him over and make sure there's no other holes anywhere."

Over by the bedroom door stood Nichols. His thin white face bore a dazed, frightened look as though the very presence of death was shattering to his nerves.

The detectives went across to him.

"Looks like you're badly shaken up," Todd said in a kindly tone. "This kind of thing's bad business when you're not used to it. Suppose we go in the other room while the doc finishes his examination. You can give us the details."

Seated nervously on the edge of the divan, Nichols told his story. Told it convincingly, like a man still suffering from the shock of a recent horrible discovery.

He related how he had been awakened by the sound of a shot; how he had rushed into the bedroom to find his master dead. Then he went on to tell of Bentham's financial affairs, of his heavy losses in the City.

The two detectives sat in armchairs, listening. Then Todd nodded his grizzled head and glanced over at Redman.

"Just another of these chaps who think the end of the world has come when they find themselves broke."

"I suppose he was pretty down in the mouth when he came home last night?" Redman suggested to Nichols. (*Continued on* page 108)

A HAIR style that penetrated to the remotest corners of the world. Marcia Franklin, a Hairdressing Queen of Beauty, having her hair dressed in the "Princess Marina" style

Kings of the

Top

GASTON BOUDOU, one of the many great personalities in the hairdressing world to-day

Centre

CHARLES NESSLER, who adapted simple steam processes to the already famous Marcel wave. He eventually produced the first "permanent" wave the world had known

EUGENE SUTER. Permanent waving was firmly established and completely revolutionised by him. He now controls the largest permanent waving organisation in the world

HIGH above the whirling life of London, in a quiet, luxuriously furnished room, four men sat discussing a small and somewhat grubby envelope. There was nothing whatever to indicate the importance of that envelope, but ultimately it might affect half a nation and involve £10,000,000 of money. Crudely drawn across its back was something new in coiffures.

The wizened little man took up the sketch for a third time, and eyed it from a new angle. Three weeks before he had first conceived this idea. Ten days' consideration gave it new life. On the eleventh day he had telephoned round to three celebrated hairdressers.

Now, gathered in this small room, smoking and talking, they looked hopelessly dissimilar. A lean, aristocratic young man spoke earnestly in the most fastidious of Mayfair accents to a stubby little Cockney, who made no attempt to conceal his upbringing. Jew and Gentile entirely forgot racial considerations to concentrate on that envelope.

At last the aristocrat took it in his hands. "Supposing," he said, "we lift these side-curls a little." A few deft strokes of his pencil and the coiffure began to take on new shape. From hand to hand the envelope was passed round, changing as it went. The finished design more closely resembled a particularly untidy cabbage than anything new in coiffures.

It was submitted for everyone's final approval. A brief silence. Then the little Cockney raised an excited protest. His colleagues heard him through. At last the Mayfair aristocrat said quietly, "Well, gentlemen, I'm afraid he is right. The whole thing will have to be simplified."

Ten days later, in the soft luxury of a Mayfair salon, that new style of hairdressing, carefully simplified, was created in every tiny detail on the head of a model. Only three of the four gentlemen were present, but they all approved. Within six months every hairdressing salon in London was introducing the new style to its clients. That is the genesis of half the hairdressing fashions to-day. Started by sheer chance, they develop through casual conference, and finally penetrate to the outside world.

The committee responsible has no set regulations. Every consideration of class and creed is swept aside, and any good hairdresser is eligible to serve. A few casual telephone calls bring these men together to consider some entirely new creation, product either of their own salons or imported from abroad.

They receive not a penny for their services, and never use their position on the committee for self-advertisement. The strictest secrecy surrounds their every move, and the world seldom hears who was responsible for producing this or that style of hairdressing. It just happens, and the world wonders.

However, an equal proportion of new coiffures are decided by ceremonies reminiscent of the middle ages. In the cathedral gloom of their Court Room, the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers, and Perfumers occasionally hold council, presided over by their Most Worthy Master, for the purpose of deciding a new style of hairdressing. Some six specialists are invited to submit models.

On the appointed day ten or twelve members of the council, heavily gowned after the fashion of medieval monks, gather round the long table. The dimly lit room, ponderous pictures, carved chairs and sacramental rites, all suggest days deep in English history. Here in the heart of modern London one feels the breath of the middle ages, a little musty

THE Court Room of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers, and Perfumers. In this room many famous styles of hairdressing have originated

Coiffure

How and where famous hair fashions originate

By Vincent Brome

maybe, but somehow gloriously tranquil. Then, completely shattering the illusion, come the twentieth-century hairdressers with their new models. Putting aside something of traditional dignity, the council members wander round examining one after another. Little groups gather, quietly exchanging views; alterations are proposed and, in some cases, executed. Finally two models are selected.

Ten days later those two again appear in the Court Room, and once more the heavily gowned figures hold conference. Still some cunning nest of curls needs slight adjustment; still some subtlety of wave must be remoulded. Then, at last, they make their final choice.

During the next few months news spreads through the hairdressing world of a striking new coiffure which may take the country by storm. Sometimes the public approves; sometimes it doesn't. In any case the new style is tried.

Who are these men working in the background? Who are the kings of the coiffure? Fifty years ago there were only fifty ladies' hairdressers of any importance in London. Now there are some eight thousand, with a turnover of £10,000,000 a year.

From a small, uninspired trade, comparatively unknown, in thirty years hairdressing has developed into a gigantic new industry, and with the tide a dozen back-street hairdressers have been swept to sudden fame. From the first small beginning of Marcel Grateau, when coiffures were of little moment, through a dozen triumphs and tragedies, hairdressing has grown out of all recognition, bringing fortunes to a score of different men.

Produced from the agitation of that period when Paris was struggling to retain its supremacy in the world of beauty, Marcel Grateau, the father (*Continued on page* 102)

T. EARNSHAW, the Most Worthy Master of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers, and Perfumers

A HAIR style created and named "The Duchess" by an anonymous committee, appointed by the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers, and Perfumers

She Married a Star

Her part was to be his wife, and that meant sacrificing a career

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

LORNA CLIFFORD dipped her brush in the dye and applied it with quiet concentration to the sides of Carne's head. Secretly she was just the tiniest bit ashamed of this performance. Secretly she considered those silvering hairs at his temples gave his lean, somewhat Indian type of face an attractive distinction, but as Carne had pointed out four years ago when he discovered that first white hair, his voice edged with panic :

" I'm paid ten thousand dollars a picture for playing the romantic *young* lover . . . "

But he wouldn't hear of going to the barber's shop to have something done about it.

" You fix it, Lorna," Carne had pleaded, just as he had begged of Lorna to take a course of massage when the first crow's-feet settled in around his eyes. She saw his point. Carne Clifford, one of the most popular stars in Hollywood, couldn't afford to have it bandied about the town that he was dyeing his hair and taking a facial twice a week.

He said now, jerking forward so as to get a fairer scrutiny of himself in the large mirror in front of him :

" I'll do, Lorna darling : honestly I don't believe I look a day older than when I starred in my first picture." And he had the grace to add : " Thanks to you . . ."

A tiny smile curled itself about Lorna's full lips. She thought it odd how, now that they were back in England after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, she kept remembering those other days when she and Carne had worked for the Elite Film Company in Ealing.

In those days Lorna herself had been considerably nearer to stardom and an American contract than the flashing-eyed long-limbed boy, Carne Clifford. She'd had every bit as much ambition as he had. Yet she'd known instinctively, from the moment Carne had kissed her, uttering in that gasping voice of his " I love you ; I want to marry you . . ." that she would have to choose between making a career and becoming the wife of Carne Clifford.

But she hadn't given in at once. During the first year of their marriage it wouldn't have been financially practical for Lorna to have stopped working. Carne was getting only small parts, and these not very frequently. Producers, as they were called in those days, admitted his good looks ; that smile of his, slow and engaging, might be a draw. He could wear, with equal ease, the dress clothes of a man of Mayfair or the trunks of a boxer. For the rest, however, he was crude, with no histrionic subtleties ; his sense of drama was flamboyant. Lorna had taught him all she knew. With such tender tactfulness she showed him the difference between an elegant gait and a cheap swagger. She urged him to be economical with that smile. If it hadn't been for Lorna, Carne would never have been noticed by the talent scout from the Colussus Film Company in Hollywood. Good-looking boys could be picked up two a penny around the English studios, but a good-looking boy who could act . . . that was quite another matter . . .

Lorna had gone with him to Hollywood. At the time there was a talk of starring her with one of England's leading actors. She had wanted that part desperately, but Carne had said :

" If you don't come with me, my little bird . . . I tear up the contract . . ."

By Barbara Hedworth

SHE moved a little ahead of him, and as she mounted the shallow steps leading to the vestibule she felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and a voice was asking : " Am I dreaming or is it really Lorna Richards? . . ."

There had been no talk of Lorna going into pictures in Hollywood. Even if she had had an offer, she wouldn't have been able to take it. She was too busy helping the Colussus Film Company to make Carne Clifford into a star.

"Carne, darling, not that tie," Lorna would urge. And "Carne, don't try to imitate the Americans; no, my darling, definitely you mustn't chew gum . . ."

She tried to comfort herself that once Carne was launched, she would be able to think of her own career again. But, of course, it didn't work out like that. The more popular Carne became, the more he seemed to need her. It was in the days of the silent pictures, when a wrong gesture could make or mar a scene, and Lorna would sit up with Carne until the early hours of the morning practising the "fade-out" kiss and making Carne stride up and down the room until his legs felt like aching lumps of lead, so that he should walk off the "set" in just the right way next day.

Because she was an actress, and such a good one, she found herself acting for Carne. So well did she play her part of devoted wife to the rising star that Carne never guessed her homesickness, the hurting, passionate loneliness of her when she had nothing to do but sit around in their glaring white bungalow, waiting for Carne to get back from the studios or from a Press party to which she hadn't been invited.

Eight years passed, with Carne's success now an established fact, and the Colussus Film Company had just given him a contract for three more at a dizzily rising salary, when Lorna discovered she was going to have a baby. Carne started going out more and more without her. Domesticity wasn't very popular in Hollywood just then, and only Mary and Doug could get away with being openly in love with one another.

LORNA wasn't jealous of Carne ever. Kissing other women and sending them orchids was as much part of his job as making up his face to go on the "set." She knew that it was for her sake and that of their baby daughter Dene as much as for his own that Carne had lain awake for nights panicking what the "talkies" were going to do to him.

"I can't have you two hurt; poverty, it's a beastly ugly, hurting thing," Carne had whispered during one of those nights.

Actually the "talkies" doubled their already princely income within a year. Carne's voice recorded perfectly and he had the rare asset, at that time in Hollywood, of a well-bred English accent.

But his last picture hadn't been the success it ought to have been with a fortune and the brains of two continents used upon it. Carne blamed the red-headed eighteen-year-old "starlet," the "starlet" blamed the story, the director wasn't on speaking terms with his Polish camera-man, and only Lorna faced the grim fact that the picture had failed because Carne Clifford was too old to play the romantic young lover. Carefully photographed, he passed for thirty; his looks had, in some subtle way, improved, but the illusive quality of youth had gone from him. And Lorna couldn't help him any longer. It was that which beat at her breast in angry pain. She, who had trained the raw gipsy-looking boy into becoming one of Hollywood's leading actors, couldn't show him how to move with the lithe carelessness of the very young; she couldn't bring back the note of sharp eagerness and hope to the voice of a middle-aged man.

Then while the Colussus Film Company were having daily conferences about Carne Clifford's next story and another leading lady for him, the cable from Peter Armstrong Pictures, Ltd., arrived. England wanted Carne Clifford. Lorna said, without hesitating, when Carne showed her the cable:

"You must accept, darling . . ."

And prayed inwardly that Carne's own country would show the sense not to doll him up in Ruritanian uniforms; she prayed Carne would never again be cast as the dashing playboy son of a millionaire or impoverished aristocrat. Now, in a du Maurier part Carne would be a riot.

But, of course, England, still scared to question the wisdom of Hollywood, bought a deeply emotional War story as its first vehicle for Carne Clifford, who appeared in the opening scenes as a youth just down from Oxford.

TO-NIGHT was the première of the film, which had already been hailed by the Armstrong publicity battalion as "Carne Clifford's triumph."

Carne had been strangely silent about it with Lorna. She had stuck to her rule of not seeing any of the "rushes."

Carne, when directly questioned by her, had averred: "It's good, very very good . . ."

He sounded confident enough, but his eyes had given him away.

And now, while she fixed his hair, she could tell he was nervous. He must have lighted half a dozen cigarettes and stubbed them out after taking a couple of puffs. He gave a long-drawn-out sigh when at length she put down her little brush and told him:

"There, darling, that's all for to-day."

He pushed his face right up to the glass before rising from his chair. Then he turned to her with that slight curving smile on his thin lips.

"I'll do perhaps . . ."

"You'll be a riot," said Lorna firmly.

She went over to the wardrobe and got out his tails. There was a gardenia in a glass on the dressing table. She put it in his buttonhole and handed him one of the large fine lawn handkerchiefs with his initials embroidered in black and which he always used with evening clothes.

"THERE'S no crime in being a film star, you know, Dene. Lots of girls would be as proud as anything to be in your place—with such a famous father . . ."

HE resented the dyed hair at his temples

Her smile was tender, loyal, coming from her eyes, which were cornflower blue and fringed with short, thick lashes. Her curly fair hair had merely become fairer with the passing of the years; her figure was still that of a girl.

"I'll get dressed now, Carne. There isn't much time. I've ordered champagne to be sent up to the sitting-room."

She slipped out of the day frock she was wearing into a shimmering sheaf of dull silver. It was the glamorous expensive sort of frock the wife of a successful film star might be expected to wear. That it was too sophisticated for Lorna's still childishly unobtrusive beauty, that the heavy rich material was too overpowering for her tininess, didn't matter. It was the frock reporters would remember, and Carne liked to see his wife's clothes written up in the Press.

Carne was sipping his champagne when she joined him in the sitting-room of their suite in one of London's most exclusive hotels. She said, pouring herself out a glass:

"It's too bad Dene can't be with us to-night, Carne . . ."

"Too bad," agreed Carne. "Still, it wouldn't have been wise to have dragged her away from school just for one night."

"No, no, of course not . . ."

Because Lorna was such an actress, neither her voice nor her eyes gave her away. They never so much as hinted to Carne that Lorna knew the real reason why Dene wasn't to be present at her father's première to-night. Carne Clifford, the screen lover, dared not parade a gawky sixteen-year-old daughter who could pass for eighteen anywhere.

Dene had never been "paraded" much. Lorna, worshipping her daughter, had never had enough time for her. She'd had to neglect Dene right from the start. Right from the start she'd had to wrench herself away from the warm thrill of motherhood to go off with Carne "on location." An army of nurses and afterwards governesses had been engaged so that Lorna was always free for Carne. He never minded how much was spent on the child; he bought her expensive presents and was vaguely glad that her eyes were the same cornflower blue as her mother's, but she was more of a stranger to him than his dresser at the studio.

Lorna, secretly worrying about Dene, was relieved to have her settled at her nice boarding school in Eastbourne. Of late she had dreamed little dreams of a long summer holiday with Dene somewhere in the country, when, at last, she should learn to know her own child. But she dared not make definite plans until she knew what Carne's were.

She watched him pour out a second glass of champagne. His hand trembled.

"I'm scared," said Carne simply.

She told him, teasing:

"You ought to have got over first-night nerves by now, Carne; I'll stake my life we're going to see your best picture to-night."

In the car he drew himself close to her, and, putting her arm round him, she thought: "He's like a child. He's always been more of my baby than Dene has . . ."

There was the usual crowd of onlookers and autograph-hunters at the entrance of the Frivolity Theatre. A roar of applause went up as Carne stepped out of his car. Lorna stood patiently aside while he scrawled his illegible signature in the albums of hysterical women. She watched, with a certain disloyal disgust stealing over her, Carne single out the plainest of them to drop a chaste kiss on her forehead. Carne was enjoying all this. "Doing his stuff," he called it. Somehow in Hollywood she hadn't minded so much, but here in sedate London—well, it just didn't fit.

She moved a little ahead of him, and as she mounted the shallow steps leading to the vestibule she felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and a voice was asking:

"Am I dreaming or is it really Lorna Richards? . . ."

She turned to meet the questioning gaze of a shortish man with a shock of sandy hair and small lynx-like green eyes.

"Why, Bob Saunders . . . this is nice; I read in (*Continued on page* 83)

By Trevor Allen

WORDS across the world, by radio short-wave beam . . .

"Hullo, New York! Hold on, New York! London wants you . . ."

"Hullo, Toronto! London calling . . ."

"Hullo, Sydney! . . ."

"Hullo, Cape Town! . . ."

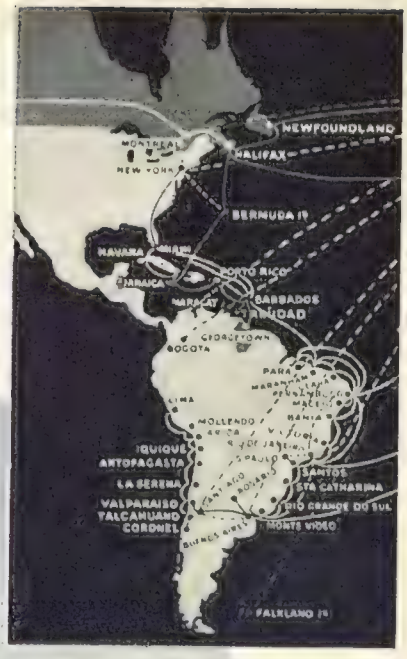
Hullo, everywhere that matters—east, west, south! . . .

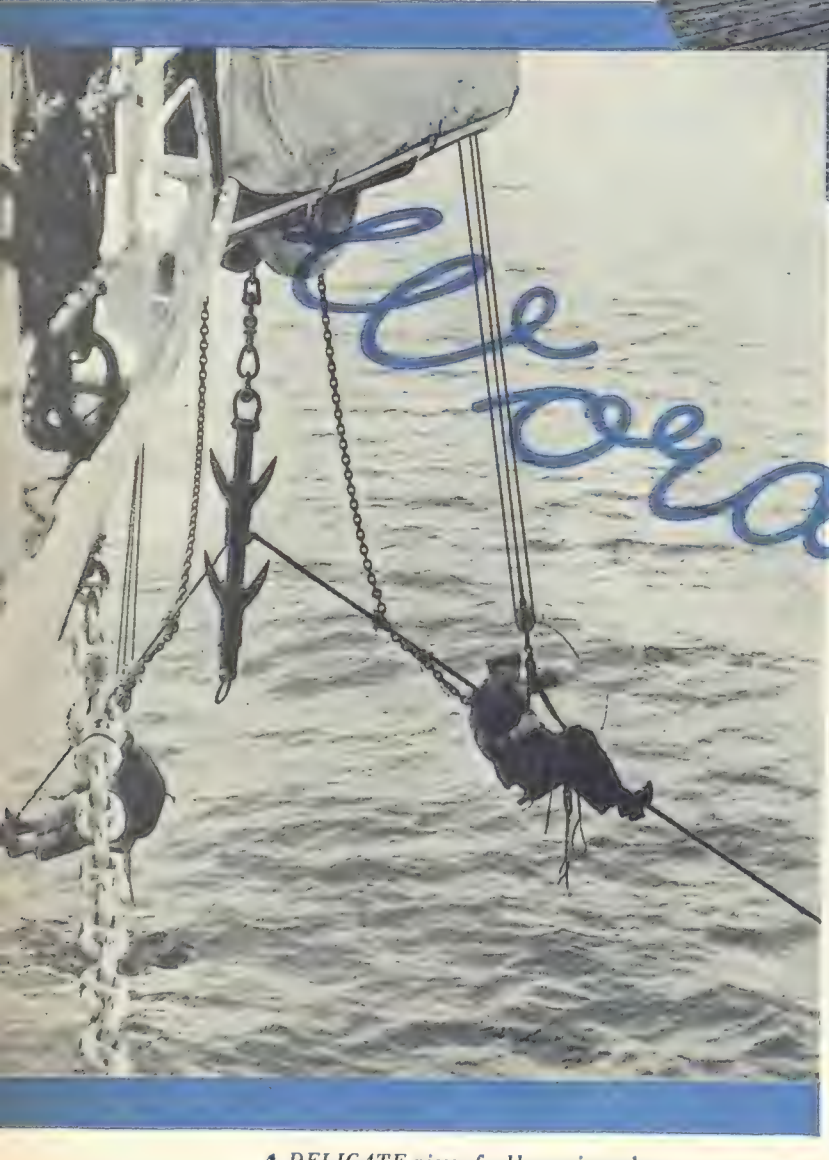
Yes, we can do all that to-day—talk with people the other side of the earth and sailing the seas. The radio 'phone is a miracle, but an expensive one. For everyday purposes, radio telegraph and cable suffice, and these can boast achievements. For instance :—

Five to six seconds after the close of play in a Test Match in Cape Town between the M.C.C. and South Africa the score is ticked off the tapes in London. Within 80 seconds it is on the tapes in Sydney, Australia. That is by cable.

The Derby winner flashes past the post at Epsom. The result is signalled to the Antipodes in just under half a second. Twenty seconds later the printing presses in Sydney are reeling it off.

At the opening of the Wembley Exhibition, King George saw a message transmitted to Sydney *via* Canada and the Pacific. It was instantly retransmitted *via* Cape Town and Madeira, and *via* Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Alexandria, Gibraltar, back to Wembley. Within eighty seconds of dispatch it was in the King's hands again. Puck vowed to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. The cable had done it in just twice the number of seconds!





A DELICATE piece of cable repair work

PAYING out the shore end of a cable

Cables Across

Twentieth-century miracles . . . Yet we take them all for granted, grumble if there is the slightest momentary fading or delay. If only we stopped to think back through the decades, the generations—and not so many either . . .

To the Battle of Blenheim, say, two and a quarter centuries ago. When the French army was in retreat, and its Marshal a prisoner in Marlborough's coach, the British general held a scrap of paper to his saddle and scribbled the news in half a dozen lines. "Ride night and day, and do not stop until this is safe in the hands of my wife," he told one of his aides. The officer rode overland for four days and nights; it took him three more days to cross the Channel and reach London before he could hand the note to the Duchess Sarah.

The news of Trafalgar had to be signalled from the coast by semaphore; that of the Armada by a chain of bonfires. When the Rothschilds took a chance on the financial stakes in the Battle of Waterloo they had a magnificently mounted courier on the spot, waiting to hasten the news to their London office immediately the issue was beyond doubt. He reached London many hours ahead of the official bulletin, enabling

his masters to make big money by buying stock for the rise. The functions of those couriers, the Trafalgar semaphore, the Armada bonfires, are covered to-day by a vast corporation with £52,000,000 capital, comprising thirty-two separate interests—Cable and Wireless, Ltd., quartered in vast Electra House on the Victoria Embankment, London.

It controls the British Empire's share of the world's 325,000 miles of telegraph cable—over 164,000 miles of it. It operates, by arrangement with the Government, the wireless beam stations of the Post Office. In one year the Communications Company has transmitted 244 million words; in one week the Empire beam circuits alone have transmitted and received 1,225,200 words and achieved a speed exceeding 300 words per minute.

How has it all come about? How did it begin?

Virtually, when a man named John Tawell committed a murder at Salthill in 1845, and fled to London by the next train! (*Continued on page* 86)

COLLECTING a buoy at the conclusion of cable repair work

ss the World

The Story of Cables and Wireless . . . .
Girdling the Earth by Cable in 80 Seconds . . .
London to the Antipodes in Half a Second . . . .

MAIN transmitting hall at the Imperial and International Communications Ltd. Beam station at Dorchester

SECTION of pneumatic tubes at Electra House, Moorgate, the central operating station for Cable and Wireless service

My Pretty

The Story Step-mother

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

"I WROTE to your father. I told him I thought something ought to be done . . . Lonely for you here . . . Not fair . . . not at all fair"

THERE'S one present a father can make his daughter at boarding-school which certainly has the merit of originality. And when George Whitton brought his solemn-eyed, motherless, seventeen-year-old Jane a brand-new step-mother on Speech Day, it was something to talk about.

"Mind you"—said Jane to her two best friends, as they sat in their bedroom that night, or early the next morning in fact, discussing the world in general and a particularly indigestible and illegal supper in particular—"mind you, the cheek of the man . . . !"

She jabbed a pocket-knife viciously into the sardine-tin.

"Not a word in advance, not so much as a hint. Just rolls up here with the lady, take-it-or-leave-it, no warning, no explanations. Not even a breath of scandal. . . ."

"Oh, Jane!" interrupted Leila Scott, who was as soft and cosy and timorous as a rabbit, and regarded the frank and vigorous-minded Jane with all the slavish adoration of her kind, and revelled in her demonstrations of wickedness.

"Don't you 'Oh, Jane!' me, or I'll pinch lumps out of you."

Jane would never have done any such thing, for she was fond of Leila, and Leila knew it. But it was nice to have an adoring friend whose flesh you could set a-creeping with bloodthirsty threats. Each time Jane said anything of the kind Leila shivered, and her shivering satisfied some primitive instinct in the stronger girl. But Leila always liked to prolong the agony.

"Surely, Jane, darling," she said, "you wouldn't have *liked* a scandal, would you?"

"Depends. Not a cheap, ordinary scandal. But a nice, juicy one, yes. No such luck, however. Judy is painfully respectable, from what I can gather. Daddy met her at a Society of Arts lecture, of all places. Introduced over a cup of lukewarm tea, by a professor of physics in plus-fours and horn-rimmed spectacles. They clicked at once—so Judy told me, at all events. Of course, Daddy told me nothing, as usual. He *is* beastly about these things. Surely to

Jane

of a Girl at School, a —and Somebody Else

By Leopold Spero

goodness parents have got over their shyness in these enlightened days! But there you are. Men are cowards, and that's all there is about it. Cowards—I wouldn't marry one of them."

"You couldn't marry two," giggled Estelle Davison, the third in the party. "Not without being jugged for bigamy."

"What a bright little animal it is! And what, pray, is bigamy to a girl of spirit and determination? You've a lot to learn, Estelle, my girl, besides your English, French, history, maths, Latin, geography, German, domestic science, cross-stitch, and the hundred and twenty other subjects you flopped in last exams."

"Flop yourself," returned Estelle, composedly. "My average marks are just as high as yours. And even if they weren't, it's charm as counts. So I'm told, anyway. You've got about as much charm as a performing hippopotamus."

Jane turned from her excavation into the depths of a cherry-cake. "I suppose," she said, "that you think you have the right to be personal, just because you provided the sardines?" She spread her very dainty white hands in a gesture of dismissal. "I'm finished with your sardines. They were only brisling, anyway. And as for the charm which you imply as one of your possessions, if it's charm to be in a constant state of bodily contortion, to be smarming your mouth round in the effort to make it look half the size it is, to paw mistresses on the arm with all the unsophisticated grace of a baby chimpanzee, to be 'Yes, Miss Stratton-ing' and 'No, Miss Stratton-ing' all the days of your horrible life, so as to get the right endorsement on your report—why then, sweetheart, be as charming as you wish, and you may have the whole field to yourself, for all I care. Anyone ready for ginger-beer?"

Estelle, who was not of a malicious temperament, held out her cup. "You'll get cramp," she said, with simple directness, "if you don't let it pour more freely."

Leila, to whom romance was more than cherry-cake and ginger-beer, rested her head on her hands and looked up sideways through the window at the high harvest moon.

"Is she nice?" asked Leila. "But she must be, or your father would never have fallen in love with her."

"You don't know my father," retorted Jane, grimly. "But as a matter of fact she does seem quite fair quality, as stepmothers go. One can't tell much at the first meeting. But anyway, she didn't put on airs or try to come it in any way—you know the sort of thing: lifting you up between a finger and thumb and examining you as if you were something that had got into the soup. That's all to the good in these hard times. Needless to say, the old gentleman is completely bowled over about her."

"I can't think how you can refer to your father in that way," expostulated Leila. "One would think he was ugly and decrepit, with a bald head and white whiskers, instead of being quite a young man, extremely good-looking and *very* nice."

Jane whirled round upon her. "How d'you know he's very nice?"

"Why, you've told me so yourself, Jane, over and over again. Why are you so offended?"

"I'm not offended. But I don't want every silly kid in the school raving over daddy. I get quite enough of that sort of thing at home. I expect it'll stop now, though, and thank goodness! *She'll* stop it. She's a fool if she doesn't."

The scowl which came over Jane's piquant little face was not too attractive. "Little donkey!" she muttered to herself. "Just one more like the rest."

Somehow, the savour

WATCHING the last flutter of another handkerchief waved by a trembling, small, brown hand

was going out of the party. It had been the conclusion to a perfectly lovely day, in which the great thrill of the new step-mother was only one incident. It would have been thrill enough for Jane just to see her father, without anything further. Passionately devoted to him, she ached for his visits. Three times a term was the regular allowance, but that was punctuated by delightful surprises, days when he turned up unexpectedly, and told how he had wriggled like a schoolboy in Miss Stratton's study while he tried to think out some plausible excuse for coming to see Jane. He always did find one, and what fun they used to have analysing its weaknesses!

They had always had fun together. Ever since she was five, when her mother died, they had been close to each other, completely in sympathy, perfect in understanding. If to understand one man makes a woman, she was a woman at twelve, the perfect companion for the lonely widower who had found Death such a cowardly adversary. All he had lost in his beloved wife he sought to rediscover in their daughter. She knew it, did the little Jane—"My pretty Jane," as he called her, because his wife had loved the song. That was why he found it so difficult to understand when the first sight of Judy bowled him over. Judy, who was like some bright butterfly with unimagined colours in her wings; Judy, whose hand, as it touched him, sent the blood coursing madly through his veins; Judy, who had now taken the empty place in his heart he never thought to fill.

He wondered, all the way up from town, how Jane would take it, his little girl. Of course, she took it like the soldier she was. The two of them would get on well together. He was sure of that from the way they shook hands. He thought, perhaps, that they might have kissed. But Judy could not very well make the first advance of that kind. Indeed, she was not the woman to do so, for she was sensitive herself, and understood sensitiveness in others. If Jane had offered to kiss her, it would have been a different matter.

Ought he to have let the kid know? But how? How could he send her a wire to say he was coming down to Ferndale with a brand-new wife? He ought to have written—but somehow, it all happened so suddenly, it was all done so quickly, that there was no time. And suppose he had written? Might it not have been worse for the kid, wondering what the new dispensation meant for her, whether the new woman in the house would be what she thought she should be, whether they would like each other? He was sure she would not wonder whether he ought not to have asked her before marrying Judy. What ridiculous nonsense—asking permission of a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl for the right to marry the woman you loved! Jane would never expect such a thing. And yet—and yet—he wished there had been some way of doing things so that the two of them would not have to meet like this for the first time. Fortunately, it was all right now. It was easy to see there was no danger of—well, of what? No danger, anyway. Why, Jane had even taken Judy's arm as they walked across the cricket-ground. One arm in hers and one in his. She wouldn't have done that unless she had taken a liking to Judy at first sight. Jane was not on the surface. She didn't do things for the sake of form. And if he had given her a fiver when they left, instead of the usual pound note, it wasn't because he was uneasy. Nothing like that. . . .

HE came no more that term, but Jane made nothing of it. Indeed, she was full of self-reproach. "Not only are you a pig," she said to the looking-glass, "but you're a hog. A pig is inconsiderate, but a hog is what you are—— expecting to see him when he's really still on his honeymoon. Besides, why should he leave Her for You—now, or any time?"

Strange to say, the looking-glass reflected a brown face which was plainly ready for tears, though eyes and mouth smiled bravely back at the hovering doubts which pressed upon her. "You've monopolised him long enough, Jane," she said. "'Tisn't good for a man, not even at his age. What's more, it's not exactly loving on your part to assume that he's forgotten you just because he isn't here when you happen to think he ought to be. And don't go being catty, and assuming that She would keep him back. If he stays away, it's because he wants to, not because he's being made to. Why shouldn't he stay away—now or at any time?"

Leila came bounding into the room, and pulled up sharp. "Sorry, darling, barging in like this——"

Whirling round, jumping up, Jane came at her like a fury. Leila, to whom these outbursts were not entirely new, did not wait for an explanation, but just slammed the door and ran for dear life. Jane banged on the panels with her fist. "If only I'd caught her . . . if I'd caught her. . . ."

She returned to the mirror. "Look at yourself," she said, through her teeth, "not for vanity, but to see the truth. Are you fit for civilised society? *Are* you? Just count a few hundred, while you get back to normal, Jane Whitton, and see what you must have looked like to that unfortunate little wretch who's never done you any harm in all her life. But you'd have beaten her, scratched and pinched her, if she'd given you the chance, just for something to beat and scratch and pinch, instead of scotching the devils within you, the jealousy, the bad thoughts, the fears about nothing at all. You ought to have been Cleopatra or somebody, instead of plain Jane, indeed you ought. Then you could have tormented and killed to your heart's content, just because you wanted to. That would have made you happy, Jane Whitton, wouldn't it?"

In a flash, she was up again, streaming along the corridor and downstairs to

"THERE'S no need to be huffy. I didn't say you had offended me"

the library, where she was sure Leila was to be found. In a moment she had her arms round the other girl's neck, and was gasping out abject apologies. "Will you ever forgive me, Leila, darling, sweet thing that you are?"

Leila, to whom these scenes were the height of exquisite pleasure, looked up from her chair with big, silly, beautiful grey eyes. She had not the least idea what all the trouble was about. All she knew was that she would gladly be frightened out of her life half the days in the week by this queer, frightening creature she adored, if only there was the compensation of having her come back like this, for such glorious forgiveness.

TWO days before the end of term, the letter came. ". . . . *so perhaps you won't mind spending the summer holiday with Aunt Lesley. She's looking forward so much to your visit. You realise, for I know what a very sensible girl you are, that it would have been impossible for us to take you with us to Canada, much as we should have loved to do so. To begin with, we're not quite sure how long we shall have to be there. Judy's property in Calgary will need close attention, and we've got to call on various members of her family scattered in various parts of the Dominion, and some in the States as well. Possibly we shouldn't be back until after term commenced, and you don't want to miss any of your schooling, I'm sure, especially if you are going on to Oxford . . . note for twenty pounds, if that is enough to go on with . . . a letter waiting for you at Aunt Lesley's, with all further news . . . Judy's love. She naturally feels as proud of you as I do . . . . such a good report—a private one, not the usual stuffy kind—from Miss Stratton.*"

She would *not* let the tears come, though they welled up so angrily into her eyes. But she crushed the letter in her hand, and flung it on to the floor. It wasn't a letter from *him* at all. It was a letter from Her. (*Continued on page* 110)

Woman's Talk

Whenever a new magazine feature begins, there is always a great to-do-ment about its title.

So much time and trouble are spent on thinking up a good one that you might imagine the reader cared. We are the only people who care about the title being good and the lay-out being attractive. All you want is for the matter to be interesting.

We aim to please that way, too.

Some of the headings suggested by me and others in the office were: "Woman to Women," "Gossip for Women," "Between Us," "Feminine Fields," "Women Only," "Women's Goings On," "Woman's Parade" . . .

When I discarded them as too whimsy, or too conventional, or too silly, or too something or other, I thought you might as well have a look behind the scenes, because you don't often have the chance of seeing what doesn't get into print. What fun we should have sometimes, if you did.

Anyway, what with one title and another, the my-dear-Watsons among you may have discovered what the feature's all about.

If any of you have ever read my fashion stuff you may have noticed that I am inclined to harp a little on Schiaparelli clothes. If you haven't, I'll put it on record that I am a fan. I find her clothes exciting, spirited, challenging, witty. Wise, too, and wearable, if you ignore her little bits of fun.

You don't, as a rule, see the beauties and the pretties at the Schiaparelli dress shows. But you do most certainly see the chic women, the sleek, well-dressed women, the women who make you look twice.

Joan Barry's was an unexpectedly pretty face at the last show. That angel-face-little-girl personality seems the other end of the scale of a typical Schiaparelli woman, like, say, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes. But perhaps she was look-seeing, not buying.

Mrs. Fellowes has been labelled for so long as a best-dressed woman that it was surprising to find her not at all best dressed at this show. She wore black pony skin, a hat back of her head, and ankle bandaging sandals showing toes through sheer stocking tops. (In winter, Mrs. Fellowes ?)

When I started on Schiaparelli, I didn't mean at all to talk dress. Perfume was on my mind, and her own perfume on my handkerchief. Soucis was the one. It is the day scent in her famous trio. Schiap for sports and Salut for evenings are the other two.

They are all different, but each superb and intensely individual. Each has the same tangy, unexpected quality of Schiaparelli clothes.

This is what Salut does for a girl. . . . A drop behind each ear and you feel you've had good news. A spray around your neck and shoulders, and Marlene Dietrich had better look out.

Whenever I find myself at a Berlei Foundations Show, I have the impulse to discard my bras and girdle, rush straight out and get myself an all-in-one controlette.

It is all the fault of the Berlei average-figure girl.

You see her first in a bras and girdle. They are excellent and she looks good enough in them. Then, presently, she comes out in an all-in-one. And her figure is glorified into one beautiful unbroken curving line, from uplifted breast to flattened diaphragm, waist and hips.

Claire Stevenson, the Berlei figure specialist, urges women to give more time to fitting their new belt or foundation, says it is an expert's job to fit it on you. You cannot judge properly for yourself.

In wear, says Miss S, new foundations are like new shoes. You can't expect to lounge around comfortably in a new controlette, any more than you'd take a ten-mile walk in new shoes.

Give it a chance to be broken in to the line of your body. Then it will start its work of uplifting, controlling and supporting.

When laundering any garment with a zip fastener, always keep the zip closed.

Press studs, hooks and eyes, au revoir. You have served us well and kindly all these years. But life marches on. The Lightning Plastic Zipp Fastener is quietly, but ruthlessly, pushing you out.

Leading couturiers have been using them for a long time. Now they are in the shops, for all of us, threepence an inch, in ten colours. Don't confuse

BY JEAN BURNUP

them with the old-fashioned metallic zips for bags and leather things. These are delicate flexible affairs, light enough to be used on all silks, rayons, woollens, cottons.

Here is the best-yet way of applying mascara. Be sparing with your moisture.

When you get too much moisture and too much mascara mixing on the brush, the stuff cakes your lashes.

Have the brush clean and dry, moisten it lightly, and go over your lashes. Dry and clean the brush. Moisten lightly again, go over them again. Repeat until you have built them up as heavily as you want. Finally, brush them with a perfectly clean, dry brush.

Work the same way with a tube mascara. Very little on, and a clean dry brush for each application.

Myrna Loy, being my second favourite film woman—all right, I promise not to confess my hobbies, sports or what do I have for breakfast—I have been worried, slightly, about her hairdressing. The long eyes, the tilting nose, the witty mouth asked for something with a bit of line to it.

I will admit that after a few minutes of her don't-give-a-darn fascination, I didn't give a darn about her dull hairdressing.

Still, it is nice that she has got a brand-new style in her new film, " Libelled Lady."

She has piled high curls either side a centre parting, rolled the two sides up and back, and massed a good few curls in her neck, showing half her ears. Nice. Though if I had been hairdressing her I should have thinned it out still more.

Watch for the clothes Rosalind Russell wears in " Craig's Wife." They couldn't be better. Ten out of ten marks to the grey velvet house coat in the photograph. If it were mine, it would be theatre and restaurant coat as well.

Elsa Lanchester has curly red hair, a provocative little face, lovely legs and a whole lot of talent. But I don't suppose she's ever thought of herself as beautiful. In " Rembrandt," however, they tucked up her hair into a severe Dutch white cap, and there she is on the screen, giving a flawless performance, and looking as near beautiful as matters.

Rosalind Russell wears the grey velvet house coat in " Craig's Wife." *Below*: Myrna Loy's new hair set in "Libelled Lady"

Sometimes nice things happen to me. For instance, when Marcel Boulestin asks me to lunch.

We eat at the Boulestin restaurant, where you get the best wines, the best French cooking in London.

Usually I am choosey and personal about my meals, but this is the one time when I leave all choice to him. I don't even look at the menu.

When I saw Boulestin in the film he has made for the Gas Light and Coke Company, "A Famous Cook at Work," I realised that good cooking is not at all complicated. In fact. Monsieur makes it look very simple indeed.

He not only knows what to do, explaining the while. He does it with such precision and efficiency that you feel you can do it yourself. (I did, too, that same evening.)

He shows that it is no more trouble to prepare a really good cream sauce than to make some indifferent thickened gravy. He insists that the good cook should not make the kitchen untidy.

See this film before lunch or before dinner. It will give you the best appetite for years.

I may not be much shakes as a deep sea swimmer, but I could win cups as a bath taker. I have at my finger tips the ritual of the morning bath, the before-party bath, the going-to-bed bath.

The temperature, the timing, the size, are all different, but in every bath goes a few drops of Bath Satin, a new essence with a heavenly fragrance. It makes the water slithery, and the skin as smooth as a baby's. A clever name, Bath Satin, and fitting.

If you are out for trying things they will send you a box of three small bottles in assorted perfumes for four and six.

If you see a woman walking around taking long, deep breaths, it will be me. I shall be alone, or with my dog, because you can't deep breathe successfully in company. You giggle.

In through the nose, count six, out through the mouth, count six. I ought to hold it for six on each take, but that is too hard while walking. I save that for doing in front of the window or at odd times during the day.

All right, laugh. See if I care. It makes me feel good and healthy. I got it from Chrysis, who tells you why deep breathing makes you feel good and healthy in her health article this month.

Facts of Life . . . It is an exceptional woman who has well-shaped, unblemished feet or who keeps the inside of her handbag neat and tidy. . . . It is terribly satisfying to a woman to see that her bosom friend has a ladder in her stocking. . . . For the first few days of their lives, all new babies, either sex, look like W. C. Fields. . . . The greatest compliment you can pay any woman is to tell her she looks like an actress. . . . Wives and husbands who normally never have a word to say to each other talk animatedly together at parties. . . .

Miss Jean Batten

Mrs. Anthony Eden

WOMEN I'D

Marlene Dietrich

It starts when you are five years old. "I wish I was a princess," you sigh, and then get involved in complicated instructions about saying "were," not "was."

Later on you want to be the circus rider with all the spangles, and then the gym mistress, who represents to your adolescent soul the essence of everything it is nice to be.

Psychologists say you should be through with all this wishing by the time you are grown up. Maybe I should have it seen to, but I'm still wishing.

How lovely it would be to be Jean Batten . . . Because she is so utterly courageous, makes her stupendous, record-breaking flights with such gaiety and spirit and lack of fuss.

Nobody but the nicest person could have said this, before she left Australia on the last lap of her flight to New Zealand, a flight so dangerous that the authorities tried to stop her attempting it in a single-engined plane, without parachute, lifebelt, or collapsible boat . . . . "If I go down on the sea," she said—and you can imagine those level grey eyes getting troubled and serious for a moment—"no one must fly out to look for me. I have chosen to make this flight, and I am confident I can make it, but I have no wish to imperil the lives of others, or cause trouble and expense to my country."

Of course I should like to be Jean Batten, with her superb confidence and certainty and ability to get what she wants in the face of opposition.

Then I should like to be Lady Charles Cavendish, because she, too, knows what she wants. As Adele Astaire, she and her brother Fred were the most perfect partnership the stage has ever known. Every audience adored her. She was not only a very good dancer and the most amusing comedienne; she had the sort of lovable personality that made everybody in a packed theatre want to know her.

In 1932 she married Lord Charles Cavendish, a rather serious young man who cares little for what is known as show business, and likes to live in Ireland, leading a very quiet country life, with dogs and horses and fishing and local affairs.

Adele—remember her stumping and grinning round the stage in her "Oompa Trot" number?—adores it. They come to London sometimes, and then you catch sight of her, beautifully dressed, surrounded by a mass of friends who never can see enough of her.

There is no talk about a return to the stage, or of joining Fred in pictures. Oh, yes, there was gossip, naturally, when she went to Hollywood to see her brother, after the tragic death of her twin babies last year. Everyone said she was going to make a film—everyone except Adele, who insists that she likes her present peaceful life too well to exchange it for Hollywood.

It would be nice to be a contented woman who knows what she wants, and wants it so much that an exciting career is a small price to pay for it.

Another wife I should like to be is Mrs. Anthony Eden. Like a lot of women, I should hate a political career for myself, but how lovely to be the power behind the Portfolio.

Mrs. Eden, wife of the man on whom the fate of Europe can be said to depend, watches history in the making, can even influence its course by her guidance of a dinner-table.

She has a beautiful house off Portman Square, two adorable small sons with whom she spends most of the time she can spare from the exacting business of being wife of the Foreign Secretary. She has an attractive speaking voice, distinctive good looks, chic, and a husband on whom the eyes of the whole world are fixed.

And please, just for one week, I should like to be Marlene Dietrich. She is so absurdly and flamboyantly beautiful and glamorous.

How *can* elderly men say there is no one, nowadays, to catch a glimpse of whom crowds would stand on the chairs in Hyde Park?

For Dietrich, mounted police have to control the mob,

Lady Charles

LIKE TO BE

Naomi Mitchison

Gertrude Lawrence

By VERE DENNING

anxious to see that pallor, those more-than-inch-long eyelashes, those high cheek-bones, those alluring hollows, which have caused a revolution in our standards of feminine loveliness.

Dietrich has not the slightest connection with real life. Unlike those tiresome film stars who tell mass meetings of journalists that they are just like all the other girls, deep, deep down, and talk about their cooking and making their own clothes, Dietrich surrounds herself with all the paraphernalia of the fairy-tale princess of our childhood longings.

Her dresser refers to her as "we." When she moves on to the set from her portable dressing-table, a distance of perhaps five yards, she is attended by a royal suite: a world-famous admirer to lend his arm; her husband, perhaps for moral support; secretaries, dressers, managers, studio executives, make-up specialists, worshippers praying she will want an errand run or something carried; a man to carry a hand mirror, so that she can arrange her face for close-ups.

And then her clothes. . . . Full-length fox-fur capes, fabulous mink coats, bracelets, rings and brooches with emeralds quite literally the size of walnuts.

It is all so fantastic and unreal, and most men (unless they meet her) snort and call it tomfoolery—but what delicious tomfoolery in a world that is far too given over to sensible, workaday people, and so lamentably lacking in the grand manner.

A week of being Dietrich, yes; but for a really full and satisfying life, I would like to be novelist Naomi Mitchison. Daughter of J. S. Haldane and sister of J. B. S. Haldane, she grew up among the most brilliant scientific minds of our time. She married her barrister husband when she was 18, announced her intention of having a nice big family at properly spaced intervals. She has five children now, from 17 to 6, and what attractive, intelligent, alive children they are.

Naomi Mitchison wrote her first book, she says, pushing a pram, and she is the most encouraging example of a woman who finds time to do everything she wants to do.

Her books have brought her an unchallenged position in the very front rank of contemporary novelists. Writing as a rule with a classical background, she says her apparent familiarity with the everyday life of Greece and Rome is due to the fact that she can always make people answer questions.

Then there is her political work. She is a passionate campaigner, speaker and writer against social injustice, persecution, prejudice, ignorance and everything that makes for misery and suffering.

In her big, beautiful house on the banks of the Thames, at Chiswick, you will find, at one time or another, most of the people whose work is contributing anything at all to the progress of civilisation.

So because she is happily married, with the family she wanted, a brilliant career, tremendous beliefs, enthusiasms and energy, and a very lovely . (*Continued on page* 95)

Old Tales Re-told

The Italian Byron—Alfieri

The Poet who robbed Bonnie Prince Charlie of his "Queen" and Lord Ligonier of his lovely Wife

Written and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

LORD MACAULAY, that lucid and picturesque, though not always accurate, narrator of history, in a no more than passing reference, described Count Vittorio Alfieri as "the haughty, ardent and voluptuous nobleman, the horse-jockey, the libertine, who fought Lord Ligonier in Hyde Park, and robbed the Pretender of his queen."

What a sentence to set the imagination afire and to send us seeking backwards through the years to learn the story of one who, such was the complexity of his character, lived dangerously, often wildly, and sometimes nobly!

Let us open the pages of Alfieri's memoirs and learn more of this remarkable man. "I was born in Asti, Piedmont," he says, "on the 17th of January, 1749, from aristocratic, rich, and honest parents. I do emphasise the three above-mentioned points of my luck. In the first place, because belonging to the nobility has enabled me to despise nobility as a sole quality, and to reveal its absurdities, its vices and abuses without being accused of envy. Secondly, through the possession of wealth, I have been able to remain free and unstained from serving anybody or anything but the truth. Thirdly, because the honesty of my parents has never compelled me to blush for my lineage."

COUNT VITTORIO ALFIERI

When still a child, Alfieri rebelled violently against the system of education imposed upon him, conceiving a hostility that was to be lifelong against the priests who then had the monopoly of the task of teaching. The mere memory of his early schooling was indeed a nightmare, while he also never forgot the domineering attitude of an unscrupulous servant to whose care he was entrusted.

Alfieri, who was a lanky, overgrown youth, resented particularly the dancing lessons he was forced to take. His instructor was a Frenchman, "effeminately flexible, proud and insolent," and to this man he attributed the beginning of his hatred of the French people, a hatred no less powerful and no less abiding than that which he entertained for the priesthood.

His only joy was to visit his beloved sister, then languishing in a convent and trying unsuccessfully to forget a young lover to whom her family had strongly objected.

But now, at the age of fourteen, a new life began for him. The unscrupulous servant was dismissed, and he was allowed to indulge his passion for riding, which all his days ranked third, but a close third, to the interests of love and literary glory.

After some time spent in alternate fits of extravagant dissipation and ill-directed study, the young nobleman was seized with a desire to travel and, accordingly, he departed in 1766, hoping to find in foreign countries some relief from the tedium and ennui with which he was oppressed. On the way north from Naples, he gave his accompanying tutors the slip, and thus for the first time in his life he knew the joy of being alone, without control, free to be the arbiter of his own destiny.

From Naples he went to Rome, from Rome to Bologna, Venice, the Riviera, Marseilles, and from there to Paris, only at journey's end to be disappointed by the weather, the dirty houses, the dullness of the place, the bare-faced dishonesty of the people with whom he came in contact, the painted faces of the French women, and finally by the king himself.

It was the Ambassador of Piedmont who presented Alfieri at Court, and this was how the latter recorded the experience: "Although I had been warned that Louis XV never spoke to foreigners—a practice that did not distress me in the least—I could not swallow the Jupiter-like behaviour of that monarch who

His dancing instructor was a Frenchman, effeminately flexible, proud and insolent

scanned me from head to foot, never giving the least sign of any impression whatsoever."

Some time later, the restless traveller crossed to England and for once had an agreeable surprise. He was as much delighted with London as he was disgusted with Paris, finding there an atmosphere of well-being then wholly lacking on the Continent.

From England his travels took him to Holland, where for the first time he fell before Cupid's dart. In the past he had been reluctant to engage upon amorous adventure, finding that his liking for the modest type was seldom reciprocated while, with the forward he achieved an unlooked-for and unwanted success. This Dutch *affaire* with a married woman was interwoven with difficulties, and eventually a broken-hearted Alfieri went back to his native Italy, hoping to find an antidote in the resumption of his literary education. At that period none could have anticipated that this man in a few years was to put divinely into Italian verse every impression of his adventurous life, and leave a name that would live for always.

But on arrival the returned wanderer found that his parents had chosen him a wife, and, thinking nothing of their choice, once again set out on his travels. This time to Germany, Denmark, and Russia.

As he entered the territory of Frederick the Great (he knew why he was called Frederick, but the "Great" was something of a mystery), he had the impression of an endless barracks, conceiving at once a horror of Prussia's mighty military machine.

The more he saw of the world, in fact, the less he liked it, always excepting England, however; and it was to the "perfect country" that he once again directed himself. On the way he entered the Hanoverian town of Gottinga, well known for its magnificent university. There, in one of the narrow streets, he chanced to meet a donkey, and this very ordinary encounter must have proved disturbing, for he afterwards wrote: "This meeting of an Italian ass with a German donkey right in the heart of such an illustrious university, is well worth the pen of a great poet. What a pity that I am not up to the standard for such a task!"

ON reaching London, Alfieri resumed his life in society. His title and aristocratic bearing assured him a welcome everywhere, but it was at the house of his friend Prince Masserano that he made acquaintance with the reigning beauty of the day, Penelope, the daughter of Earl Rivers, and the young and lovely wife of Lord Ligonier—a man old enough to be her father. He was at once much struck by this young woman, and, despite the obstacles of social etiquette, the pair met almost daily, at the opera, at assemblies, or in the Park.

Soon they were not content with these fugitive, wholly unsatisfactory meetings, and so began the dangerous game of clandestine visits to the Countess's house, mad imprudence that had much to do with the provoking nature of the fair enchantress who was inclined to smile upon recklessness and frown upon any sign of caution in her lover.

When summer came, and the lady left London for the country, often a solitary rider tied his horse to a tree by the roadside and, scrambling through bushes and vaulting over fences, finally disappeared behind a certain wall.

Only those things that are never done are never known, and somehow Ligonier became suspicious. Alfieri sensed this and, in love as he was, was even ready to welcome a reaction of some sort rather than prolong the unnerving life of expediency and degrading behaviour. But it was not to be; Nemesis was waiting near at hand.

A great military review was due to take place one Monday morning and Lord Ligonier had to attend. What is more, he had arranged to spend the night in London. Such an opportunity was not to be missed, so Alfieri, despite the handicap of a dislocated shoulder caused by a fall from his horse, forced himself with agony into his clothes, sent his valet for a post-chaise, and took the road to Strathfieldsay.

He left the carriage at a safe distance and, in the darkness of the night, approached the garden entrance of his Juliet's house. Contrary to plan, it was locked, so he climbed the wall. Lady Ligonier assured him that she had personally left the door open. Who, then, had locked it?

The circumstance was soon forgotten, however, and it was not until the dawn broke through that Alfieri left his beloved. He was quite certain that no one had seen him; yet somehow he felt restless and uneasy.

He spent Tuesday evening at the Italian Opera, in the box of his friend Masserano. It was then that the blow fell.

He heard a voice outside pronounce his name. Throwing the door open he stepped out into the corridor, there to be confronted by the injured husband, with his hand upon his sword! "My wife has made a full confession," said Ligonier. "Are you ready?"

They both went out and strolled towards the park and, though the Italian at first denied the allegations made against him, wishing to shield Lady Ligonier, he eventually realised the

Alfieri meets a donkey in one of the narrow streets of the University town of Gottinga

Each of his disordered thrusts was smartly parried, and Alfieri was convinced that the man, if he had wished, could have killed him ten times over

futility of refuting the irrefutable, and ended by saying : " I accept whatever she has told you."

By this time they had reached the park, and, there being nothing more to say, they separated a few paces and drew their rapiers.

When Ligonier noticed the bandaged arm, he generously asked if Alfieri was in a fit condition to sustain an encounter. Alfieri reassured him that he was.

In his memoirs Alfieri says : " I have always been a rotten fencer, and I fell on him without respecting any rule, more eager to be killed, than to cause any hurt to the man whom I had so shamelessly offended."

Each of his disordered thrusts was smartly parried, and Alfieri was convinced that the man, if he had wished, could have killed him ten times over.

They were moving round and round, sometimes the setting sun was dazzling the eyes of one, sometimes it was in the eyes of the other.

Every attempt made by the young Italian to touch his opponent was without avail. The more he realised his inferiority, the more he redoubled his efforts, and these, frenzied as they were, put him more than ever at the mercy of the alert Ligonier. When the latter, swiftly avoiding a thrust, for the first time lunged and caught Alfieri in the right arm, he did not notice his wound, as so often happens with a fighter thoroughly worked up, and it was Ligonier who lowered his rapier and drew attention to it, adding that he was perfectly satisfied, and asking if Alfieri were too. Alfieri said that, not being the offended man, it was not for him to say. However, Ligonier picked up his cape, and went his way, leaving the young man marvelling at such astonishing restraint.

Later Alfieri learned that Ligonier had decided to be equally lenient with his wife, and that all that was to befall her was a petition for divorce.

At last he could openly marry the beautiful Penelope, and in so doing, make reparation that would save the dignity of all concerned.

Alfieri was mad with joy, little knowing what disillusionment was in store for him.

When he saw the object of his dreams, she told him that they had been spied upon by one of the servants of the house, who had reported everything to her husband out of jealousy. This last word startled Alfieri to the point of dazing him. She went on by saying : " Yes, jealousy, because I have been in love with him all the time."

When Alfieri asked who on earth was the man, she told him that he was a jockey in the employment of her husband. Here the noble lover really felt the ground giving way under his feet. The idea that someone, who was not much more than a stable-boy, had been his rival, gave a mortal blow to his pride. Everything had been planned and executed to perfection by the vindictive jockey.

Anyone would believe that at this point the *affaire* was over, but one more blow awaited Alfieri, for a newspaper came out the following morning with the whole sordid story, complete with names. Even in those days the Press could not resist a scandal.

The noble lover really felt the ground giving way under his feet. The idea that someone, who was not much more than a stable-boy, had been his rival, gave a mortal blow to his pride

ground giving way under his feet. The idea, that someone, stable boy, had been his rival, gave a mortal blow to his pride

This bitter lesson, more than anything else, persuaded the future poet to pursue his long interrupted studies, and he left England with many sad memories, together with an unbounded admiration for the gentlemanly Ligonier, who had not only declined to kill him when he had every reason and every chance so to do, but had scorned also any damages of a pecuniary nature.

SOME years before Alfieri had composed a tragedy called "Cleopatra," together with a farce that he had written on that self-same tragedy. Their success encouraged him to try again, only this time with more serious purpose. Hence the beginning of that wonderful group of dramas that to-day form the basis of his fame.

The reading of the Italian poets and prose writers made

Without any immediate provocation, the Prince assaulted his wife with the brutality of an apache

him blush for his poor knowledge of Italian idiom. So he went to Tuscany, determined not to interrupt his study of the language until he had blotted out of his mind the hybrid influence of what he called the barbaric tongues on which his brain had been nourished since an early age.

Never has a man displayed such activity in order to regain the time wasted in the past. However, these studies did not make him neglect his horses. He still had a collection of them, and he was known still better as a horse-breeder than as a man of letters.

So great, indeed, was the attraction that horses had for him, that it was his habit to be firmly tied in a chair by his butler, whose instructions were to disobey his master if he requested to be untied before a certain time.

The chapters of Alfieri's "Memoirs" continue with the following revealing headings: "Two Tragedies in French Prose," "A Deluge of Dreadful Italian Rhymes," "Obstinacy in the Most Ungrateful Studies," and "At Last a Great and Dignified Love Ties me Forever."

It was in Florence that this "great and dignified" love came to him. One day in an art gallery he noticed a lady who, beneath a veil of modesty and mystery, betrayed a queenly bearing. She was about twenty-five years old, with incredibly white skin, fair hair and very dark eyes. Alfieri was introduced to her, and at once knew instinctively that she was concealing some secret pain wholly out of keeping with her youthful loveliness.

The poet had been in love several times before, but now it was not the overpowering, sensual fever. It was adoration for an idol that stood above the profanation of human touch.

She appeared still more interesting when compared with her middle-aged husband, then fifty-seven years old, and both from a moral and physical viewpoint, a hopeless wreck of what was once a man.

She was Louisa Maxmilliana Carolina Emanuel, Countess of Albany, connected with the Montmorencys of France, the Bruces of Scotland, the Colonnas of Italy and the Medinas of Spain.

He was no less than Prince Charles Edward Stewart, one time Pretender to the throne of England; the Bonnie Prince Charlie, who had acquired, even in the imagination of his enemies, the halo of a hero.

He was the last of a family of Kings and Queens who, generation after generation, had lived and died under the most tragic star. There had been fourteen Stewarts on the Scottish throne, and six of them were also on the English throne. Of these, Robert III. and James V. died of grief; James I. and James III. were murdered; James II. and James IV. were killed; Mary and Charles I. were both beheaded; and James VII. and II. was an exile for fourteen years.

The last branch of this family could not have fallen into more ignominious decay. Forgetful of his lineage, and of the duties of a man who has attached a young life to his destiny, he would wake from the degrading sleep of drunkenness, only to start again his excesses, without any lucid interval of self-respect. All their private life was under the domination of a brain fogged by liquor, always ready to impose fresh cruelties and moral brutalities.

The Prince was not jealous of his wife, but he was always present, or in the adjoining room, when Alfieri paid his daily visit.

Often their intellectual conversation would be interrupted by the sound of broken glasses and undignified scenes.

It was undeniable that the Countess found in Alfieri's profound devotion a very real compensation in her state of misery. Knowing very little of life, and dazzled by the title, she had, like Francesca da Rimini, consented to a marriage by proxy, only to find herself side by side with a man whom vice had rendered almost a monstrosity. Often she confessed to Alfieri that through her imprudence she deserved her fate.

In vain Alfieri sought for ways and means to save the Countess from the unbearable tyranny of her profligate husband. One evening, during an orgy the latter had organised with guests suited to such an occasion, he gave way to one of his violent furies, and this time jealousy was not an absent factor. Without any immediate provocation, the Prince assaulted his wife with the brutality of an apache.

This last episode decided the proud Alfieri to secure at all costs the Countess's release from such a barbaric existence, and in this labour of love he found a

real friend and helpmate in the British Ambassador.

It was an intricate plan that they devised, but at long last it came to fruition when the unfortunate woman was brought to a convent. She was taken there by her husband, but on arrival the Countess was admitted and the door closed in the face of the Prince, who was told that, by order of the Florentine Government, the Countess was to be kept in safe keeping until the formalities of a separation had been completed.

Her life in the convent meant her liberation from an unbearable existence, but it also meant the sacrifice of Alfieri's company. It was extremely difficult for him to find a reason which, in the eyes of the authorities, would justify his seeing her.

A little later the Countess went to Rome, and lived under the protection of her brother-in-law, then a cardinal. But here again difficulties arose, for the prelate strongly objected to the visits of Alfieri. The latter left no stone unturned to overcome these obstacles, and indeed stooped to many acts of submission to people he bitterly despised.

Fearing that he might do something silly that would compromise his adored Madonna, he left Rome and started again on his travels, though writing and receiving letters almost daily.

He also engaged on a renewed literary activity, and four tragedies, published in Rome, caused a sensation. Not long elapsed before seven more came from the press; but, while the name of Alfieri was on the lips of everyone, the author, oblivious of his glory, was once again among his beloved horses. When he left England for Italy he had fourteen of them with him, and it is recorded that on reaching the Continent, and finding it impossible to land them in the ordinary way, he had them lowered into the sea so that they might swim to terra firma, guided by the shouts of their distracted master. Later, Hannibal-like, he took them over the Alps. It was following this adventure he received the news that the Countess had been granted a separation, and that she was leaving Rome for France.

After being parted for sixteen months the devoted couple met in Alsace, and then again in Paris, where they fixed their permanent abode.

Towards February, 1788, the Prince died in Rome, closing the last page in the history of the Stewarts.

At last the Countess was free, free to love, free to choose, free to live. In a magnificent house, where there was even a throne room, she and the poet lived together. None ever questioned their union. Their happiness was complete.

In France the political situation was reaching a crisis, the revolution was boiling in every heart, and the ruinous obstinacy of Louis XVI was precipitating matters. Every day was marked by new crimes, new proofs of ignorance and incapacity. New leaders raised to the sky to-day were guillotined to-morrow.

Disgusted by the chaos in which the nation was involved, Alfieri left for Italy, and with his incomparable companion went to their beloved Florence, where serenity and happiness allowed him to produce the wealth of verse that he left to posterity.

THEIR union lasted only fifteen years. On the 8th of October, 1802, Alfieri left her for the unknown of the life beyond. The sorrow-stricken widow used her wealth to erect a worthy tomb to the memory of the poet in the Church of Santa Croce. The task was entrusted to the chisel of no less an artist than Antonio Canova.

Later the great Byron, giving vent once more to his love for Italy and the Italian masters, wrote:

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos; here repose
Angelo, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to whence it rose.
These are four minds which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation: Italy!
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten thousand rents
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin—thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day."

VITTORIO ALFIERI and the Countess of Albany. A sketch made from contemporary portraits by F. S. Fabre

£1,000 AND

This £1,000 house was designed by R. S. Balgarnie Wyld, A.R.I.B.A., to sink into its country environment. There is a large sitting-room, dining-room, both opening on to a sun porch, kitchen, fuel store and larder downstairs ; with four bedrooms and tiled bathroom and lavatory upstairs

The architect of this thatched house describes this attractive fireplace as a suitable one for the interior of such a house, though in fact it was designed by him for another small country place

TEN years ago it would have seemed absurd to suggest that a distinguished little house could be erected for a thousand pounds. To-day such houses regularly appear among the new arrivals, although people are still mildly astonished to hear that it is so.

To some extent, the younger school of architects have to be thanked for this. Realising that the average middle-class owner requires something better than the mass-production builder can provide, whilst keeping within the strict limits of his purse, these young men have applied themselves to the problem and, in doing so, instituted a new conception of the inexpensive house.

Precisely how they have reduced costs to the right level is their own story ; what concerns the public most is that the skill and enterprise of the trained architect are at the disposal of the houseowner of slender means, whereas they were once available only to the wealthy.

Now that it is possible to complete a charming house with four bedrooms for under one thousand pounds, including architect's fees, it is difficult to understand why householders who are not owners should hesitate. Two or three hundred pounds is a fairly ample provision for the site, bringing the whole cost of the property to, say, thirteen hundred. With mortgage facilities such as they are, repayments on this sum are fairly modest.

Illustrations here have been chosen with care to show three houses of distinctly varied character which come into the category described.

In each case, these houses have cost within a very little of one thousand pounds to erect, and in each case also it is possible by certain simple modifications of design and equipment to lower the cost.

The thatched house will appeal to lovers of the country who prefer an old-world appearance to camouflage a high standard of comfort and efficiency.

This little house was built with cavity walls externally faced with old red bricks. The thatched roof is of wheat straw which was used because good wheat straw was handy to the site. The architect explains that Norfolk reed thatching would have been superior (and, of course, more costly), but good wheat straw was available handy to the site, and this is a very important consideration where economy must be studied.

The use of local materials, particularly local stone in a country district, is one of the most valued means of reducing costs on transport. The use of local materials is advisable too, for the good reason that, as in the case of stone, they sink more naturally into their background than the imported kinds.

A special feature of the ground floor of this charming little country house is that both living and dining rooms open with French casements on to a sun porch which can be used for meals.

The living-room is spacious, measuring 18 ft. 9 in. by 12 ft. and 14 ft. into a recess. The dining-room is 12 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. 6 in., and the well-equipped kitchen measures 12 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. There is a good fuel store and larder as well as full electrical equipment throughout the house.

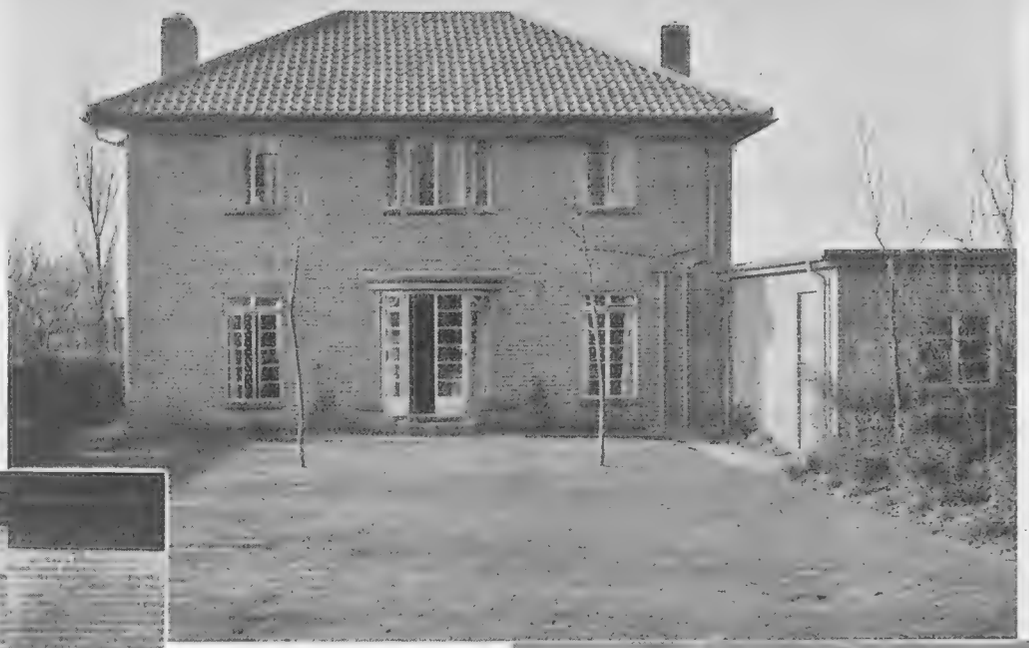
Four bedrooms, two with fitted cupboards, are of good average size. The largest measures 16 ft. by 12 ft., and the second 13 ft. 6 in. by 11 ft. There is a tiled bathroom and a spacious airing cupboard. Outside there is a garage, of course.

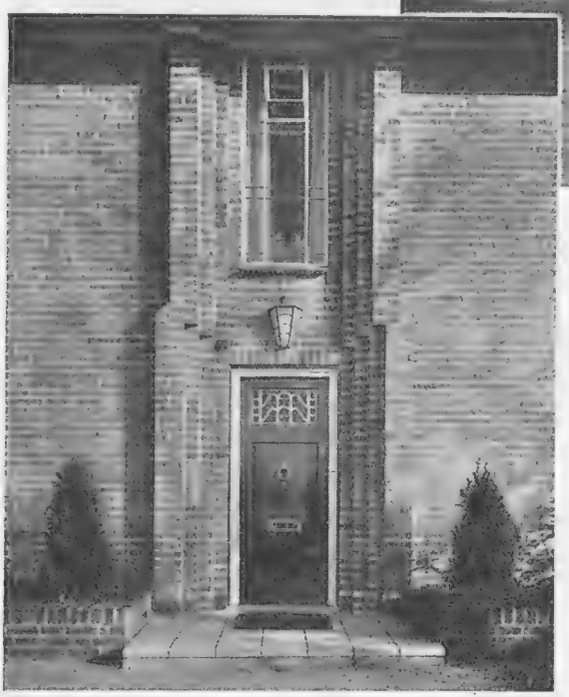
Another house which we illustrate at the top of page 39 is a fine example of sane modernism and adapts itself equally well to a town or a country site.

Mellow-toned bricks used (*Continued on page* 103)

UNDER

More modern in conception, this house was designed and built for £1,000 by John Leech, F.R.I.B.A. Built of mellow-colour brick with green roof tiles, the appearance of the exterior is very pleasing. This is a view from the rear





(Left) This is a close-up of the front door of the house by John Leech. The accommodation comprises a large lounge, a dining-room opening on to the garden, kitchen, and four bedrooms each fitted with running water. The lounge is shown on the right

Edward Banks, A.I.A.A., is the designer of this attractive house, which won the award in a competition for the best all-British designed house costing under £1,000. The house has a lounge, dining-room and four bedrooms. The kitchen is seen below

Winifred Lewis

This fitment for books and china was built around a sitting-room window in a small country house. The local carpenter did the job

WHAT WILL IT COST?

Finma furniture is used for this modern dining-room which was carried out at a minimum cost by Doris Howard Robertson

Whenever you see a beautiful room it is ten to one that, having silently prayed to possess one like it, you plunge into speculative arithmetic in an effort to estimate its cost.

Of course, you keep these indelicate speculations to yourself, though they spring from an inoffensive and quite natural wish to discover if the beauty you covet is within the limits of your purse. We all do it.

Unfortunately, people cannot be persuaded to attach price tickets to their furniture, so we have to continue our secret calculations, thereby, undoubtedly, doing a great many injustices all round.

After all, it is not always the most beautiful scheme of decoration that costs the most, and plenty of homes in which money has been freely spent are mere jumbles of silly paraphernalia.

We have illustrated several rooms on these pages, some of them simpler than others, all of them attractive in their different characters, but not so very different in their costs.

The least expensive of all is one that many people will vote the most attractive. This is the sitting-room with the silver walls.

The owner of this room had seen and admired a drawing-room papered in gold leaf at a fantastic cost by a swagger decorator. She longed to have a silver room, but though she had courage she had no money.

Enquiry showed that silver wallpaper would cost twenty-five shillings a piece. That worked out at a prohibitive cost for the room. No good at all.

So this resourceful young woman went off to a French chocolate shop where they do their own

A built-in seat of painted wood which includes a gramophone cupboard. The seat was fitted with cushions by Vi-Spring Products Ltd. (Doris Howard Robertson)

The owner of this distinguished room covered the walls herself with silver paper bought from a chocolate shop. Cost, fifteen shillings

packing and asked if they would sell her some of the silver paper they put in the boxes.

They would. It came in long, tight rolls, wound round a stick and cost three shillings a pound.

It was a tricky business for an amateur persuading those thin sheets of silver paper to stick on to the walls, but the stuff proved to be *so* thin that it showed neither joins nor patches, nor even jagged pieces torn off the corners.

When the silver paper was safely on, a coat of varnish was added for strengthening. An exotic background to begin furnishing upon and the cost—fifteen shillings.

The furniture, as you see, is simple, but well chosen and tastefully displayed. A comfortable lounge settee. Two attractive lamps which make little pools of colour where they reflect in the walls. One lovely colourful rug. This cost about seven or eight pounds, but it gives the perfect finish to the room.

Now let us look at the little dining-room with the Finnish furniture. This room is an object lesson in modern simplicity and economy.

The " Finma " bentwood chairs are straw colour with black American cloth padded seats. Quite astonishingly comfortable, 30s. each. The table, which has a black top, was five guineas.

The walls of this room are distempered blue and cost very little to do ; blue-and-white check matting at 4s. 6d. a yard is fitted like a carpet, and one pound fifteen shillings was well spent in masking an out-of-date fireplace. The electric fire that was built in cost six pounds, but there are, of course, cheaper ones.

If you plan to turn one of your spare rooms into a nursery the cost of reproducing the simple nursery we illustrate will perhaps interest you. Nothing very costly here.

A wallpaper almost identical with the one in the photograph costs 3s. 3d. a piece. Naturally the cost of doing out the room is dependant upon its size, but an average small room of about sixteen by twelve feet will need eight pieces of paper. Labour will vary from around thirty shillings to three pounds according to the type of decorator you choose and the area of paintable surface, if any. To cut costs to a minimum, get a professional to distemper the ceiling and hang the paper and then paint the woodwork yourself.

Apart from the cot, which we will not include in this estimate, furniture is a small item. The little table seen on the left would cost about five shillings in whitewood and could be painted at home to match the scheme. A chest of drawers in the same wood will cost about fifteen shillings and low chairs up to ten shillings, according to size.

A substantial improvement was made to a simple room in a country house by the built-in bookshelves and china cupboards which are seen fitted round the window on the facing page. The complete cost of the (*Continued on page* 103)

Such a simple nursery can be achieved at small cost, yet the effect is colourful and original

" YOU mean that blonde woman in green ? That is Lady Moresby, wife of Sir William Moresby, the coal magnate. Rather lovely creature, what ? She's the proud possessor of the Moresby emeralds. I've only seen them once. A most vulgar looking string ! " He clawed across the bar at the decanter.

" Do they live in town ? " the tall young man asked carelessly.

" Who ? Oh, the Moresbys. Well, they've got a big place on the river. Give most elaborate parties. I'll introduce you, if you like. You're such a damned enquiring bloke, you'd better ask her all these questions yourself."

He led the way across the room and bent over the woman's hand.

" It's so nice to see you, again, Lady Moresby. You may not remember me. I'm Jerry Gillingham, and I had the pleasure of meeting you at a party which your husband gave at your home last year."

" Oh, yes." The lovely eyes took in the rather vacuous-faced young man with an utter lack of interest.

" Er—may I introduce a friend of mine, Basil Ridley ? "

The blue eyes met the grey and held for a moment.

Then the tall man bowed and Jerry Gillingham scuttled back to his whisky.

" I've wanted to meet you for a long time," the man smiled at her.

" Have we crossed trails so often ? " she asked.

" No. I have never seen you before to-night."

" But I have been here only a few minutes ! "

" Minutes can sometimes seem a long time."

A shadow of interest showed in her face and a half-smile warmed her lips. She glanced up at him and their eyes met and held again.

" Do you always flatter every woman you meet ? " she asked lightly.

" No. You are entirely to blame. They're dancing in the next room. Shall we also ? "

She nodded and rose to lead the way. He noticed that she moved gracefully, beautifully. They danced and committed the unforgivable sin of talking while they wafted about the floor.

She was feminine, warmly feminine, and the subtle beauty of her white shoulders quickened his senses and, perhaps, his audacity.

" London has been so dull up to now," he murmured. " But somehow I feel that it is going to be less so in the future."

" You sound a very jaded person. What do you do with yourself ? "

" Nothing. . . . Monte Carlo, Biarritz, Rome : the usual silken web."

" But what a waste of time ! Don't you ever work at anything ? "

" Certainly ! At doing nothing ! It's quite a skilful task sometimes. But now will you be very sweet and help to break the monotony ? "

They danced for a moment in silence and then she looked at her companion.

" How ? " she asked.

" By having lunch with me at the new Blue Room on Wednesday. So that you and I can know each other a little better than we do."

" That's hardly a conventional suggestion to a married woman whom you have known for less than half an hour ! " she said with a ripple of laughter.

" Of course not. Conventions are made for those who cannot think for themselves. I may also add that you are very lovely. I admire all beautiful things, whether they are in flesh, bronze or ivory, and I have a right to pay a tribute to Nature."

She smiled at him—" Nice man ! I wonder how many women you have said these things to before ? You must be one of those people with a terrible reputation."

" Morality, when it is really innate, is a scarce and priceless gem," he answered. " But the convenient skirt of Respectability is too often a somewhat hypocritical garment. It doesn't suit me. By the way, you dance delightfully."

" Thank you, fair sir ! But, if I may ask, why are you

" TWENTY-FOUR hours of happiness for you and me. Then the world would go on once more "

Lady Moresby's Secret

By Adrian Conan Doyle

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

giving me these opinions? They're rather risqué, you know."

He laughed. "Because you happen to be that rather rare thing, a really charming woman. I feel that we are—shall I say?—*en rapport*?"

"I'm not sure that I take that as a compliment to my morals."

"On the contrary, it is meant as a compliment to your mentality. You're a most delightful companion. But you have not yet answered my question. Will you lunch with me on Wednesday?"

She looked up at him. His eyes were very grey and very steady. She was on the point of refusing—meant to do so, in fact; and then, the sudden impulse flashed into her mind. Why not? It might be amusing and it certainly would be a change, with this strangely outspoken young man.

"Perhaps," she said.

"Bless you, my dear," he murmured in her ear, and led her to the cocktail bar.

WEDNESDAY came and they met in the lounge of the Blue Room. Tactful place, that lounge, plenty of alcoves, plenty of spreading palms and a softly graduated orchestra that did not interfere with one's personal conversation, but formed a melodious wall against the prying ears of one's neighbours. She was charming. The dove-grey toque made a perfect setting for her fair hair and the half-veil added glamour of those deep blue eyes. He told her how delightful she looked, while she took in, with pleasure, his well-knit figure, that keen, living face and his expressive hands. He knew how to talk with his hands, that man.

"I suppose that I really should not have accepted your invitation," she said. "But I have always thought that—well, that people have a right to make new friendships, even married people. Especially if they have the sense to let that friendship remain just a friendship. All I ask is that you will not misconstrue this meeting."

"You may put that fear out of your mind," he replied. "I wonder if you realise what infinite satisfaction a man may find in the companionship of a woman's brain and understanding. If a man leads a rather rapid existence, he obtains many new angles on life because he has the power of comparison. And, consequently, his hopes—may I use a somewhat sentimental word?—his dreams become more vivid, more unattainable. As I look at you now, I realise just how much you can give to me"—he paused; his eyes were deep, intense; then added—"by speaking with your lips and by listening with your eyes."

She leant slightly across the table towards him. An elusive wisp of scent wafted about his nostrils. Bolodgia, fascinating, intriguing. Perfume can be a very dangerous thing, sometimes.

"I think that I understand," she said. "I could see from the very first that you were dissatisfied with all the things that seemed part of yourself. But it will be so difficult to meet and talk. My husband would misunderstand."

"Is he so bad a judge of women?"

"Yes. I may as well be frank with you. My husband and I have little in common. I suppose that I realised that when I married him; but he had much to offer, and one cannot waste one's whole life hoping for romance. He judges everyone by his own standard. I know perfectly well that he is—well, I think that I could even forgive that, if he was a graceful roué. But he's not. He is just ponderously immoral."

"Then why do you continue with him."

"Don't be ridiculous, my dear! As a husband he may be a failure, but as a man he is a great success. A woman does not sacrifice everything for a vague ideal."

He looked at her for a moment, while one hand beat a thoughtful tattoo on the tablecloth.

"Ideals, in this life, are too often the parents of illusion," he said.

The grey eyes had become hard, the slight smile a mask upon his face. He studied the woman's features; the soft, firm throat, a truant curl that peeped from beneath the chic little hat. Then his gaze wandered down and rested upon her white hand, idly playing with a fork,

EACH night the complacency of her husband grew more and more unbearable

a slim, charming hand emphasised by the sullen beauty of the black pearl which glowed on one pale finger.

"Why so thoughtful?" she asked.

"I was thinking that Life is only a play and wishing that I could add one more act to yours and mine. To be your husband for twenty-four hours."

"And just what would that represent?" she smiled at him.

"Happiness! Twenty-four hours of happiness for you and me. Then the world would go on once more."

She looked at him steadily. "In other words, you mean that you would like me to become your mistress for twenty-four hours."

"Brutal, my dear, brutal," he laughed. "No. I don't mean just that. It's too commonplace. I want *you*. Your thoughts, your mind, the *real* you that your husband has never known, has never seen."

He leant towards her; a firm hand closed on her soft fingers and their eyes met and tried to understand.

She was puzzled, perplexed. "Strange man! I wonder if these are really your thoughts?"

"If they offend you, my dear, then they are not my thoughts. Whispers, shall we call them, merely whispers."

The waiter brought coffee and they lit cigarettes. Smoke swirled upwards, empty, vapid spirals, and her gaze followed those blue wisps.

"My dear, you know well enough that you do not offend me. I want to give you friendship, comradeship. I feel that we can both supply that to each other. But, as I told you before, it is going to be difficult, because of my husband. Perhaps an occasional meeting . . . ."

"It means so much," he said. "If we cannot actually meet often, then we can at least write our thoughts and opinions. It would give me something real, something sincere in my life. You could write to me at my address and, if it was more convenient to you, I could write to you, c/o your club, instead of your home." He stared down at the cigarette smouldering between his fingers and his voice became very soft, almost embarrassed: "I wonder, dear lady, if you really understand how much, how very much, sunshine you could bring to me? Just your thoughts. Everything has seemed so worthless, so empty. So many lies in a short life, so many mirages packed in the span of a few years. But, forgive me. You will think that I am playing upon your feelings. Let's talk about other things."

She touched his hand with hers, a quick, warm pressure.

"No, I always want you to be natural with me," she murmured. "My husband gives a lot of parties at our Thames house, and I would like you to be there. It will be a conventional invitation to a most unconventional guest!" she added laughingly, as they rose to leave the table.

ALL during her journey home by road, her mind was busy with a new elation, a pleasant awakening of thought. Perhaps a little thrill at the possession of a secret. Forbidden adventure, however innocent, carries with it a certain amount of satisfaction, and appreciation is a key which fits many doors. She thought of her husband, self-possessed and undemonstrative. Why couldn't he realise that a woman needs the unasked for, but eagerly expected, compliment on the subject of the new gown, the glance of appreciation, so swiftly noticed, at the wave in her newly-set hair. The little touches of attention which are scales of drabness or of colour in every woman's life. She thought of her suspicions on his fidelity and wondered to herself why she could feel neither anger nor resentment. Perhaps their feelings had always been too impersonal. In his position, he needed a beautiful woman to grace his dining-table, to bear his name and, as for herself — well, money could bring many compensations, she admitted mentally, as the car swept up the drive towards the big, rambling house with the broad expanse of lawn fringing the sparkle of the Thames.

Some curious desire, almost a feeling of challenge, made her clothe herself that evening with particular care. A sheath-like gown of "oyster" satin, décolletée and perfectly moulded. Her coiffure was exquisite, a rippling wave of gold. The mirror held her lovely reflection for a while, and then she descended to the dining-room.

The big form of her husband rose from an armchair in front of the fireplace, a broad-shouldered man with an unexpressive face and an erect carriage.

He gazed at her for a moment in silence.

"Why all the glad rags?" he asked. "There is no guest expected." His words were short and clipped.

She smiled at him. "I thought that this dress might appeal to you. It's a new model, and I simply couldn't resist it."

"It's quite nice," he answered. "But let's get on with dinner. It's cold enough already."

During the meal she was bright and

vivacious and listened closely to his conversation of City topics and everyday events, and her eyes watched him intently when his gaze was bent upon his plate.

She thought of her lunch with Ridley. Comparison can be a dangerous thing, and Sir William Moresby was a very heavy loser.

If only he could talk on any subject which would interest her, she thought: problems which they could discuss together. A desire on his part to hear her own views would have made her feel more like a wife and less like a bought mistress.

He was too utterly material to sense the feeling of strain, of tautness, which emanated from her beneath the bright smile and soft voice. Any woman would have known. She felt that Basil Ridley would have realised it also, and a flood of resentment against the self-possession of her husband filled her mind. He looked at her suddenly.

"You're very silent. One of your queer moods again, I suppose. By the way, what did you do in town to-day?"

"Oh, I had quite a rush. My hair, for one thing; and then I looked at Molly Beresford's new flat. It's quite small, but really charming. She has decorated the whole drawing-room in pale lavender, and when she told me about it the idea seemed too dreadful. But the actual effect is lovely. Will you come and see it with me when we go to town to-morrow?"

"No, thank you! You are better equipped, my dear, to give opinions on flats than I am. I can imagine nothing more boring than to wander about looking at other people's decorations. Did you lunch with Molly?"

"No," she replied casually. "She was engaged for lunch, so I went to the Blue Room. It's so near to her flat, and I was simply starving. By the way, Bill, I saw a man there whom I met the other night at Bob Citree's party. Rather a dull person, but he might be useful to us. Bob told me that he was a most sporting investor. Shall I ask him to our next party, and then you can talk business to him?"

"All right. If you see him again at the Citrees' ask him to come along. Incidentally, I would hardly advise you to lunch at the Blue Room when you visit Molly. You may not know it, but it hasn't the very best reputation, and people are apt to talk." He raised his wine-glass and sniffed at the bouquet, then added, "In your position, as my wife, you have to be particularly careful."

Her lips tightened. "Bill, has it ever occurred to you that, in my position as your wife, these rumours which have reached my ears about your own life are extremely distasteful to me?"

The man laughed. "My dear Helen, these rumours, however unjust, need not trouble you, if you are thinking of my good name. A man may be given a reputation for immorality, but he can still keep the respect of other men and women. But if a woman is associated with scandal or with a hint of immorality, then she is bereft of her respectability in the eyes of her friends."

"Thank you, Bill. A very charming little speech. I appreciate the fact that you waited until the servants had left the room."

She smiled as she spoke, a very sweet smile, and the gaze of her eyes had the coldness of ice. "Would you like your coffee in the library?"

The man pushed back his chair. "All right. But remember what I say. You women are too damned irresponsible."

He lit a cigar and went towards the door, pausing on the way to gather up the evening papers. A thick swirl of blue smoke floated in the quiet room. It wafted, like a pale web around the woman, who stood beside the table, a look of almost satisfaction on her face, as though some subconscious resolution had woken to life within her. Then she, also, turned and passed through the doorway.

That night she wrote to Ridley, a little note, quite friendly, quite innocent. The warm scent of the wallflowers was drifting through the open windows, a cloying, delicate aroma. Perhaps she realised the sense of adventure which lay in the sheet of writing-paper before her and that accounted for the little thrill of trepidation as she chose her words with scrupulous care.

(*Continued on page* 96)

THE green stones, flashing in the moonlight, dangled from Basil's fingers

The Z Gets

SIMBA'S mane is combed and the lion's eagerness to make things easy for his "attendant" is often very amusing

A VULTURE being moved from his cage. In this somewhat undignified posture, even the strongest vulture is rendered temporarily powerless

ITS morning toilet. A Zoo timber wolf being groomed

ONE comes across the Zoo's signwriter employing his craft on nameplate or warning notice

By

MOST of you will at some time or other have visited the London Zoo, and if you did not enjoy your day there, I am sure it would not be the fault of the authorities. But the Zoo you saw was the menagerie in its "best workaday clothes." When you arrived the Zoo was up and dressed, its 4,000-odd inhabitants ready to minister to your pleasures.

For some years past, as Zoo Correspondent of a daily paper, it has on various occasions been my privilege to visit the gardens long before the first member of the public clicked his way through the turnstile; and in this article I propose to show you London's most popular place of entertainment from a new angle—the Zoo as it prepares for the day's visitors.

It may not have struck you, perhaps, that before the grounds are opened to the public each morning the menagerie staff will have been hard at work for quite two or three hours previously, getting the place shipshape. A very different Zoo is this from the one that you inspect later on. After 9 a.m. it is the public's pleasure-ground. Before that hour it is a hive of industry, giving employment to some two or three hundred men of many different trades.

Let me draw you a brief pen-picture.

It is, let us say, half-past six on a bright summer morning, and the grounds—and cages—look strangely deserted and untidy. But wait. Within the next hour, with amazing rapidity, the scene changes. Keepers, cleaners, carpenters, electricians, storehouse men, gardeners, labourers and "helpers" of all kinds have clocked in, and are bustling about their respective duties.

In the cages, too, there is an air of growing liveliness. Animals which have spent the night asleep emerge from their inner dens, many of them stretching their limbs and yawning at the rising sun with grotesque grimaces. They do not have to be "called," these "gentlemen of the Zoo." They know from experience that the arrival of the keepers means that breakfast is on the way; and food, naturally, is to them a never-failing source of interest.

By 7.30 the gardens are, perhaps, one of the busiest places in all North London. Cages are being swabbed out; sleeping dens are being replenished with fresh, clean straw; the air is full of the clatter of buckets and the swish of brooms. In short, the Zoo is getting up.

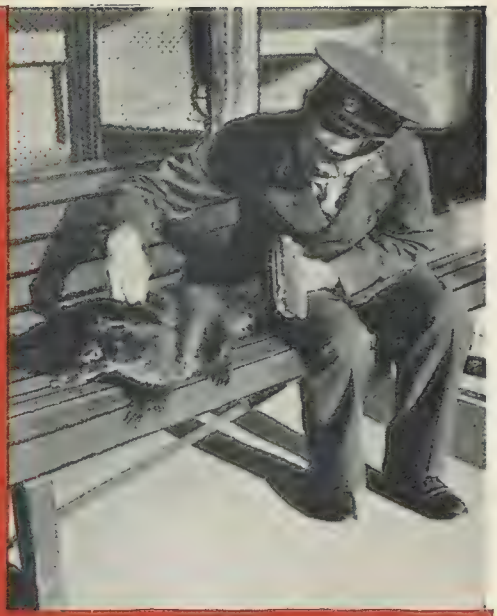
Along the pathways rumbles a fussily important motor-trolly: it is busy collecting refuse from the various houses. A little later a cart, drawn by a horse who seems curiously unconcerned by the presence of the jungle animals about him, comes on the scene. This is the stores-carman's equippage. Piled high with crates of vegetables, pails of meat, and "special diets" innumerable, it pursues its leisurely way from house to house, delivering the day's rations.

Here and there in the gardens an army of cleaners makes a round of the litter-baskets; others are sweeping paths; while out on the lawns and flower-beds the gardening staff is engaged in tending that very imposing array of gay summer-time blooms which are at once the pride of the head-gardener and the envy of every horticulturally minded visitor!

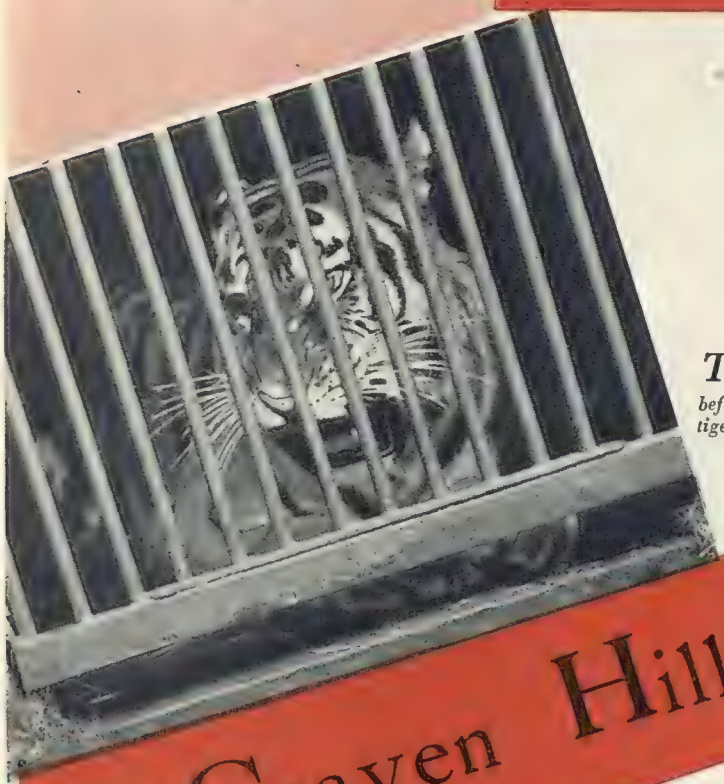
Other folk are about too. Here a uniformed overseer may be seen arranging with a keeper where some newly arrived exhibit shall be

Zoo Up

ONE of the first duties of the day is for the keeper to change the bedding of his charges



SUSIE, a coatimundi, a great favourite with visitors, is brushed and combed by her keeper



THE transfer of dangerous animals must be completed before the public enter. A tiger in its travelling crate

Craven Hill, F.Z.S.

put; there one comes across the Zoo's signwriter employing his specialised craft on some name-plate or warning notice. There, again, an electrician, mounted on a tower-ladder, is replacing a coloured bulb among the overhead "fairy lights" which, on the late opening nights, do so much to invest a rather prosaic English menagerie with the atmosphere of a Continental beer-garden.

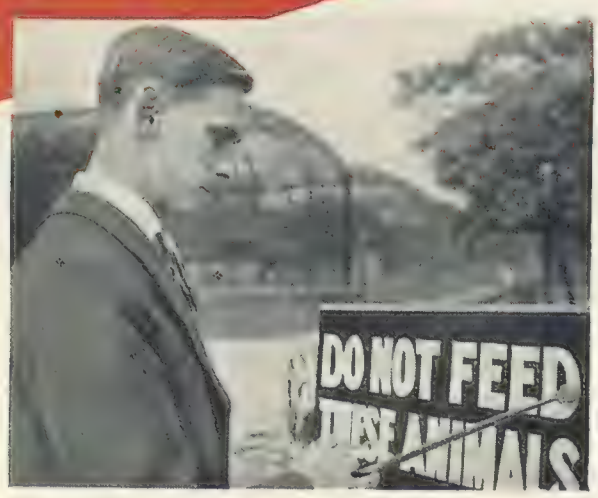
BUT it is time we had a look at the animals. What are they thinking of all this matutinal activity? The first thing that strikes the onlooker at this early hour is their amiability. It is astonishing how good-tempered many of them are as the Zoo "dresses itself o' mornings." After the first few jaw-splitting yawns, there are few sleepy heads about. "Monday morning liverishness" is a complaint unknown in the Zoo!

It is a surprising fact that many large animals whose sober behaviour later in the day might lead one to dub them "dull" are often quite amazingly skittish in the early morning. Even staid and sedate hippopotami have been known to gambol then! In many a den you will see a keeper trying nobly to clean up while the boisterous inmate gets in the way, worries his shins, or takes furtive bites at his broom-handle. The men take it all in good part. They know that these exhibitions of "animal spirits" are a good sign, for no animal off-colour will behave in this way.

As time goes on the occupations of the keepers become more interesting. Den-cleaning is over, and now it is the turn of many of the animals to receive attention from the brush—for there are plenty of exhibits who have to undergo a regular "wash-and-brush-up" before the public comes to see them. Mostly, these are the more popular of the smaller mammals—the mongooses, coatis, apes, and monkeys—which will be handled and caressed by scores of visitors later in the day.

But a number of the larger animals are groomed too, including even the riding elephants. Often these latter are badly in need of a brush-down. The average Zoo elephant, at some time during the night, rolls over on the floor of her den, with the result that by morning her hide is thick with dust. Keepers therefore have to smarten up their big charges. Liberal and energetic application of the brush is essential, and it is anything but a pleasant task. So much dust flies at these times that the atmosphere in the house, for half an hour afterwards, bears a close resemblance to a "London Particular"!

Some of the tamer, Zoo-born wolves also visit the "beauty parlour," as do a few of the lions. It is really rather remarkable how readily these animals, reputed to be dangerous to man, respond to their grooms. That they thoroughly enjoy the business (*Continued on page* 88)



HE apologised. "Oh! Madam," noticing the foot's gender. "So sorry! How clumsy of me! Beg pardon"

IN the train from Munich to Zurich—next stop Lindau, on the German-Swiss frontier—Douglas went back to the compartment and stumbled over a foot, neatly shod and feminine. Before, there had been no one but he and his friend. Seats 6 and 8, booked from London. A "Raucher" duly baptised with tobacco smoke. They travelled with a pouch in every suitcase, and overcoat—copyright reserved. It was the one small sin of smuggling to which they descended.

He apologised. "Oh! Madam," noticing the foot's gender. "So sorry! How clumsy of me! Beg pardon."

Two hazel eyes looked up from under a rakish white linen hat.

"Bitte?"

Bitte! That's German for "please." Ooh!

"Entschuldigen Sie mich! gnädige Frau! Er—gnädiges Fräulein!" "Wonder if she's married or single," he thought.

"Bitte sehr!" The owner of the hazels smiled sweetly. "Das macht nichts."

"Oh, thank you. Danke!" Douglas smiled back, found his corner, subsided, and lit his pipe.

Tired after a late night and early start, his friend was dozing in the opposite corner. He had opened one eye to grunt, and then relapsed.

Douglas tacitly consigned him to the devil, and opened the *Münchener Zeitung*, apparently to read German, of which he understood but little—really to study the

Tidy Mind

A Travelling Misadventure

By Stenson Cooke

Illustrated by Clive Uptton

IN a few minutes the book lay in her lap, and—she dozed

hazel eyes, slender feet, and all that went therewith.

It was worth while.

Here was attraction.

A perfectly cut tailor-made coat and skirt suppressed artistically a generous figure.

She was reading. It was warm. She, too, may have had a late night, because in a few minutes the book lay in her lap, and—she dozed.

"What luck!" said Douglas to himself. He puffed at his beloved briar, and gave himself up to the joy of gazing on beauty.

His mind was simple and clean. Beauty was to him a gift from Heaven, to be gloried in and revered as such.

"She looks English, and yet she can't be—doesn't speak our language—and yet again, that Eton crop, so tidy—she must have it cut once a week, like I do. I'd never have believed an Eton crop could look so feminine."

His hair was grey and splashed with brown. It got ragged after a few days. Hers was a gorgeous, glossy, blue black. Her eyebrows were natural—unplucked; eyelashes long; nose Grecian; short upper lip; strong, capable mouth—spelling courage, and not a millimetre too wide; a firm chin, and, to crown all, a clean, clear, creamy skin, unspoilt by a plethora of powder or lipstick—just enough.

Douglas had a charming wife and two fine daughters. "Darlings," he would say to them, "you're lovely enough without powder *ad infinitum*. Look at that girl over there. It's laid on with a trowel. Kissing her would be like kissing a whitewashed wall."

She still dozed. Douglas studied her as her head drooped to one side, away from him. "Darned if I know which I like the more—full face or profile—they're both so good."

"Now! luggage. Suitcases—two on the rack. Nothing startling there. Fibre, not leather. Handbag—black, no initials. Nothing there, or anywhere, but—just a minute—the attaché case, in the seat next to her. That's English, with fittings rather like mine. Hers is blue, and mine is brown. Wonder if it's locked, like mine is—always."

His pipe went out—no matches. Never mind, there were more in his case. Out came his keys. Unlock case, take out a box (smuggled, like the tobacco), shut case, lock case, keys back in pocket.

"Why all this locking and unlocking?" he was once asked.

"Well!" he boasted, "I flatter myself that I know how to travel. Yes, indeed. I carry all my travellers' cheques, and money in notes for every country, in separate envelopes, marked with the amount contained in each. I've a tidy mind, you know. *And*, don't forget this. I lock my case every time I have opened and shut it, whether it needs it or not."

"Why?"

"Oh, don't be silly. Don't you see that if I didn't make it a habit, a religion, to lock it, there might come just one time when I forgot, and that would be the very time that I ought to have but didn't, and—well—that's enough, surely."

"And I have my keys on a chain. *And* when I go to the dining-car, I can eat my food in comfort. Tidy mind, that's what you want—and I have! See!"

Certainly he had, but except when in a chaffing mood, he acclaimed it quietly, as one who should be grateful for, not conceited about, a good digestion, or a stomach which defies the roughest sea.

HE fingered the only other article left —his black loose-leafed book in which the travel history from London to London was neatly typed out, page by page

His shoes, shirts, socks, gloves, even underclothing, were numbered. The shoe cupboard at home was his own design. Above the double rails were small china discs with numbers, indicating that " pair number five's place is here, please, until wanted again ten days or so hence."

In the matter of travel, too, Tidy Mind revelled. Separate cases for shirts and socks, and braces and suspenders. One brown for daily, and one blue for evening wear. Day and evening collar boxes, for ties and for handkerchiefs. Covers for shoes—the colour distinction obtaining throughout.

Every trunk, suit, and attaché case displayed the family travelling sign, a big triangle—he called it " Safety First "—and to each, when on a journey, was tied a label—with his name, and " Passenger to . . . via . . ." printed boldly, for completion in writing. Oh ! and the date, of course. That, with him, was a mild form of insanity.

His friend woke up. She also.

" Hullo ! enjoyed your nap ? " said Douglas. " Slowing down, aren't we ? Must be nearing the frontier."

" That will give you a chance to unlock your blooming case. Out with your German money. You can't take more than ten marks away."

" I've not been to sleep, silly ass, and I've only seven marks twenty pfennig. You know that, but—shshh, old man." He leaned over. " I've had a topping ten minutes studying our neighbour. Oh, all right. Don't glare at me—she doesn't speak English."

" How do you know ? "

" She only said 'Bitte' and 'macht nichts' to me when I trod on her foot accidentally—not playing the giddy goat—and," added the impressionable one, " isn't she wonderful ? Have a peep. I give her three *L*'s."

" What's that ? "

" Lovely, lovable, and I hope, loving."

" Lock your case, *and* your mouth, or you may be sorry you opened either ! "

" All right, sticky ! " said Douglas. " Now, come on, let's get ready for the Customs. Passport ? yes, in my pocket. Money ? in my case, well and truly locked. Where's the list ? "

" What list ? "

" That of all the cash we brought into Germany four days ago. Yours, too. Damn ! It's in the case." Unlock again. And Douglas produced his keys for the fourteenth time that morning.

" Here it is, duly attested and stamped. Sterling—twenty-three pounds. Reichmark cheques—four hundred and fifty-one. Travellers' cheques—Cook's, forty quid. Swiss francs—seventy-five. French ditto—seven hundred and sixty. I wonder if the Customs man will believe it," said Douglas.

" Believe what ? "

" That we should have so much money for one journey."

" Never mind—it's true, and they will believe it."

And, to the credit of the hospitable German people, the English word is believed. That fact warms the visitor as much as the instinctive personal honesty and courtesy which the German of all classes extends to everybody—especially the tourist.

She was awake and interested. The two men were absorbed in their talk, and didn't notice her—much. Douglas stole a glance now and then—but, business first.

" Lindau ! Nicht auf steigen," etc. Meaning, forbidden to leave the train until the Customs have finished (or words to that effect).

The pleasant train conductor acted as interpreter. The Customs officer exuded friendliness.

" Herrn Englander—passport ? Ja ! Nothing to declare—nein ! Money ? Certificates produced. Ja wohl ! " No questions. Decent of him, and safe, because, a gentleman's agreement—only seven marks and twenty pfennig were being taken out.

Then—her turn.

It didn't take long. Gatling-gun questions—and low, brief answers. Money produced and counted.

" Danke ! gnädige Frau. Guten Tag "—and—finish.

" The show's over," said Douglas. " I'm gasping—let's slip ashore for a beer."

" O.K." And they went.

In two minutes a bell rang.

" That means ' all aboard ' ! "

" No ! only the first warning. We can't leave this gorgeous beer."

His friend sighed and agreed.

They drank up, and Douglas paid—out of his seven marks twenty pfennig.

" Wait a minute," he said. " I know these Swiss trains (he knew most things). " There's no dining-car. Let's buy some sausages, and bread. Nothing to eat otherwise, until Zurich."

" O.K. Nice, long, thin sausages, like Corona Corona cigars. Ah ! fine ! Experienced travellers, eh ? and then some. Where you want it, is here ! "—he tapped his forehead.

They left the bar. " Oh ! my goodness ! Where's the train ? It's gone ! "

They saw it, disappearing in the distance. Next stop—Switzerland. Next train—in three hours.

All their luggage aboard—including Douglas's magic case with its sleeping-car necessities—and fifty-seven varieties of money.

" One good thing, it's locked ! " he said.

" MEET my colleague, Madame Jacqueline," said " Twinkles," who was enjoying every moment of the presentations

" That's all you care about," said his friend. " What will the Junods say when the train arrives at Zurich and we're not in it ? I can imagine their faces. Nice old mess we're in."

But they were wrong. The train came back. At Lindau there happens much the same as with the Southern Railway coming into London from the ports. Back and forth over the Thames—London Bridge, Waterloo, Charing Cross. The only difference being that glorious Lake Constance provided a finer beautyscape than grey-brown old Father Thames. In due course the train pulled up on the opposite platform, before making up its mind to enter Switzerland.

Much relieved, the travellers stole guiltily across the metals, regained their compartment, and found everything in its place.

" Ooh ! Narrow escape that. Good-bye, Germany ! Come on sausages ! "

The train slid along past slight but definite changes in uniforms—houses—even atmosphere.

Douglas's Highland mind sensed acutely the passage of that invisible, but by no means imaginary, line which men call frontier—the difference between the New Germany and the quiet, unobtrusive democracy of the Swiss Confederation.

In that atmosphere, and in their respective corners, the travellers were peeling sausages, like bananas, when Douglas noticed " her " in her corner. She was eating a biscuit. Her attaché case lay open on the seat.

His German was limited to a few score words or so, but chivalry made him eloquent.

" Bitte sehr, gnädige Frau. Wollen Sie, werden Sie, darf ich ? Er—er. Do, please—have a sausage."

The hazel eyes gleamed appreciatively. " I'd love one, thanks so much." Her voice was like a rich Burgundy.

" You speak English," he stammered.

" Yes ! " she smiled. " It's my native tongue. Why not ? They say the English are ' sticky '—lies. We're not, and you're a dear. Another sausage, please."

(*Continued on page* 104)

HECTOR BOLITHO

Biographies

"Leaves From My Unwritten Diary": *by Sir Harry Preston*
(Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

THE host of the Royal Albion Hotel at Brighton never kept a diary and when, towards the end of his life, he began to dictate his recollections of a few of the thousand celebrities he had met and entertained, he had only his memory to rely on. Fortunately, it was an admirable one. He forgot nothing, save the faults of his friends; and his book is a repository of genial memories, shrewd observations, and kindly comments. Boxers, writers, peers, jockeys, painters and actors, he loved them all. He did not merely "know" everybody; he was everybody's cherished friend. An interesting type, not yet explored by the psychologists.

"Left Turn!": *by John Paton* (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.)

THE second volume of the autobiography of Mr. Paton covers the years when he was national organiser of the I.L.P. and editor of *The New Leader*; the years of the General Strike, of Labour Government, of "united front." Although inclined to self-complacency, Mr. Paton is a shrewd critic of men and events, and his portraits of fellow-politicians are not weakened by any traces of personal sympathy. In his world, there is only one standard—the "soundness" of a man's political views.

"Portrait of an Unknown Victorian": *by R. H. Mottram*
(Hale, 12s. 6d.)

MR. MOTTRAM has taken a prominent citizen of Norwich, whose life overlapped at both ends the reign of Queen Victoria, and tried to show, from his career and character, the essential features of life in nineteenth-century England. So quiet a book may scarcely make itself heard, but it is worth listening to.

"Mrs. Siddons": *by Yvonne ffrench* (Cobden Sanderson, 10s. 6d.)

"Marie Tempest": *by Hector Bolitho* (Cobden Sanderson, 18s.)

THESE two biographies are well produced. Miss ffrench's study is full of meat, and must be considered a most satisfactory piece of work, not only as a history of the actress but also as a chapter in the history of the theatre. Mr. Bolitho, writing of an actress still delighting us, is nearer to his source of information, but further from detachment. Politeness was necessary; admiration was desirable; but complete prostration is perhaps hardly the best attitude for observation. Actors are supposed to like flattery, but surely so clever a woman as Miss Tempest will find this a little embarrassing.

ROBERT CHURCHWARD, author of "Wilderness of Fools." The author was a member of the British Matto Grosso Expedition of 1932

HANS FALLADA, whose novel "Old Heart Goes on a Journey" is reviewed in this article

BOOKS:

Brazilian Misadventure—Polar Triumph

By Arnold Palmer

A FEW years ago half a dozen young men went exploring in Brazil. The ostensible object of their trip was the discovery of the fate of Lt.-Col. P. H. Fawcett, D.S.O., of whom nothing had been heard since his disappearance in those regions in 1925. Thanks to their possession of an ostensible object, the young men were blessed by the Royal Geographical Society and given the splendid title of the British Matto Grosso Expedition of 1932. Up to the present, however, the chief, if not the sole, result of their initiative had been a very successful travel book called *Brazilian Adventure*, written by one of their number, Mr. Peter Fleming. There the whole matter might have rested if Mr. Robert Churchward, the only begetter of the trip, had not produced a second and contrasting volume called *Wilderness of Fools* (Routledge, 10s. 6d.), which is, in effect, a spirited reply to Mr. Fleming's version.

Why was a reply needed? Because the expedition, we now learn, was anything but a happy party. Only one member knew anything about exploring and the interior of Brazil and the character of the inhabitants; and, although the other members usually disagreed with one another, they could always be relied upon to unite in opposition to their single expert. (I am glad to be able to announce that he, too, is said to be preparing a volume for the press. Readers of Mr. Fleming should hasten to read Mr. Churchward so as to be ready to read Mr. Holman.) A certain acrimony marked proceedings from the start; and this, though it makes Mr. Churchward's pages excellent reading, was no doubt partly responsible for the failure of the explorers. Dangerous and hostile Indians insisted on keeping out of sight; new ranges of mountains mischievously turned out to be trees; whilst as for Colonel Fawcett, Mr. Churchward consoles himself, having failed to penetrate far enough to discover any evidence for or against his survival, with the reflection that he must surely have perished. But the young men, in spite of having taken on a task for which they were entirely untrained, were clearly of the stuff of which explorers are made. Neither danger nor

A PORTRAIT of Helmer Hanssen taken at the South Pole by Captain Amundsen. Helmer Hanssen's book "Voyages of a Modern Viking" will leave the reader with an impression of courage, simplicity and loyalty

[Howard Coster

ALEC BROWN, author of "The Lovely Girl." The characters in this novel do not come to life very swiftly or very easily, but the well-planned structure of the story sustains the reader's interest to the end

discomfort daunted them. What is known as the explorer's third D., delay, alone had the power of showing up their inexperience.

IT is precisely through his imperviousness to mishap that the quality of the proved explorer shows itself. Helmer Hanssen, author of *Voyages of a Modern Viking* (Routledge, 10s. 6d.), was one of Amundsen's party which discovered the South Pole; he was also with him on the *Gjoa*, the only vessel to have made the North-West Passage, and on the *Maud*, one of the only two ships to have traversed the North-East Passage. The proportion of inactive to active days on these expeditions must have been two or three to one; but the author, like his tried companions, remained completely unruffled. Time almost ceased to exist for them; the goal was all. As an example of this attitude, nothing could be more illuminating than a journey undertaken by Mr. Hanssen at Amundsen's request during the winter of 1919. The *Maud* was then icebound, and Amundsen was anxious to send a telegram. Mr. Hanssen was given the job, and left the ship and set off overland. He was away for six and a half months—but he sent that wire.

His stories of the habits of Arctic tribes may turn the stomachs of a few readers; nevertheless, the prevailing impression left by the book is a delightful one—an impression of courage, simplicity, and, above all, of loyalty. By his obvious devotion to Amundsen and his ready appreciation of his comrades' good qualities, Mr. Hanssen reveals his own modest and lovable nature. His powers of endurance are enough to make any reader humble. For instance, in the course (*Continued on page* 98)

Short Stories

"Parody Party": *edited by Leonard Russell*
(Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

FOURTEEN popular novelists parodied by fourteen of their contemporaries. The productions are, of course, uneven, but Miss Rebecca West's imitation of Mr. Ch*rl*s M*rg*n is brilliantly amusing, and well worth the price of the volume. There are good points, too, in Mr. Cyril Connolly's caricature of Mr. H*xl*y. Mr. Pavey's witty copy of Mr. S*m*rs*t M**gh*m is so close that it is at times barely distinguishable from the original.

"Hungaria": *translated by Lawrence Wolfe. With an Introduction by Alexander Korda*
(Nicholson & Watson, 7s. 6d.)

THIRTY tales by different Hungarian writers, well translated and sensibly accompanied by brief biographical notices. Coming from a not very large nation, the collection is impressive. The level is high, and many of the stories have a peculiar flavour which is rare in this standardised and cosmopolitan age. Except for Molnar, not one of the authors will be known even by name to the ordinary English reader. The complete and complacent indifference of this ordinary English reader towards the art of the short story is one of the most exasperating features of the literary world.

"Inhale and Exhale": *by William Saroyan*
(Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.)

AS far as short stories can succeed in England, Mr. Saroyan's previous volume, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, came in for a good deal of praise. His new collection emphasises his quality but causes some doubts about his future. He is not immune from a weakness common among American writers, and one against which Willa Cather has protested—the weakness of overstatement, of writing things up. His best stories are, almost always, his quietest; when he begins to shout, it is a sign that he is not quite sure of himself. If he were careful to preserve in book form nothing but his best work, his reputation would stand even higher than it does.

"My Texas, 'Tis of Thee": *by Owen P. White*
(Putnam, 8s. 6d.)

ENERGETIC tales, loaded with dialect, of the wild life on the Mexican border, forty years ago; a life which seems to have been designed specially to meet the requirements of our contemporary film-makers. A picturesque volume which hardly merits the extra shilling asked for it.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Red Gods

By Harry

JOSEF STALIN is the world's most powerful Dictator. Number One Red God of Russia

WHO are the Red Gods of Russia; what influence will they have on the destiny of the Russian people; what effect on the vital decision of Peace or War?

Soviet Russia will be twenty years old in the autumn of 1937. New gods have been put up; some of the older ones cast away, but not all. All through the past two decades Russia has been a land of mystery. It is so still.

Let me begin with the most mysterious factor among all these mysterious factors: the Russian Navy. Passenger ships approaching Leningrad are always escorted by a submarine—a Russian submarine, of course. I heard a satirically minded person remark that if the Russians had more than one submarine, there would be more than one submarine to escort a ship coming from Europe. On the basis that everything one says about Russia is true, the remark about the submarine may be true too; but to carry the remark to its logical conclusion, it may be equally true that Russia has the biggest submarine fleet in the world. Nothing of very recent times has surprised me more than the British-Russian naval agreement. I presume that the British Naval Intelligence knows all it requires about the Russian Navy, and I do not presume, but am sure, that Russian Naval Intelligence knows all it requires about the British Navy. There remains, however, one thing to be said: of all the mystery naval ports of the world, the Russian naval port of Kronstadt presents the greatest mystery.

Those who saw the Russian film called "Those Kronstadt Sailors" will remember that was a fine piece of propaganda, but—and there is a big but—nobody these days is allowed to go and visit Kronstadt.

Kronstadt is only a few miles from Leningrad, the once upon a time capital of Russia, built by Peter the Great as "a window looking on to Europe." Now this once capital is merely a provincial city. But even those who have their homes in Kronstadt, so near to Leningrad, cannot leave their home without giving a good reason, and in order to return home cannot do so without giving another good reason. Since those famous ten days which New Russia says shook the world, no foreigner has ever been inside the city of Kronstadt.

I have been asked whether the Russia of to-day

# of Russia

J. *Greenwall*

is warlike; others want to know whether Russia dreams of expansion, and if trouble comes, how would Russia fare? Some people ask for information concerning Russia's resources in men, guns, money, battleships and aircraft. When it comes to answering these questions I find that the answer is best found in personalities.

Let me begin at the top. Let me start with the man the world knows as Josef Stalin. How did this Dictator of Russia, the man who holds in his hands the lives and destinies of 170,000,000 Russians, men and women living in territories so vast that the United Kingdom would be lost in them many times over, obtain his power?

Stalin's real name is Josef Vissarionovitch Stalin-Dzugashvili. He is about fifty-six years of age, and was born in the shop of a boot repairer and grew up among the beggars of Tiflis in Georgia. His father intended him for the Church and sent him to a seminary, from which he was expelled in 1898 because he had begun to show revolutionary tendencies. Six times he was arrested and sent to Siberia. Five times he escaped, never staying longer than one or two months in prison. The Czar's police used to arrest him for minor offences, never for political offences, but often in those days, as in some countries these days, a political agitator was arrested on some faked charge when the police really wanted him for a political offence.

During his exile Stalin kept in touch with the Russian revolutionists. He was suspected of being implicated in a revolutionary plot which was discovered in the Caucasus in June, 1907, when fifty people lost their lives. There is a legend that Stalin was concerned in the robbery of a bank, when money was stolen and given to the revolutionary cause, but never has there been any confirmation of this story.

Stalin appeared in St. Petersburg the day after the March outbreak occurred, and he became the most active assistant of Lenin. While Trotsky was travelling Russia making speeches, Stalin was making his influence felt. There is a story in Russia to the effect that there has always been a personal feud between Stalin and Trotsky. It is said by the anti-Stalin faction that Trotsky, being a Jew, is hated by Stalin, who is an anti-Semite. There is another story to the (*Continued on page* 100)

VOROSHILOV, Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army, may be said to be the second of the Red Gods

KALININ is President of the Russian United Soviet and Socialist Republic

Circulation

To breathe is to live. To shut yourself up in a fug because January days are raw, is to stagnate.

To rely on stimulating circulation chiefly by means of taking spirits, is to store up trouble; so it is to quieten either an excited or a congested high-blood-pressure circulation by taking soporifics.

In a word, to be fit you must aim at a balanced circulation, and the slogan that governs that is: "Get out of doors."

When out of doors take deep breaths, even if these should seem to cut you like a knife. Throw your shoulders back bravely and fill your lungs with air. It is the only way to purify and *renew* your life-or-blood-stream. But to sit all the time hugger-mugger over a fire, or crouched over a desk, inhaling gas or coal fumes, or cigarette smoke, is to bar your heart and body from their main source of strength.

Obviously, circulation is too big a subject to deal with, except in the most general—and consequently most limited—*common-sense* way, here.

Every illness necessarily springs from some condition of the blood-stream; and that condition will either slow up or quicken circulation, because of its reaction on the heart, which is the muscle that pumps the blood through our veins.

Our lives are subject to such strain that food is improperly digested and eliminated and consequently poisons the blood-stream, instead of strengthening it. The congested blood then either presses on the nerves, which is known as high blood-pressure, or the impoverished stream results in low blood-pressure, which denotes a complete lack of vitality.

Proper breathing is the quickest way to regenerate the blood-stream. So take your quota of fresh air and *controlled* breathing. Stand before an open window; place a hand on the bottom of either lung and press it in. This will empty the bottom of your lung-bags, which are all too seldom emptied.

Now throw the shoulders back easily and breathe in to a count of six. Hold the breath for six; let it out at the same six, and keep the lungs empty without breathing in for six.

The ideal is to breathe rhythmically like this always, whether at your office, in your bath or on the golf-course. But only a few people can bring rhythmic breathing to an automatic pitch of perfection. And even if you only practise it in the fresh air—sunshine or raining—twice daily over periods of fifteen minutes each, you will cure sleeplessness, give yourself assurance as well as invigoration, and effectively banish any annoying symptoms of nerves and self-consciousness.

Because—follow the reasoning—breathing affects circulation, circulation the nerves, and nerves control the body. If your body is being fed by an even or rhythmic flow, it is in a state of balance—that is, physically in a state of grace—the very best state in which to resist infection and to be master either of fatigue or any crisis.

Violent red noses—on going into the cold—are due to anæmia and indigestion. Both these can be helped by rhythmic breathing, but a cup of gruel taken before going out will also help enormously. This can either be of the ordinary oatmeal gruel made with milk, or an onion gruel.

For the latter, peel two large onions and steam until soft. Pass through a hair sieve, and stir in their steaming juice. Melt ¼ oz. of butter in the saucepan, shake and stir in half a teaspoonful of flour, pour in onions and onion-juice with their equal quantity of milk. Drink hot.

No drink is more warming, and few things are better for anæmia than onions, unless it is the pressed juice of raw carrots. So, if you suffer from a very red nose take this juice as a cocktail before dinner.

The swollen, tingling red nose, on entering a warm room out of the cold, is just due to change of temperature; so are swollen, tingling red hands. Now, there is a liquid that keeps powder on the nose and so imparts an air-tight surface which some people find of use, just as there is a completely protective jelly hand-balm to be rubbed into the hands, which prevents that sudden reddening. As for fingers going dead with cold, there is nothing for that but to keep them moving.

Chilblains are attributed to bad circulation. They are more often a sign that the blood is thin. Take calcium lactate powder on your toast—a teaspoonful every morning—and you'll soon forget such irritations existed.

BY CHRYSIS

SO many enquiries reached us after an article entitled "Uplift," which appeared in the November issue, that we are dealing again with the problems of the woman with the flat, drooping, or superabundant chest. Here is more information on how to obtain and keep the perfect breast-curve.

It seems unnecessary for me to stress the fact that a firm and upward-sweeping breast-curve is a main factor in beauty and sex-appeal. But I would like to emphasise that an up-tilting, firm chest circumference of 36 to 37 inches is essential to the *movement* of any gown.

Fashion is frivolous or voluptuous, classic or coquettish; but whatever the vagaries of style, great prominence is given to a high breast-line. This is what you can do about it.

If your chest is flat. Take a hot bath last thing at night. When your pores are thoroughly open, rub in warm olive oil. Pat it in with an up-sweeping movement.

Olive oil is one of the quickest fattening foods, but it inclines to make the skin sallow. So, after about ten days, you will have to give it a rest and change to some nourishing cream. There are any amount of these on the market, but the best I know is one that has the appearance and consistency of Devonshire cream. It keeps the skin marvellously white, and as soon as olive oil has ensuppled the muscles, it will help to cover them by developing a firm subcutaneous tissue.

Here is another tip. Oatmeal stout is the best thing you can eat or drink to increase your chest. I 'm not saying it won't increase you elsewhere as well, but you can keep that down by exercise. Besides, this drink chiefly flies to the chest, and is very sustaining.

There is rather an astonishing apparatus on the market. I call it the Miracle Spring, which helps you to reduce hips and grow a bust without bringing up unwanted muscles, for it does all the work for you. An illustrated chart of exercises accompanies this Spring, and I would almost be willing to guarantee results from using it within two weeks.

If you have a sagging bust. The first precaution is to wring out a piece of Turkish towelling in cold water and use it as a cold compress during your bath. This will not give you a chill. Wash your shoulders and arms first, dry them, and then pass your cool Turkish towelling round the back, bring it tightly up between the breasts so that both these are lifted, and tie it behind your neck.

Nothing is more likely to make the breasts sag than to sit soaking in a hot bath. But few things can equal a hot bath as a complete restorative, so this compress is the answer.

If your breasts are drooping. Pat in a special nourishing cream with an upward-sweeping movement, followed by an astringent.

If they are full and drooping, only use the astringent, or precede this by a massage with thinning paste. Pastes have now been discovered that simply melt away fat after one or two applications.

There is also a specially made brassière for sleep wear.

A brassière by day is, of course, essential. It should be one that insists on the *lifting* movement. There is an excellent uplifting brassière which is adjustable for wearing with backless evening frocks.

If you have a superabundant chest. Cut starch out of your diet. Write me for a diet sheet. Work in a thinning paste after the bath, or a Dowager's Cream. The latter is so-called because, after a few applications, it disperses bumps or layers of fat. (It can also be used with advantage on humps at the back of the neck, and at the top of arms that have grown too thick.)

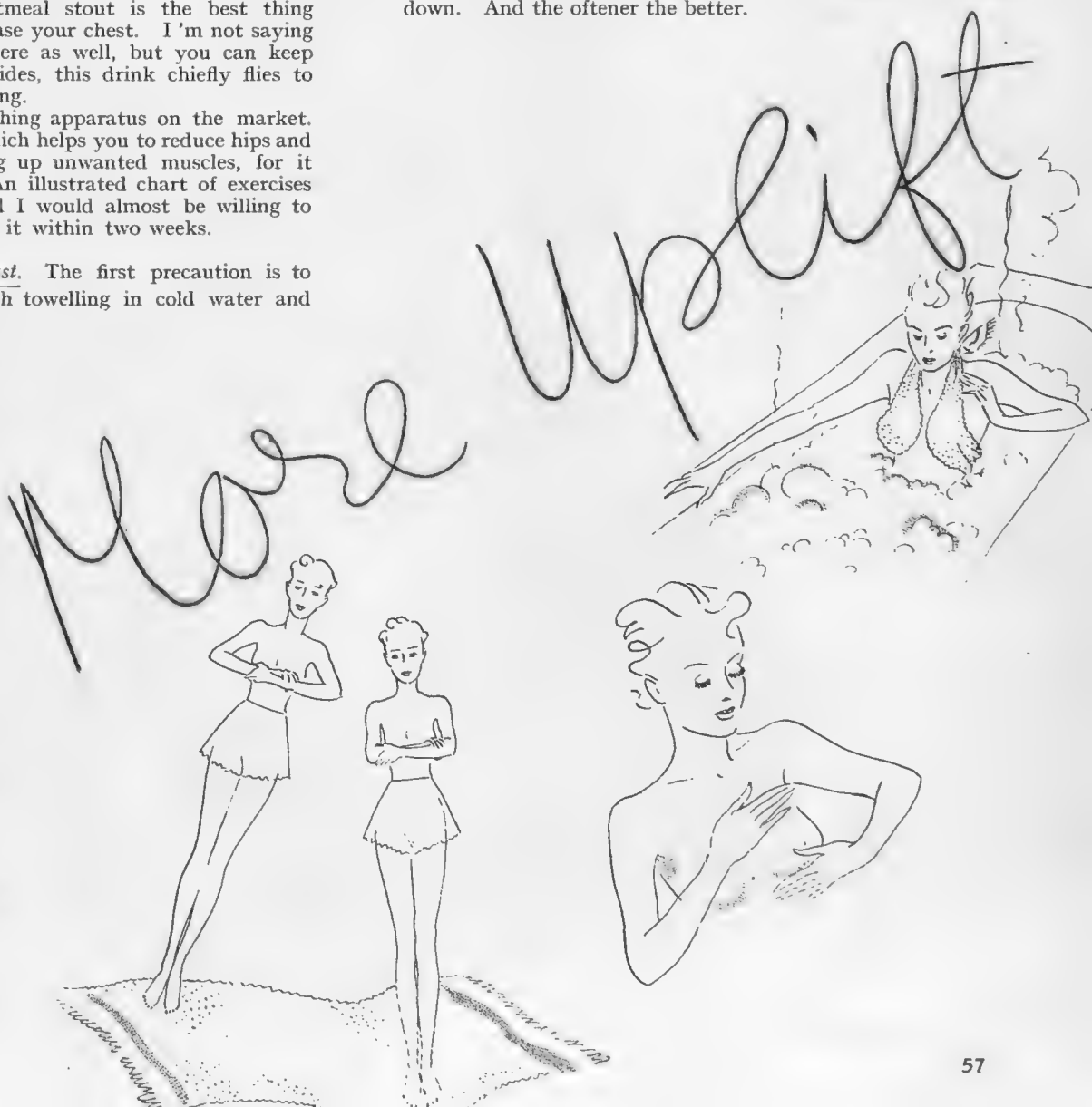
After using a thinning preparation for ten days, follow up each application by dabbing on an astringent; for a toning, tightening action will be very necessary. Always use swift, up-patting movements with either the thinning paste or the astringent.

Whatever your breast trouble, you must exercise.

The best exercise is to cross your arms in front of you. Right arm over left; left palm facing you, right back-hand facing you.

Clasp each arm by the hand of the other arm, just below the elbow. Now push each arm with a sharp jerk towards the elbow, and you will immediately feel the reflex action tilting up your breasts.

This exercise is best taken after the bath. But you can do it fully dressed, and at any time, standing up or sitting down. And the oftener the better.



I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me, enclosing stamped envelope, at Britannia & Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Three women I know were born in the same year. They are all forty. But while two look—well, thirty-five, the third might be twenty-nine. Her secret, in a nutshell, is : *acid-free skin.*

Acidity, sez she, is not only responsible for crops of pimples and yellow discolorations round the mouth, but is actually ageing. Acidity withers the lower tissues, and loss of contour results.

After experimenting with various creams and lotions, she found a cream that penetrates down to these lower tissues and eliminates acid secretions.

The treatment is so simple that I should like every woman who finds her skin losing its freshness, or who is worried by loss of contour, to try it.

After cleansing, apply the cream and work it well in. This is important. Leave on for ten minutes ; in obstinate cases for half an hour. Then wipe off with a moistened swab of cotton-wool.

Just because you do your own housework, you don't need to stop caring for your hands, wearing your finger-nails long, so you say ; until your hands get rough and discoloured, and cherished finger-nails break to pieces.

Housework gloves resent longish finger-nails inside them. My own nails, not long, but sensitive, resent the pressure of rubber gloves outside them.

But we can all be happy again with the new household gloves with finger-nail pockets. These protect the finger-tips and increase the sensitiveness of the touch when wearing working gloves. There is no drag, no stretch, no pressure, and the gloves slip on and off quite easily.

Do you like a nice cupper tea first thing in the morning and last thing at night ? Me too. But I go one better. Because my tea not only cheers and soothes. It slims, too.

It is a very special tea, brewed from rare herbs and must be drunk without milk or sugar ; lemon optional.

Take it first thing in the morning, and again when you go to bed at night. Inches will dissolve.

If you are *very* greedy, however, you must try and eat a little less of everything.

While on workaday subjects, is darning your idea of an evening's fun ? You needn't reply. I know the answer.

But before you decide to go in for woollen stockings, remember they 'll need darning, too. Stockings are like that, darn them. So stick to your silks, and let me introduce you to an automatic darner.

It is like a wooden darning mushroom, with a piece of metal covered with tiny hooks attached to it. As you work, the hooks move backwards and forwards, and automatically raise and lower the threads, eliminating that eye-straining, in-and-out business which is the most trying part of darning. The finished darn is a miracle.

A nasty little bother blown in by the east wind is chilblains.

Common-sense ideas, like doing a few jerks at bedtime, being strong-minded about hot-water bottles, and not toasting your feet on the hearth all help to keep off those maddening red bumps on feet and hands. But more important than all, the doctors say, is to see that you are not suffering from mineral deficiency.

A simple formula, that can be taken in pill or powder form, will ensure that the correct mineral content is in the blood-stream and, taken regularly during winter, will definitely minimise chilblain risk. Good for staving-off winter colds, too.

On a cold January morning, there is no more heartening sight for a lady than a troop of mounted Life Guardsmen jingling through the Park, their faces (what you can see of them) glowing in the reflected glory of their scarlet coats.

I suspect the clever beauty expert who has given London, Paris and New York the latest cosmetic colour of having snipped a bit off a Guardsman's tunic and smuggled it back to her laboratory ; for her new lipstick has borrowed that authentic swaggering red.

I recommend it as a cure for winter blues, whether of heart or complexion. You can have it in rouge and nail-varnish too.

Determined week-enders, here is a piece for you. Is it a good notion to pack in your suit-case a dress hanger that embraces a clothes'-brush in its folding arms ? I 'll say so. Colours are gay. Price, 1s. 0½d.

I like, also, the thought of packing my evening shoes, or anything special in the shoe line, in washable knitted jackets that will hang up in the cupboard out of the dust. They cost a shilling.

The new way to pack a dress is to roll up your frock in a cretonne pack. Absolutely crease-proof. Price, 1s. 6d.

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup
Editor Woman's Department

Anna De Wolkoff has put tranquillity into every turn and movement of this dress; into the serene folds of the bodice; into the contrast of straight sides, and front and back aproned fulness.

She was helped by the material, which is chiffon jersey, a fascinating, new Celanese fabric, feather-light, supple, yet hardy. The belt is gold kid appliquéd on white kid.

Watch for other Celanese products hot from the loom. It hardly seems possible for them to get better each year in colour, weave, texture, idea. But they do.

For instance, their new lacquered satin, which looks stiff but is soft and drapes; a Celanese cloque—in Guardsman's red it is superb; an excellent satin-back Crêpe Romaine; and, looking to fine weather, a strong, uncrushable slub sports crêpe and sharkskin, in white and all pastels. All prices, except the 54-in. wide sharkskin, which is ten-and-eleven, range from four-and-eleven to six-and-eleven a yard.

HEIM

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

SCHIAPARELLI

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

IN THE GRAND MANNER

HARVEY NICHOLS

SCHIAPARELLI

Read from left to right.

BLACK tulle over a black slip, the full back made to stand out with black velvet bands. The high-pointed belt is black velvet, the shoulders too. (*Heim—From his London mid-season collection*).

A large front plaque with buttons arranged as bunches of grapes decorates the stiffened basque of a distinguished dress of reseda green crêpe romain. The cowl neck goes into a twist at the back. (*Debenham and Freebody*).

Over a white crêpe dress, the low neck squared out front and back, goes a little white crêpe coat, fastening with two gold pins. The sleeves are green velvet, so is the twisted belt, the mittens, and the baby skull cap. (*Schiaparelli*).

The skirt of this boudoir-blue satin frock falls in soft fulness, coming from waist gauging. Low turned-over neck-line, pink chiffon shoulder-straps. (*Debenham and Freebody*).

Furniture damask, satin finished—pinks, blues, browns, and yellows on an ivory ground—is used for this glorious dress and coat. The dress is plain, the coat quilted. The enormous coat sleeves go into intricate clever back seaming. The dress, low back and front, has back skirt fulness.

Introducing another new fabric—gaze—which is a sort of laméd chiffon, gold woven into rose. The front is draped, apron like, the back skirt fulness lengthens into a slight train. (*Schiaparelli*).

DISTINCTIVE DRESSES

If you have few clothes, this is the type of dress to do well by you—quiet enough not to be remembered too well, but with something in cut or trim to give it quality.

You can wear it the day long; for office, lunching out, shopping, and then not feel under-dressed for a don't-dress dinner invitation.

First figure. Lilac blue woollen, with a slightly full skirt, a black patent belt, a couple of flowers at the throat. The feature here is the brand-new and very good shoulder-line. Spectator Sports.

Second figure. Dark blue woollen with high sleeves, inverted pleats to the skirt, and an orange-red buckle. For special interest, an excellent variation of the shirt waist line. Wolsey.

Third figure. Black novelty woollen with three high-lights—the single pocket, the carved flower buttons, the neck-line with a piqué ruffle. Matita.

ETIQUETTE OF THE DINNER PARTY

By ELIZABETH HUGHES HALLETT

A dinner-party is one of the most important forms of hospitality, and although the day is past when invitations were issued in the grand manner, there is still a certain amount of formality surrounding this function.

Whether the invitation is by telephone or the gilt-edged card still used by some hostesses, it is usual to allow about ten days to a fortnight's notice, as—in towns especially—people are very much booked-up.

A good hostess will choose her guests wisely. Many a dinner-party flops because of the "have-to-be-askeds." A company of good mixers adds to the enjoyment and relieves the hostess of much anxiety.

It is advisable to have an equal number of men and women and to arrange them with care, so that no two dull persons will sit together.

A great deal depends on the manner in which the guests are received, so it is essential to have the preliminaries well planned. The host and hostess should be ready waiting in the sitting-room for the first arrival.

The maid conducts the woman guest to the bedroom, where she removes her wraps, leaving the man to put his coat in the cloakroom or hall, where he waits her return. The maid should then ascertain names, open the sitting-room door and announce the guests clearly and distinctly.

When making your guests known to each other, remember that a gentleman is always presented to a lady, an unmarried woman to a married one, and the younger to the elder.

The host leads the way to the dining-room with the woman guest of honour, if there is one, the hostess pairing-off the other guests and coming in last herself with the man of importance.

A woman should always sit at the right hand of the man who takes her in to dinner.

It is customary for the women to retire from the dining-room and leave the men to smoke and finish their wine. A signal is generally passed from the hostess to one of the women guests, who rises and leads the way from the dining-room.

IF YOU ARE A GUEST

When you receive a dinner invitation, answer immediately, yes or no, so that your hostess can complete her list.

It is generally understood that you arrive about five or ten minutes before the appointed hour.

Unless bridge follows, the dinner-party proper generally ends around 10 30. That is the time to start saying good-bye.

Don't monopolise your dinner partner. Devote some attention to the man or woman on your other side.

After not too long an interval the men rejoin the women in the drawing-room, where coffee and liqueurs are served.

Table etiquette is not so rigid as it used to be, but there are certain traditional conventions which are good to follow. Correct table service is one of them.

When laying a table, the cover is the place allowed for each person, and the space for this is from twelve to fourteen inches between the inner knife and fork. The handles should be an inch from the edge of the table, and the cutlery and silver are placed in the order of use.

Glasses vary according to the wine served, the sherry glasses being placed to the right of the bowl of the spoon, the large glass for champagne or soft drink a little beyond this in a straight line, and a medium glass for red or white wine to the right, forming a triangle.

Cruets are placed at each corner of the table, but if the company is a large one, others are placed at intervals down each side. Menu cards are only necessary at formal or celebration dinners and one is generally allowed for every four persons. Table napkins are less conspicuous than they were in pre-war days, so elaborate folding is no longer done.

The sideboard is laid as attractively as the table itself. Everything necessary for the table during dinner should be placed in readiness. Dessert plates, with d'oyleys and finger-bowls and a dessert knife and fork on either side, are all in position.

Port glasses, tumblers, decanters, water-jug, soft drinks, an ice-bowl with tongs are also there, along with any extra cutlery which may be necessary. Hock, champagne, and other wines, which are only uncorked when required, should find a place under the side-board.

When choosing the dinner, go out for quality and interest rather than quantity. A pleasant meal for a cold winter night might begin with a cup of clear soup, follow with a light fish dish. Then poultry or game, a rather special sweet, and, if you like, a simple savoury. (*Continued on page 92*)

NURSERY INTO

By Joan Woollcombe

Raine McCorquodale is just graduating from nursery to schoolroom : her desk in her nursery is part of her toys : all the equipment is the right size for her as she now is ; and the stage of growth of mind and body are made easy

The transition from nursery to schoolroom is easy here : the play bench and the book-case grow, are elastic, and are entirely suited to older children : the book-case, a standard unit, can be stood upright and form the beginning of a library (Courtesy Paul and Marjorie Abbatt)

The play-trolley, which removes all the worry of handcrafts and mess. The tray fits in the top, but can shut away with the other trays, including a zinc-lined plasticine section, underneath (Courtesy Paul and Marjorie Abbatt)

THE governess is returning to the English home. To-day, the modern parent, especially the possessor of small daughters, seems more inclined to entrust early training to a Governess than at any time since the War. This is particularly the case in regard to people who live part or most of the time in the country.

Possibly, at home, it is the lead given by H.R.H. the Duchess of York in the education of her daughters, and the fact that Miss Crawford, of 145, Piccadilly, is yet another of the famous women who make the profession of Governess one of some prestige, that has led to the revival in the appointment of governesses, nursery governesses and, for holidays of children at school, companion and holiday governesses.

The modern Governess is rarely under twenty-four when she is appointed ; and although, as a general rule, it is unusual to find a woman over forty being asked for, one of sixty-three was recently appointed to a post by those excellent specialists, the Employment Department of the Governesses Benevolent Institution, better known as the G.B.I.

The minimum qualifications are, of course, the equivalent of Matriculation and a capacity for teaching all English subjects and possibly also music and languages.

The salary varies between £100 and £120 a year and—as a general rule, to which exigencies of domestic routine may make exceptions—the governess does not dine with the family.

A number of families find it convenient to combine two or three families together, and put all their children under one governess.

She may be either full time or for holidays only. She may be a coach and give lessons, or she may be just a companion-governess for the vacation. If she teaches, she will ask about two guineas a week salary ; if not, round about 25s. a week.

SCHOOLROOM

There are recognised agencies which specialise in supplying governesses after strict checking-up of both the posts and the candidates for them.

The "G.B.I.," under the patronage of the King and Queen Mary, is, perhaps, the best known. There are two others in London famous for their governesses; there is Mrs. Boucher's, noted for its Nannies and nursery governesses.

Agencies report an increase in the number of governesses asked for by modern mothers; they also give interesting information regarding the methods of teaching which mothers demand. When they specify any method, which is by no means in the majority of cases, they ask for P.N.E.U. or Froebel methods.

But apparently most mothers are reasonably content with the girl of 25 or the woman of about 35 who can teach the usual subjects, make the children civilised and happy, and who has a way with her which achieves all that is needed—a happy schoolroom.

A desk with an ample top surface is vital, and one easily kept tidy. A lamp that lights suitably, too. These modern Finnish birchwood chairs and desk are quite inexpensive, and the desk has a linoleum top (*Courtesy Finmar*)

This is a delightful children's room outfit of lacquered birchwood: four chairs, two tables and shelves; they are inexpensive and sturdy in construction (*Courtesy Finmar*)

The time is, fortunately, past when you furnished your children's rooms with odds and ends unwanted elsewhere. To-day you can get not only attractive nursery furniture cheaply, but really suitable equipment for the early schoolroom days that will remain practical throughout the student life of the child, boy or girl.

If you have been fortunate you have started with furniture of the modern type that allows of expansion. Some of the best of this type is the play-bench illustrated on the facing page, with the bookcase that stands beside it in the picture.

The latter stands either on its short or its long side, suitable either for the small child or the growing eight-year-old. This alone could form the basis of the schoolroom equipment, carrying on from nursery days.

In the summer it is by the open window, on the balcony or the sun-roof; in the winter within reasonable distance of the fire; and at all times in a good light.

It is small enough to be dragged around; and not big enough, either, for books from one lesson to lie on it in confusion during the next.

It is stupid to divorce the youngster from all playthings at once, or, indeed, ever. The most successful younger schoolroom I have seen is that planned a short time ago by Barbara Cartland for her small daughter, Raine. Here the transition has been delightfully managed.

The nursery retains its old charm; the toys are still there and some of them are recruited to help in the (*Continued on page* 90)

Intelligent lighting is vital; you see here the most modern angle-light which is ideal for desk and piano and—if they must read in bed—bedside (*Courtesy Terry Angle-Poise Lamp*)

HAIR STYLING

There is very little change to report in hair styles. Some hairdressers go for short back hair, others curl it in the nape. There is no end to the different ways curls are placed on the head, to the position of partings, to back treatments. But the general line remains as it has for the last year . . . hair brushed sleekly, without a wave, between flat curls. An upward movement.

Adapt the variations to suit your own personality, remembering that there is no hairdressing so good as the one which looks as if your head were shaped expressly for it.

(Above)

There is a crisp smartness in this sleek short-haired dressing. Three wide, thickish curls come from a left-side parting, a few more twist, rather flatter, above the ears. *Taura.*

(Right)

The front view gives a forehead halo of curls. Then flat curls are terraced down the sides and back. *San Remo.*

(Above)

One forehead curl comes, fringe-like, from a centre parting. Its opposite curl goes very high and swirling in the other direction. The rest of the hair is brushed up, separated, and twists in curls, some turning left, some right. *Antoine.*

(Below)

High curls at the forehead, growing flatter at the temples and turning into a precise row of vertical curls, almost like ringlets, going from ear to ear. *Raymond.*

This evening hair decoration for a young girl, with a soft hairdressing, is made of blue and pink flowers with tiny clusters of iridescent grapes stitched on to a silver ribbon band. To match, a bracelet and necklet hanging from pink silk cords. *Harvey Nichols.*

Sophisticated headdress for a high curled hairdressing, deep red and pink shaded roses on emerald green velvet leaves. *Harrods.*

RETURN

Viscountess Curzon's home in Porchester Terrace is a small modern house in its own small garden. Caramel buff, oyster and peach are the colour tones in her bedroom. Old lace surrounds the mirror above the fireplace

By Audrey Wrangham

(Below)
The Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd has combined pale pink cotton blinds with curtains

Lady Anne Rhys's bedroom in Norfolk Crescent was designed for her as a bride by her mother, the Duchess of Wellington. Roses, her favourite flower, figure on the chintz curtains, on the cream-painted beds, on the carpet, on the bedside lamps and in a picture

OF THE FEMININE BEDROOM

Lady Weymouth's bedroom in Chelsea has a flowered wall-paper with a moss-rose pattern. Curtains and bedspread are of pale green quilted percale. Frills to the curtains and pelmets are of the pale green ninon that makes the bed draperies

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett has an ice-blue roof-top bedroom in St. John's Wood. Oyster satin curtains and bedspread. The fanlight mounted on mirror glass is a Georgian antique nailed to the wall

A reaction towards frills and furbelows, draperies and soft delicacy of colour in bedroom decoration has set in. Once again the bedroom that looks feminine is fashionable.

Several very good reasons can be found for this. The thirties of the century are, as one erudite dress historian has discovered, usually a romantic period, and with the romance of large sleeves, waisted velvet coats, curled hairdressings and swirling skirts goes the type of bedroom that looks deliciously impractical. Only, thanks to various modern inventions, it is really not so at all.

Another reason for this reaction is the fact that women spend so much time in their bedrooms to-day, especially busy women.

It is not the lazy woman, but the busy woman who breakfasts in bed, attends to her correspondence, reads the newspapers, makes her day's plans by telephone, sees her cook—all before she leaves her room of a morning.

Most modern houses and flats do not include a boudoir for the lady of the house, so the bedroom becomes a boudoir by day, and all washing fitments are banished to the bathroom; clothes cupboards are built into the wall or a piece nipped off the room and the passage and a clothes-room made outside.

The draped bed, in which either satin, taffeta or muslin is used with either the divan type of bed or a wooden bed painted in Empire style, has caught the imagination of the modern woman, with its delightful air of inconsequent luxury.

Satin that is now manufactured in this country 52 inches wide at 3s. 11d. a yard in all the pastel shades and off-white is a material that literally drapes itself. Its shiny surface repels rather than attracts dust.

Pale grey and peach pink, caramel buff and oyster, are two excellent colour schemes for a London bedroom. Dusty pink and lavender blue, or duck-egg blue and palest rose, would be charming for the country. Striped taffeta in pink and cream, blue and cream, or gold and cream is a correct Regency material for bed drapery. Being rather stiff, it keeps well in position.

Something is needed to hold up the looped drapery, and that is where women with feminine-looking bedrooms are having fun in the antique shops.

Lady Weymouth, whose pale green ninon-draped bed you see on this page, has used Victorian gilded brackets of the kind to be seen originally looping back braided curtain ties.

Eagles, swans, cupids, are all equally romantic and attractive. The curtains can be attached to them by means of little coloured cords.

Flowered wall-papers have come back to bedrooms with a rush. A good many women must have seen the sprigged reproductions of early Victorian papers that Queen Mary chose for the Queen Victoria rooms at Kensington Palace—the rooms where Queen Victoria lived as a child with her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

It is now possible to choose a flower design and then have the pastel background of the wall-paper matched to a special tint, provided that enough wall-paper for a single (*Continued on page* 85)

SUNDAY DINNER

I have no quarrel with the good roasted joint of English tradition. Nothing can be better. But most people have changed their manner of living to such an extent that large family joints are out of the question for the increasing number of us who live in small houses or flats. In any case, I think you might build the meal up a little differently.

Even if you insist on a joint as the *pièce de résistance* of your Sunday dinner, I see no reason why you should not start off with a little something by way of *hors d'œuvre*.

In this way not only do you calm your appetite and thus prevent yourselves from overeating—it is astonishing to see how much solid meat you will eat if there has been nothing at all to precede it—but the meal has a more complete and composed aspect.

Here, then, are a few sample menus, one retaining the traditional joint, but in a slightly different setting, the others breaking from tradition.

Canapés Norvégiennes.
Roast Beef.
Baked Potatoes.
Salad.
Cheese.
Iced Pears.

In this menu I have purposely put the cheese before the sweet as the latter is practically a dessert.

Canapés Norvégiennes (for four people)

One small tin of filleted anchovies in oil.
One hard-boiled egg.
Worcester sauce. Fried bread.

Have four evenly sized slices of stale bread and fry them crisply in butter or bacon fat; keep them hot. Chop the anchovies and pound them with a little of their own oil and a good dash of Worcester sauce. Spread this on the fried bread and sprinkle with the hard-boiled egg, very finely chopped.

Eggs en Cocotte.
Baked Mutton Cutlets.
Jamaican Bananas.
Cheese

Eggs en Cocotte.

Four eggs.
Half an ounce of butter.
Four teaspoonfuls of cream.
Salt and pepper.

The little fireproof "cocotte" dishes should be warmed first and a tiny piece of butter put in each. Break in the eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put another tiny piece of butter on each yolk. Stand the dishes in a baking-tin containing boiling water and cook in a moderate oven until set (about seven minutes). Halfway through the cooking put a teaspoonful of cream on each egg.

Baked Mutton Cutlets.

Four mutton cutlets.
One and a half pounds of potatoes.
Half a pound of onions.
Stock or meat extract.
Salt and pepper, butter.

Peel and cut the vegetables in very thin slices and put them in a slightly buttered baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and just cover them with stock or hot water in which you have melted a cube or spoonful of meat extract. Put this in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Meanwhile trim the cutlets well, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put them in a dry, hot frying-pan over the fire just long enough to close the meat, turning them on the other side.

Now make a place for your cutlets in the baking-dish, moving the vegetables on one side. Moisten the cutlets with a little of the stock—which you may have to replenish if it evaporates too much—and finish cooking together for another three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven.

Jamaican Bananas.

Four large or eight small bananas.
One ounce of butter.
The juice of half an orange.
A tablespoonful of rum.
Brown sugar.

Peel and scrape the bananas and prick them all over with a fork. Butter a fireproof dish, sprinkle with brown sugar and put in the bananas. Add the orange juice, strained, and the rum, and sprinkle with more brown sugar, and bake in a slow oven for half an hour or even a little longer.

Mixed Hors d'OEuvre.
Blanquette de Veau.
Plain Spaghetti or Mashed Potatoes.
Apple Pie.

Blanquette de Veau.

Two pounds of stewing veal.
One onion, one carrot, herbs.
A puddingspoonful of flour, same amount of butter.
One egg yolk, a puddingspoonful of vinegar.
Button onions.

Trim and cut the meat in small pieces and put it in boiling water with the onion and carrot cut up, salt, pepper, a bunch of herbs (thyme, parsley and a bay-leaf), and simmer for an hour.

In another saucepan mix the flour and butter, cook for a few seconds, keeping smooth by stirring, and add, little by little, liquid from the meat to make a smooth sauce. Simmer this gently, adding more liquid if it gets too thick. When ready put in the pieces of meat and at the last minute, just before serving, bind with the yolk of an egg diluted in the vinegar. After this the sauce must not boil or it would curdle. A few button onions cooked separately are very good as a garnish to this dish.

INSTEAD OF THE ETERNAL JOINT AND TART, TRY EGGS EN COCOTTE, BAKED MUTTON CUTLETS AND JAMAICAN BANANAS

BETTER

VEGETABLES, SOLO

Although this is not a very exciting month as far as vegetables are concerned, there is really no reason why you should face, twice daily and for seven days a week, the same old greens plainly boiled and rather unpleasant.

Even cabbage can be made quite attractive, while brussels sprouts, cauliflower and the like are easily turned into positively thrilling dishes if you submit them to a little imaginative treatment.

Apart from these there are a few things which somehow most people never seem to think of serving as a vegetable. I mean Belgian endives (or chicory, as most English greengrocers call them), celery, salsify, and so on.

Here are a few recipes for some of these (quantities, in every case, for four people) which I hope will convince you that even in the depth of winter you can still produce some excellent vegetable dishes.

BRAISED CABBAGE. I

One cabbage.
Two ounces of butter.
Four rashers of bacon.
Salt and pepper.

Cut up and wash the cabbage and parboil it in salted water. Remove, drain very thoroughly and chop roughly. Take a fireproof dish—one of the nice presentable ones with a close-fitting lid—and rub it round with a little of the butter.

Put in the cabbage, the rest of the butter, salt and pepper, and, having covered the dish with the lid, place it in a moderate oven for one hour.

About a quarter of an hour before the end add the four rashers of bacon fried and cut in small pieces, stirring them well into the cabbage.

BRAISED CABBAGE. II

Ingredients as before, but no bacon.
Two tablespoonfuls of cream.

The cabbage is cooked in exactly the same way as for the first dish. Instead of adding bacon, however, put in, five minutes before serving, the cream, mixing it well.

RED CABBAGE

One red cabbage.
Two eating apples.
Two ounces of butter.
A puddingspoonful of vinegar.
Salt and pepper.

Cut up and wash the cabbage in several waters and shred finely. Put it in boiling salted water and cook for fifteen minutes. Drain well and put it in a thick saucepan with the vinegar, salt, pepper, the apples peeled and cut into thin slices, and last of all the butter. Simmer over a very low fire for one hour, stirring occasionally.

CAULIFLOWER MOULD

One large cauliflower.
One ounce of butter.
Salt and pepper.
Breadcrumbs.

Boil the cauliflower in the ordinary way, remove it and drain it well. Now pick off all the flowers with just a little of their stalks, but do not use the green part or the hard central stalk.

Take an ordinary cake-tin, grease lightly with a little of the butter and melt the rest of the butter in a frying-pan. Throw in a small handful of white breadcrumbs and toss these in the butter until brown, after which you pour them into the cake-tin, swirling it round to coat it.

Put in the cauliflower, press it down a little and leave for ten minutes in a cool oven; just before serving turn the mould out on to a hot serving dish.

ENDIVES GRATINÉES

Four endives.
Two ounces of butter.
The juice of half a lemon.
Salt, pepper.
One tablespoonful of grated cheese.

Choose four Belgian endives of equal size and, having removed the outside leaves and washed well, put into a baking-tin with salt, lemon juice, and enough boiling water to come almost level.

Cover with a buttered paper and cook fairly fast for twenty minutes to half an hour. You must prick the endives to see if they are soft, but do not boil them to such an extent that they lose their leaves and their shape.

Rub a small piece of butter round a fireproof dish, put in the endives well drained, sprinkle with salt, pepper, grated cheese, put a tiny piece of butter here and there, and brown the dish quickly under the grill.

SALSIFY

One and a half pounds of salsify.
The juice of half a lemon.
A teaspoonful of flour.
Salt, pepper.

Wash the roots, scrape them (as you would young carrots), and cut into pieces about two or three inches long. Meanwhile dissolve the flour in cold water, add the lemon juice and put this in a saucepan with enough extra cold water to cover the vegetables.

Bring to the boil, put in the vegetables and cook until tender (about forty minutes), when you remove and drain them well.

They can then be served as they are, or treated in various ways: Fried in butter or dipped in batter and deep fried; served with a white or a cheese sauce; you can also use them as a garnishing in various ragoûts.

COOKING BY A. H. ADAIR

KNITTING PAGE

Measurements: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 in.; Across back and front underarms, 18 in.; Sleeve length from shoulder, 23½ in.

Abbreviations: K. Knit; P. Purl; St. Stitch; Sts. Stitches; Dec. Decrease; Inc. Increase; Pat. Pattern; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning.

You Will Need: 10 oz. of Viyella's new "Anny Blatt" Bouclette. Stratnoid Knitting Pins, No. 9 and No. 10. 1 Belt. 3 Buttons.

To Make Up: Sew up side seams. Sew on yoke very neatly. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew down pocket linings. Sew on the collar. Work buttonholes. Press on wrong side with damp cloth and warm iron. Sew on buttons. Make loops at the side for belt.

BACK:

With No. 10 Pins cast on 120 sts. (Knit into backs of all cast-on stitches.) Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 5 ins. Change to No. 9 Pins and the following pattern:

1st row: Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 40 sts. Knit 40 sts. Rib K. 1, P. 1 for 40 sts.

2nd row: Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 40 sts. Purl 40 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 40 sts.

Continue until work measures 11 ins. from start. Now work all in Stocking st. (1 row Knit, 1 row Purl). Continue until work measures 14 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, then dec. one st. each end of every row until 94 sts. Work for 1 inch on these 94 sts. Cast off.

FRONT:

Work as for the Back until work measures 11 ins. from start.

MAKE POCKETS:

Work 16 sts. Cast off 20 sts. Work 48 sts. Cast off 20 sts. Work 16 sts.

Now leave the Front and with a spare pair of No. 9 Pins make 2 pocket linings. Cast on 20 sts. and work 20 rows Stocking st. (make 2 pieces).

Return to the Front of Jumper.

Next row: Work 16 sts. Work the 20 pocket lining sts. on spare pin in place of those cast off. Work 48 sts. Work the other 20 sts. on spare pin in place of those cast off. Work 16 sts. Now continue as for Back for ½ inch after armhole shaping. Cast off.

SLEEVES:

With No. 10 Pins cast on 48 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 Pins.

1st row: K. 16 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 16 sts. K. 16 sts.

2nd row: P. 16 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 16 sts. P. 16 sts.

Continue for one inch, then inc. one st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 90 sts. on pin, and when sleeve measures 19 ins. from start cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain. Work one inch on these 30 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR:

With No. 10 Pins cast on 122 sts. Rib 11 rows K. 1, P. 1, at the same time increasing 1 st. each end of 3rd, 7th and 11th rows. Change to No. 9 Pins. Rib 11 rows without shaping. Cast off loosely.

YOKE:

No. 9 Pins. All in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Cast on 310 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Rib 1 row.

3rd row: Rib 49. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 56. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 88. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 56. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 49. Work 7 more rows, *always decreasing at same 4 points.*

11th row: Buttonhole. Rib 3, cast off 4, rib to end. Rib 24 more rows, decreasing as before on next and every alternate row, and making another buttonhole on 23rd row from start (150 sts.).

36th row: Rib 11, take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 7. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 32. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 7. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 12. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 7. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 32. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 7. Take next 3 sts. tog. Rib 11.

37th row: Rib 3. Cast off 4. Rib to end. Rib 2 more rows. Cast off in rib.

When pressed to speak, *the best syphons say . . .*

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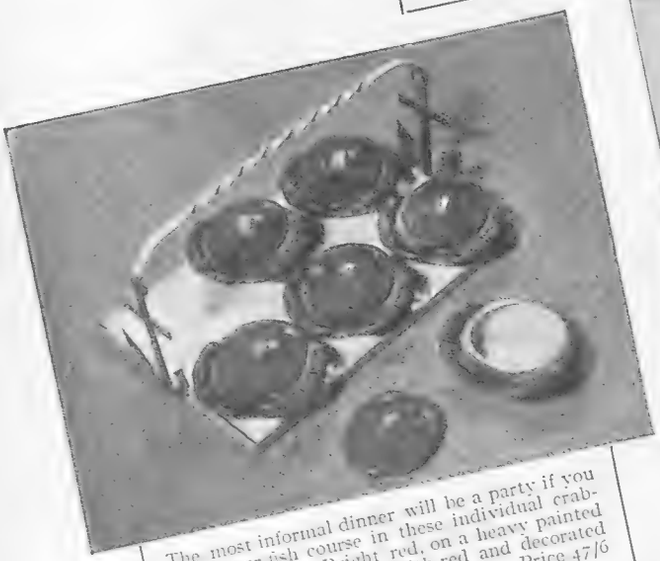

The most informal dinner will be a party if you serve your fish course in these individual crab-shaped dishes. Bright red, on a heavy painted white metal tray edged with red and decorated with red anchor handle supports. Price 47/6
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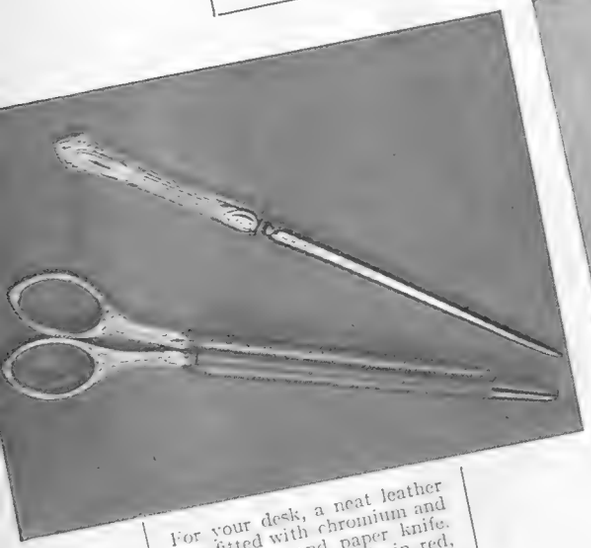
A set of nursery china, comprising porringer, mug and egg-cup, all of which can be lettered with any name. Mug and porringer 2/3 each, egg-cup 1/4. Lettering 1½d. each letter
(Postage on complete set, 1/3.)



For your desk, a neat leather case fitted with chromium and gilt scissors and paper knife. The case is obtainable in red, brown or green. Price 8/6
(Postage 6d.)

Start the New Year by keeping a five-year diary. Looking backwards down the years you will find it full of interest. This one, polished antique leather, gilt-edged and fitted with lock and key, costs 4/6
(Postage 6d.)

This suede pochette with ruched calf edges is fitted with a fixed two-division purse, a mirror and a long deep pocket. It has a calf thumb strap. In black, brown or navy. Price 21/-
(Post free.)

GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

Write to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance

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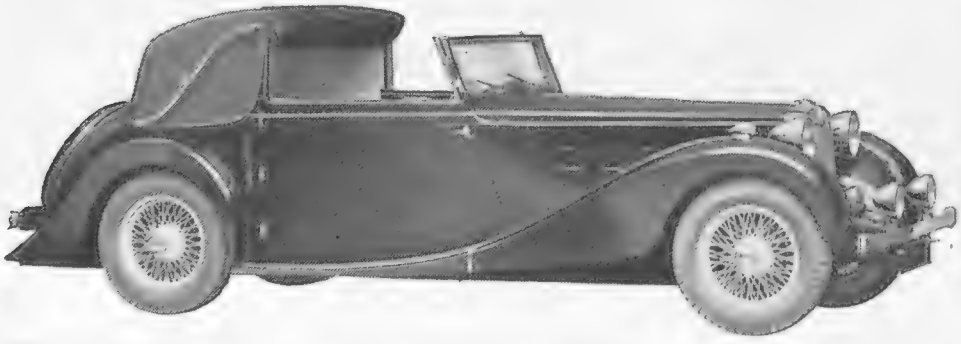
TWO MG LITRE

SAFETY FAST

A BARONET WRITES . . . *I am still a little astonished at finding myself the owner of a Two-Litre. When first my son proposed it, I strongly vetoed the idea, deeming the car too fast and 'tricky' for a man of my years. I misjudged it. Actually I handle the Two-Litre with far more confidence than I would a more sluggish type. The car has a certain demureness which attracts me. I don't doubt that it could be driven at twice the pace. Yet I find myself putting up surprisingly high averages . . .*



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L.15

THE new 14 h.p. model follows familiar Wolseley lines. It is a car of comfortable size, seating five, and is capable of a really good performance on the road

The 14 h.p. Wolseley in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, overhead valves and twin carburettors; tax £10 10s.
Gearbox: Four speeds, third and top synchro-mesh.
Performance: Third gear, 50 m.p.h.: top gear, 70 m.p.h.
Steering: Efficient, light action.
Brakes: Lockheed hydraulic type.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, with zinc inter-leaves.
Coachwork: Roomy and well equipped.
Price: Saloon model, £265.

A Remarkable *New* Wolseley

The 14 h.p. "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

I SUPPOSE that most people have already observed—it was very apparent at the 1936 Motor Show—that there is something of a "boom" going on in [illegible] h.p. cars. The manufacturers, or many of them, have decided that the 14 h.p. [illegible], in its latest form, is just of the right size and power to appeal to a large class of motorists—and already the motorists themselves are showing that they enthusiastically agree.

Driving the new Wolseley "Fourteen," it would indeed be difficult to resist conversion to the idea of 14 h.p. motoring. There is something eminently satisfactory in the performance and general lay-out of this latest model from the Birmingham factory. For example, the saloon coachwork is of really comfortable dimensions, and the chassis has the wide track of 4 ft. 8 in. This figure is more suggestive of 20 h.p. engineering and means that this "Fourteen" is inherently roomy and stable.

Three people can sit at the back; there is enough head-room and plenty of leg-room. The driving position is notably well planned, and a good point is that the steering column is adjustable for length, and thus can be shifted accordingly as the driving seat is moved back or forward. There is, of course, absolutely no loss of steering control, even during the momentary process of adjustment.

Behind the squab of the back seat is a luggage boot of useful size, and behind that again is the spare wheel, fully enclosed. The wheels, incidentally, are of that practical type which can be cleaned with the minimum of trouble.

The road performance is amply high enough to please anyone who is not an out-and-out speed merchant. The maximum speed is 70 m.p.h., and at 60 m.p.h. the car will cruise quite happily. The engine is notably silent, and has enough acceleration to spin the wheels if, in certain circumstances, the driver opens his throttle fully in a low gear. On a very wet day, the only skid which I encountered arose from such wheel-spin, which was a sufficient proof of healthy engine power.

This engine has many points of technical excellence, with its overhead valves and twin carburettors. A clever feature is that the oil for the bearings is drawn from near the surface of the oil reserve standing in the sump, through an intake which, no matter how much or how little oil is present, is never submerged by more than an inch or two. Thus the bearings aways get the cleanest oil, and escape getting the heavier sludge.

(*Continued on page* 83)

THE hydraulic jacks are operated by this lever being worked to and fro. It is not even necessary to get out of the car in order to raise the wheels clear of the ground

THE engine, which has twin carburettors, is a highly efficient unit. It gives very rapid, smooth acceleration, with a maximum speed in top gear of a clear 70 m.p.h.

THE driving position is a comfortable one, and the grouping of the instruments is novel and attractive. A good feature is that the windscreen can be opened to a really useful extent

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Hard *Times* *for* Batteries

By The Earl of Cardigan

UNTIL one comes to work it out seriously, it is not easy to realise how extremely "seasonal" is the work which is done by the battery of the average car. In the whole of the chassis there is no other component which at certain times is worked so hard, and at other times is used so little.

I do not know if the difference has ever been expressed in figures; but my own estimate would be that the work done by a battery in January is at least double that done by the same battery in July. This may even be an under-estimate. It is clear that the head-lamps are used in winter four or five times as much as in summer. They are used almost every day, instead of perhaps only once in a week.

The self-starter obviously does extra work. The average car in winter is used for shorter runs, and such runs presumably involve more frequent stopping and starting. For example, a woman on a shopping expedition may, in good weather, often park the car and walk from one shop to another. When the weather is unpleasant, she is likely to re-start the car each time, even when the next shop is only fifty yards away.

When started from cold, the engine is invariably "stickier," owing to the tendency of the oil to congeal; and therefore gives the starter heavier work to do. Other electrical fittings also have to work harder or more frequently, as, for example, the electric screen wiper. In this case the additional drain on the battery is not great; but it is typical of the continual winter demand for more and more electric current.

In these circumstances we ought not to be surprised when a battery, having done everything that was asked of it during the summer, shows signs of becoming "anæmic" after a few months of winter use. It is really highly creditable to the modern battery that this happens only in some instances, and not invariably.

What can the ordinary owner-driver do to prevent this mid-winter loss of efficiency? There are a few obvious points to remember, such as the importance of using only a good battery of reputable make in the first instance. Then we all know that distilled water must be added at fairly frequent intervals, so that the amount of fluid in the battery is never allowed to fall—as it otherwise would do through evaporation—below the proper level.

Concerning this business of "topping-up," that well-known firm of battery manufacturers, Joseph Lucas, Ltd., rendered motorists a real service when they introduced their Combined Vent Plug, Acid-level Indicator and Filler Cup. This little device enables you to "top up" without removing the vent plugs at all. You simply pour the water into the funnel-shaped cups and it reaches the cells through non-splashing vents. In the top of each plug are two circular windows, which darken when the required level has been reached. I believe these plugs are obtainable separately, by the way.

Lucas have served us very well in this matter of simplifying maintenance. Another feature of their batteries which I like is the provision of non-corrosive connectors. These prevent the growth of those luxuriant green "cauliflowers" which used to form on our connectors if we were careless enough to leave them without their protective coating of grease.

MOTOR manufacturers have also helped us recently by fitting their batteries in more accessible places than before. The old saying, "Out of sight, out of mind!" was one which used to apply very aptly to the unfortunate battery which happened to be hidden away under some remote portion of the chassis.

Having got a good battery and resolved to give it regular attention, the next point is to avoid using it needlessly. There is a tremendous amount of difference in the way two drivers will start up the same engine. One man will use two or three times as much electric current as the other, either from ingorance or—more likely—from sheer lack of imagination.

It is always wrong—and obviously wrong—to keep the starter engaged for long periods at a time. If the engine does not fire, this is because there is something wrong—possibly an incorrect mixture passing through the carburettor—and continued use of the starter is not going to put this right. Indeed, should the mixture be too rich, every turn of the starter motor will actually aggravate the trouble. The sensible driver never keeps the starter engaged for more than about three seconds.

If the engine does not then fire, he makes some slight alteration to his controls. He then uses the starter very briefly again. Even if the engine only fires at the third attempt, and after two alterations, he still has only had the battery at work for something less than ten seconds in all.

Of course, if a driver really knows his car and has the engine of it in good order, he may be able to make it start "first go" in any weather. The one inexcusable thing is to go on blindly using up current, trying to get a reluctant engine going by sheer unvarying persistence.

In the case of an engine which is known to be difficult to start, there are various ways of sparing the battery, apart from the general policy of using it in short bursts. To give a few preliminary turns by means of the starting handle is always an assistance. Also, it lightens the load which has to be turned over if the clutch pedal is depressed while the starter is in action.

Such expedients, however, are nowadays very seldom necessary. The modern battery does not require to be pampered. All that it needs is a little sympathetic treatment, based on some knowledge of the work which it has to do in the ordinary course of mid-winter motoring.

I WAS recently writing about one of the new M.G. models, and describing it as having many of the qualities which we associate with cars of the "luxury" type. It is interesting, in this connection, to observe that the increase in luxury comes at a time when M.G. cars are also increasing their prestige in sporting events. There has been no falling off in sheer efficiency.

For example, a team of M.G.'s won the recent M.C.C. "Sporting Trial," and thus became the winners of the M.C.C. Team Championship for 1936. The three M.G.'s composing this team had secured the highest aggregate points in the "Exeter," "Land's End," "Edinburgh" and "Trial and Rally" events prior to their victory in the "Sporting Trial." A season of competition work could hardly have been concluded more triumphantly.

THE 1937 model of the popular Rover "Twelve" Saloon. This car can be obtained in any one of a wide range of colour finishes, and is well known not only for its outstanding performance but for the completeness of its appointments and equipments. Priced at £285 complete.

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A Big Car *with an* Attractive Performance

The Studebaker "Dictator"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Studebaker "Dictator" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves, 25·4 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, third and top synchro-mesh; also free-wheel and over-drive device.
Performance: Second gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 80 m.p.h.; ditto, with overdrive, 85 m.p.h.
Springing: Independent in front, comfortable, firm.
Brakes: Good, hydraulic.
Steering: Definite, self-centring.
Coachwork: Exceptionally roomy.
Price: De luxe saloon, £368.

THE Studebaker "Dictator" is a really big car, built in the stream-line style. Certain components, e.g. the side lamps and mascot, are stream-lined in the scientific sense. The road performance is decidedly impressive. (Above) The free-wheel can be controlled by this simple movement, and the transmission set either to "fixed" or "free." The brake lever, seen on the extreme right, projects downward from behind the instrument board

THE Studebaker is a car which, outwardly at any rate, belongs to a very definite type. Of modern American design, it is capacious, highly powered, comfortable. Examining it no more closely than this, it is the sort of car concerning which the average Englishman is sure to have some sweeping statement to make.

He may say, "Now that's what I call a sensible motor car. Built on the big scale, and yet at a reasonable price. Fact is, the Americans know how to build cars—and we don't."

Alternatively he may say, "Just another of those big, cheap, mass-produced cars. Lots of power, and no refinement. Probably roll over if you took it round a corner at speed. No fun driving a thing like that!"

Actually, neither of these extreme points of view is reasonable in regard to the Studebaker. Messrs. Henly, the concessionaires, would not pretend that the "Dictator" is every motorist's ideal. (They stock a good few other types!) On the other hand, those who decry the American car in general might learn a lot if they would try the Studebaker in particular.

In plain language, the Studebaker is *not* lacking in refinement. It does *not* roll when it goes round a corner. It is just as much fun to drive as any other car outside of the absolute sports class.

To begin with, it has an admirably efficient engine of 25·4 h.p. Not only does it run very silently and smoothly, but the rate of acceleration is quite remarkable. There are very few cars indeed, of 25 or even 30 h.p., which can "get off the mark" with such rapidity, or which can continue to accelerate with such progressive power throughout the entire range of speed.

It is no mere figure of speech to say that the "Dictator," from a mere crawl in top gear, will go straight up to 80 m.p.h. This is its maximum—and it can definitely be reached on a very short length of straight road. There is no coaxing required to get the final 5 m.p.h. The speed is there when it is wanted.

The transmission system is an interesting one. The gearbox has three speeds, of which two are synchro-mesh, and the second-gear maximum is a good 50 m.p.h. A free-wheel is fitted, and with this in operation all three gears can be engaged without any sort of difficulty.

In connection with this free-wheel, there ia an "over-drive" device, the effect of which is slightly to raise the top gear ratio when the car is running at speeds in excess of (*Continued on page* 83)

THE engine is rated at 25·4, and develops no less than 90 h.p. The bonnet hinges up in an unusual way, but the effect of this is to make the engine very accessible

THE luggage boot is in keeping with the rest of the car, and provides really ample space. It also houses the spare wheel

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The Studebaker "Dictator"

(*Continued from page* 81)

50 m.p.h. This gearing-up process is entirely automatic, and is said to give an extra 5 m.p.h. of speed.

I must be honest about this. I did not personally test the over-drive, having a prejudice (not necessarily a reasonable one) against driving at more than 80 m.p.h. with a free-wheel in action. I have no doubt, however, that the potential maximum, with over-drive, is a genuine 85 m.p.h.

The springing of this Studebaker is decidedly good, with independent suspension for the front wheels. The spring action is soft enough to damp out the effect of road inequalities, so that one may travel over a bad surface in real comfort, and yet is firm enough to enable the car to take a corner without any loss of stability.

The steering is likewise admirable, for although quite light in action, it incorporates a definite self-centring effect. This makes for steadiness at speed, and is also most welcome after rounding a corner. When the wheel is released, it returns at once to the straight-ahead position, just as it would do in the most typically English car.

The brakes are hydraulic, and do their work really well, with a progressive response to the pedal. The coachwork, like the chassis, has many good points—notably the door locks, which are of quite original design. There is no need to slam a door. A light push, and it closes easily, being moreover absolutely rigid and rattle-free. Since so many people are apparently incapable of closing a door with an ordinary lock, this innovation should be assured of popularity.

The saloon body is remarkable for its roominess, and may be classed as a genuine six-seater. There is a single bench-type front seat which, as I have often pointed out, provides the simplest possible means of accommodating an extra passenger. The seating is luxurious, and, even with six up, there should be comfortable space for all.

The luggage boot, which also houses the spare wheel, is built on the same generous scale. At £368, the "Dictator" de luxe model is something out of the ordinary as a big-car investment.

A Remarkable New Wolseley

(*Continued from page* 77)

The gearbox is a four-speed unit, with an admirable synchro-mesh third gear in which the car is capable of climbing at speeds up to 50 m.p.h. Second gear also is a useful ratio, and although not provided, like third and top, with synchro-mesh mechanism, is really very easy to manipulate. Any reasonably competent driver can use it with confidence.

Among other features which make this Wolseley capable of maintaining high average speeds over give-and-take roads, the springing must be commended. It is comfortable, and yet firm enough to prevent any rolling on corners. Between the spring leaves are zinc inter-leaves, which have the valuable property of supplying a form of permanent lubrication.

The steering is very pleasant and definite, and the brakes are of the Lockheed hydraulic variety. It is interesting to observe that, at the moment, hydraulic brakes are coming back into more general use—and I personally am not surprised. A brake that operates hydraulically is always progressive in its action, besides giving ample power. Also, a set of hydraulic brakes will always tend to act evenly, without needing to be constantly adjusted.

The Wolseley engineers are "hydraulically minded"; for the permanent jacking system of this car is also hydraulic. By simply working a handle, which can be done without leaving the car, the driver can lift all four wheels clear of the ground—and that without any real effort. It is not very often nowadays that wheels require changing; but when they do, an installation of this sort is a real blessing.

In every respect, this Wolseley is really well equipped. The windscreen can be opened, and—what is no less important—opened to a sensible extent. Thus no combination of fog and frost will entirely defeat the driver. The interior appointments show good taste and discrimination. In view of all this, the price of the saloon model—£265—should be voted very reasonable indeed.

She Married a Star

(*Continued from page* 21)

the papers you were making pictures in Germany . . ."

She gripped the large outstretched hand.

Bob Saunders continued to stare at her. He said with grave impersonality, as though he were summing up the points of a race-horse:

"As beautiful as ever." Then asked, with impatience creeping into his Scotch voice, "What happened to you, Lorna? I've been waiting for years to see your name in head-lights . . . you should have been a star."

She raised a pale fawn wing of an eyebrow.

"I married a star, Bob. . . . Carne Clifford."

Then Carne joined them, pale but triumphant, and Lorna introduced the two men.

"Carne, this is Bob Saunders . . . . he gave me my first part, bless him! . . ."

And Bob mumbled, a little tactlessly, Lorna thought:

"I'd have made a first-class star out of her if she'd have given me the chance."

They went into the theatre. Carne had his favourite seats at the back of the dress circle. Lorna felt his hand, cold and moist, searching for hers as the lights were lowered. She squeezed his fingers perfunctorily; perfunctorily she whispered:

"It's going to be all right, Carne . . ."

But for the first time she couldn't give his picture undivided attention. This chance meeting with Bob Saunders had sent her mind swirling back into the past. Desires which had lain dormant for the best part of twenty years awoke to torment her. "I could have made a star out of her . . ." For the first time she was conscious of a raw jealousy towards this man sitting next to her; her heart was suddenly heavy with a sense of having been cheated out of her very birthright. All at once the rare artist in her, smothered for so many years by her love for her husband, reared its head demanding recognition, and she tried to push it aside, calling herself a fool for having taken so much notice of Bob Saunders's casual compliment.

The picture was a success. It had to be, with the wave of patriotism which was beating against the British film industry. The film public would demand that a British-born film star must be a raging success in his first film made in England since he touched stardom.

Lorna looked sideways at Carne, as he stood, stiff-shouldered and very military, while the orchestra played "The King." She recognised so well that tautened self-confident line of his lips, the glint in his eyes which seemed to be saying: "I've done it again; just as I knew I should . . ." But it didn't move her; she felt isolated for the first time from his success, which, in reality, belonged to her.

There was a supper party at the Savoy afterwards. Bob Saunders sat opposite Lorna and Carne, and while the whole restaurant seemed to be buzzing with praise of Carne, Bob leaned forward and told Lorna:

"I could still do something with you, you know. As a matter of fact, I have a story under consideration which might have been written for you . . ."

Lorna felt the colour rise to her cheeks; there was a thickness in her throat so that she couldn't trust herself to speak.

"I'll make a star out of you yet, Lorna . . . ." Bob was saying, and Lorna only just remembered in time she mustn't challenge him, "I'm forty-four," because it would give away Carne's forty-seven, so she reminded him instead:

"I'm a married woman and a mother, Bob . . . ."

He wouldn't let it pass. He went on to tell her the story. Long before he had finished she knew that, in spite of not having acted for anyone except Carne for nearly twenty-five years, she could play that part of a young mother. She wanted to play it. That was the craziest thing. Turning to Carne, she laughed a little shrilly.

"Carne, just listen to Bob wanting me to go back into pictures. Was there anything more crazy?"

"Why not have a shot then, darling?"

It wasn't so much the words Carne used which startled Lorna into a decision. It was the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes. . . . Lorna remembered Carne looking and speaking in just that voice years ago when Dene had told him she was going to build a sand castle as tall as the tower of Babylon.

"Try it, darling," Carne had said.

And now Lorna, with a feverish light in her cornflower blue eyes, was telling Bob:

"I'll take the chance if you will."

He pushed his card across the table at her and said he would expect her next day at the studios for her test.

CARNE hadn't thought she was in earnest. Even when she came back from the studios, informing him "All tests O.K. I'm to sign on the dotted line to-morrow at eleven-thirty," Carne hadn't taken it in that Bob Saunders was giving his wife lead in his next picture. A bit of crowd work, Carne had thought, for old times' sake. When he at last realised the truth, he stubbed out innumerable half-smoked cigarettes and said, after a very long silence:

"It's up to you, Lorna. I'm going to Austria for a holiday . . ."

If he had pleaded with her, she might, even then, have changed her mind. She had prepared herself against his ridicule and was going to remind him: "What about Marie Dressler? No one had heard of her until she had passed her sixtieth birthday." But his arrogant indifference, this attitude of letting the child play with its toys, whipped up her courage and determination.

A week later she saw him off on his holiday. He remembered to say "Good luck, darling . . . I'll be back long before your trade show. . . ." But there was a little sneer to his voice, and she knew Carne wanted her to fail.

Dealing with Dene was much worse. From the rush of being photographed and standing for hours for fittings at the dress-maker's, Lorna stole a whole day off to spend it with Dene at Eastbourne. She admitted it was cowardly to have waited until the child had eaten her fill of ices and cream cakes before breaking it to her.

"Dene darling, what do you think? Mummie is going to be in a picture too."

Dene's small intelligent face seemed to go very much smaller. A heavy sigh escaped her lips, and she said in a tone of resignation which didn't sound like that of a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl:

"So there's to be another film star in our family."

(*Continued on page* 85)

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Lorna would have liked to have questioned her . . . but didn't dare to. Somehow she had known subconsciously that Dene didn't approve of her father's profession. But she wasn't going to let Dene stand in her way now as, years ago, she had allowed Carne to; so she said, with a touch of exasperation in her voice: "There's no crime in being a film star, you know, Dene. Lots of girls would be as proud as anything to be in your place . . . with such a famous father . . ."

Dene didn't answer. Lorna felt a chill to her heart when she saw the child push aside her half-finished ice.

Not that she had any cause to feel guilty. Bob's picture would be finished long before Dene's holidays started, and nothing, not even Carne, should prevent them having that holiday in the country together. She began to tell Dene about it now.

"Just you and I, darling, with Daddy for week-ends, I expect. Won't it be fun?"

"Yes," replied Dene. "If it comes off."

All the way back to London Lorna reassured herself that Dene was behaving foolishly. Of course the child had been disappointed time and again over outings with her mother. But that was because of Carne. Now things were different, and Lorna resolved to have it out with Bob that she should never be expected to work during her daughter's holidays.

Which showed how sure she was of her success. After this picture Bob would go on wanting her. Lorna Clifford had the genius's belief in her own success.

Back in London she forgot Dene for most parts of the day. She even forgot Carne, except spasmodically, when she received his wires and his daily gift of orchids from the shop in Bond Street.

Then, almost before she realised it, the day had arrived for them to start shooting. Bob took her to dinner the evening before. He was so sure of her.

"Lorna, you'll do it; I know you will . . ."

She knew it too. Bob filled their glasses. He said:

"Funny you breaking in just now when Carne is all washed up . . ."

"Washed up . . . Carne?"

Her blue eyes dimmed as though a fine veil had been drawn across them.

"I'm not saying he isn't a fine actor in his own way," went on Bob. "But that last picture of his is the dreariest flop I've come across for quite a while. Someone has got to break it to that husband of yours, Lorna, that Peter Pan was the only boy who didn't grow up. Now if Carne would play a dignified part, something fitting his years, he'd get right over . . . I could use him myself and bring more out of him than these doddering idiots who believe a man can't hold his audience unless he portrays a lovesick college lad . . . Now, if only someone would tell Carne Clifford that . . ."

"Yes, someone has got to tell Carne Clifford that." Lorna was rolling the inside of her roll into hard little pellets. Then she said:

"Bob, you're going to wish you'd never set eyes on me; I'm going to let you down with the biggest bump. I'm going to ask you a favour; get me out of playing Miranda, Bob. Say you don't think I'll be able to do it; say we've quarrelled—anything, anything, Bob." Her voice was wild.

"But see that I don't play that part . . ."

Bob Saunders raised the half-full bottle of wine and appeared to be examining it closely. He calculated:

"We've only had a glass of wine apiece and two very mild cocktails, so we can neither of us be drunk. So, my darling Lorna, who is mad—you or me?"

She smiled and her face was steeped in tragedy.

"Someone has to break it to Carne that he's grown up; my job, that . . ."

Bob looked relieved.

"You may be right. Nevertheless I don't see that that interferes with your playing Miranda, my dear . . ."

"But, Bob, it does, it does . . ."

Lorna's hands were so tightly clasped that it seemed as though her knuckles would break through the skin. She didn't know how to explain. Carne was going to need her. The artist in him and his pride. If she went ahead and made a success of the charming middle-aged Miranda, Carne would believe that it was her own mature years which had reminded the film world of his own. Carne would never forgive. It would be a barrier between them which only death could drag down.

"You've spoiled my career." She could hear Carne telling her that; she who had made it. But Carne didn't know. All these years with fame standing beside him, his closest friend, Carne never seriously realised that it was thanks to her coaching of him, her withdrawal and surrender, which had put him where he was to-day.

Bob Saunders said:

"Think it over, Lorna, and telephone me in the morning."

He stayed in his hotel until eleven waiting for her call. Then a letter came by special messenger. Lorna was already on her way to Austria. She craved his forgiveness and left it to him to face the fury of his directors. "*But, Bob, in return I'll bring you back the Carne Clifford you want. He's as free as the air, and it's up to you to put him over as an attractive middle-aged man,*" finished Lorna.

She flew the best part of the way to the little village in the Austrian Tyrol where Carne was staying. He was reading some sugary unconvincing press cuttings when she was shown into his sitting-room.

He was glad to see her. More glad than he would admit. Those press cuttings had shattered him. Carne Clifford was no fool.

"You," he said, and held out his arms.

They talked Carne Clifford all through the dinner, which he'd had served in his room.

"Carne, I've been thinking . . ."

She was so shrewd. She knew her Carne so well, having lived solely for him during the best part of twenty-five years. Glibly she trotted out her examples. Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and a host of others.

"I've been thinking, Carne, that every studio over here and in Hollywood is overrun with the handsome and dashing young guardee type; what's really wanted is a middle-aged man who can play a middle-aged part and look young and attractive . . ."

Carne was conscious of a sense of relief. Deep within him, he resented the dyed hair at his temples; he resented not eating potatoes, and those dreary exercises morning and night.

She Married a Star

If it hadn't been for Lorna and the kid—well, he'd have chucked in his hand years ago, told the story-writers: "Either you give me a part worthy of my years or I quit."

"Bob Saunders happened to be saying," continued Lorna, "that he could do with someone like you if only you'd put yourself in his hands and give up wearing a subaltern's uniform . . ."

The director's name reminded Carne of Lorna's own picture. It was something he'd been trying to forget all the time he had been away. He didn't exactly want her to fail; he wasn't as mean as that. But supposing Lorna became a big success . . . he didn't want to lose Lorna. He needed her, now in this new and, perhaps, last step in his career, as he had never needed her before.

He asked: "What about you? How is it you've got away? I thought you wrote they were going to start shooting this week?"

All the questions Lorna had been dreading since she stepped into the plane at Croydon. Now she must act, act for Carne as she had never acted before. Her eyes, soft cornflower blue, rested for a minute upon her plate. When she raised them to meet Carne's slanting dark ones, they were serene.

"I didn't want to do it at the last moment, Carne." She was surprised that her voice should sound so steady, so convincing. "It was like this, Carne . . . I lost my nerve; I was scared of letting down Bob . . . you understand . . ."

Of course he did, said Carne. He took her hand and patted it consolingly as he might have patted Dene's when she was very little and had confessed some childhood failure. He talked of his future; now had Bob, or Lorna for that matter, a story in mind? He wasn't altogether satisfied with Armstrong's publicity department. Lorna gave crisp advice, but when she wasn't speaking her lips were tightened into a small mischievous button of a smile. At first she had thought she had got over her "act" with Carne so well. He hadn't an inkling of how much she had minded giving up playing Miranda. Then dimly it came to her, while Carne was wondering aloud if Bob Saunders's company would rise to a Galsworthy story for him, that it hadn't been an act after all. She was relieved she wasn't to make a "come-back." Deep in her heart she was just as scared as she'd pretended to be. This was what she wanted: to stand by Carne, to fulfil her own thwarted ambition through his. And gradually as the sky darkened until it was as a canopy of rich blue velvet pricked with lights from the stars, of all the madness which had beset her since the supper party for Carne's last picture, only one desire remained, and that was to give Dene her holiday on a farmhouse in the country. She mentioned it to Carne while they prepared for bed.

"I thought of taking Dene to Devonshire for her holidays, darling . . ."

"Good idea," agreed Carne. "If you're sure the kid won't be bored. I should have thought maybe she'd have liked to have come to London. You could have taken her around a bit, and it might amuse her to come down to the studios and see me on the 'set' . . ."

END

Return of the Feminine Bedroom

(*Continued from page* 69)

room is required. This takes about eight pieces. For a town bedroom, lovers' knots look effective in silver or pale gold upon pearl grey or pale blue.

When is a curtain a curtain and when a blind? In the feminine-looking bedroom fancy can run riot with curtains. It is a new idea to make them of different qualities of material as well as different shades, using, for instance, deep blue velvet, pale blue cellular silk, and pale lime-green ninon in strips, as Mrs. Jack Coats has done in her bedroom.

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd has combined blinds with curtains and had them made of pale pink cotton. They draw up and are hidden in the daytime beneath a frilled valance. They are especially suitable for an old bow window or anywhere where it is essential to let in as much sunlight as possible.

Chintz in the Easter lily or lily-of-the-valley design on dusty pink or lime-green, quilted percale—the curtain lining material of the Victorians, 52 inches wide and 2s. 11d. a yard—has superseded damask, brocade and brocatelle.

There is one great difference, however, between the 1937 version of the romantic bedroom and the 1837. That is the amount of furniture. Very often in the small flat bedroom there is only enough space for the bed, bedside tables, dressing table and stool, and an armchair. One wall is given up to built-in cupboards.

Lady Curzon's idea of china vase brackets on the walls, filled with flowers, is excellent for the bedroom where there is literally no room for a vase.

A dressing table can be fitted into a corner if it is specially built to waste no space.

A mirror in an unexpected place, an old fanlight made into a bedhead by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett, is lovely-looking and makes a small room look bigger.

Words Across the World (*Continued from page 23*)

The first telegraph line had been laid by the Great Western Railway from Paddington to West Drayton seven years previously, and extended to Slough signal-box, another few miles, in 1844. This was the line used to telegraph particulars of the wanted man to Paddington, where he was arrested.

The description began: "A man in the garb of a Quaker"—and the "Q" in "Quaker" nearly stopped that fateful and historic message. On the primitive instrument then in use it was practically impossible to wire "Q," for the two needles had to be operated simultaneously. So what? The clerk surmounted the difficulty by spelling the word "Kwaker." Simple! And you may see the instrument he used, in the Post Office exhibits at the South Kensington Museum.

Until that happened there was no popular interest in this new telegraphic wonder—only a technical one. But a few months later Sir Francis Head was travelling along this line in a crowded carriage. No one spoke a word until the train neared Slough, when "a short-bodied, short-necked, short-nosed, exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting wires and posts of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud: 'Them's the cords that hung John Tawell!'"

Telegraphy had arrived, so far as Mr. John Citizen was concerned; just as wireless telegraphy had arrived when it was first used to apprehend a murderer—Crippen—in mid-Atlantic.

Crime, war, and disaster have indirectly helped scientific progress. The value of wireless also captured the popular imagination when it saved 760 lives after the s.s. *Florida* rammed the s.s. *Republic* in 1909, and sent out S.O.S.'s from the sinking *Titanic* in 1912.

Progress after that was fairly rapid—for Victorian days. More land cables, then under-water ones—across rivers at first, experimentally; next across the Channel. As with pioneer flying, later, the great thing was to conquer that challenging twenty-one miles of water between Dover and Cape Gris-Nez. In 1850 the steamer *Goliath* linked the two with cable. A first message was sent over: "All right at Gris-Nez; home about ten." What could be more deliciously Victorian than that "home about ten"? That cable did not function long; the following year a second was laid, with more success.

After the Channel, the Atlantic—again as with flying. A humble fifty miles of cable already poked out from Land's End, connecting with a moored hulk used for notifying the approach of Transatlantic vessels. In 1857 the first attempt was made to lay one linking the two continents. The following year a few messages were transmitted, but the venture was a failure. In 1865 a new cable was laid, stretching 1,186 miles; this broke, and the ends could not be found.

Not until 1866 did the old *Great Eastern* succeed in laying a satisfactory cable. The first message flashed across it was from the directors of the enterprise in Great Britain to those in America. It recorded the fact that Europe and America were now united by telegraph, then broke into religious fervour with the Biblical pæan: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill towards men." Incidentally, a similar declaration was made by the Pope in the first wireless message broadcast to the world from the Vatican in February, 1931.

The chief English pioneer in Transatlantic telegraphy—Mr. Cyrus Field led the American promoters—was Sir John Pender, whose grandson, Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender, has become governor of the great Cable and Wireless Corporation of to-day. He supported the *Great Eastern* effort by guaranteeing personally a large sum of money, and for thirty years led subsequent developments which gradually threaded the globe with a network of cables.

In due course came the "All Red" route of the Imperial Cable Service, linking Great Britain with Canada, Vancouver with Australia and New Zealand. The last span—nearly 8,000 nautical miles of cable—touched land only at three places: Fanning Island, Fiji, Norfolk Island. Thus the Mother Country, through the enterprise of the four governments, could keep in instant touch with her three great Dominions.

From the outset, of course, there were Jeremiahs who said humanity had got on very well without cables since the Ark, and could go on doing so; the cross-Channel cable would not pay; how could dividends be earned on capital sunk at the bottom of the sea?

And there were nature's obstructionists also to be overcome. One was the teredo worm, a busybody in certain waters which bored between the outer sheathing wires and through the gutta-percha insulation to the copper conductor, admitting sea water and causing endless trouble. A covering of brass tape over the gutta-percha stopped his little game of destroying in a minute work that required thousands of pounds and perhaps a whole year to repair. But even a worm may turn . . . up trumps. Brunel, the famous engineer, studied it closely and adapted its method of burrowing in the construction of shields employed in boring the Thames Tunnel!

Another enemy was the swordfish, who sometimes punctured cables just for fun; a third, trawler fishermen who occasionally hooked them up by mistake. It is recorded that in North African native markets lengths of cable were displayed for sale as "conger eel"!

Earthquakes are practically the only source of trouble to-day. In November, 1929, one off Nova Scotia, affecting an area of 150,000 square miles, buried hundreds of miles of cable in the oceanic upheaval. Cable ships got to work, grappled successfully for one length of 150 miles over a difficult sea-bed, and quickly restored communication.

Nine of these 800-ton cable ships range the seven seas, laying and maintaining cables at depths down to three miles. It is spartan and difficult work. When a new cable link is required, the route is plotted on charts, samples of the sea-bed are taken to ascertain its geologic composition. The ship steams close inshore, a barge carries the first length to land; then the ship steams away, paying out cable over the stern. At an agreed spot the "shore-end" cable—heavily sheathed for extra protection—is spliced on to "intermediate" designed for depths where there may be danger from anchors, trawls, and other interference. Farther out this is succeeded by the "deep sea" type, only about an inch in diameter and least liable to damage.

During the whole voyage the outgoing cable has to be watched and tested day and night, and maintained at a regular tension adjusted to speed of ship and depth of ocean. In a thousand fathoms of water the cable will touch the bed five miles astern; every mile of it weighs from one to two tons, and in rough weather or heavy swell it has to withstand great strain. In the cable tanks of the ship skilled hands supervise the unwinding through checks and guides to the deck; a foul turn, kink, or break means trouble and delay.

The dramatic moment comes when the other shore-end is completed, the "bight" of joined cable gently lowered over the bows, and the suspension rope severed with an axe. A good job, well done. . . . Another link formed in the bonds of international understanding and commerce. . . .

Napoleon declared that "the secret of war lies in communications"; we prefer to say "the secret of peace and progress." Historians believe that the loss of the American colonies was due to misunderstandings fostered by lack of facilities for the prompt interchange of views. If Great Britain and America had possessed then the means of communication available to-day, there might have been no Boston Tea Party and American War of Independence.

Within a minute or two of the lowering of the "bight" the London headquarters may be using the new route to flash vital messages across the world, while the men on the cable ship are taking a "tot" to celebrate.

At first, and for many years, long-distance messages had to be retransmitted at relay stations, involving delay. Your cable to India, for example, was relayed perhaps eight times. To-day an ingenious automatic relay known as the "regenerator" magnifies, re-forms, and re-spaces the electrical impulses, passing them on to the next station without loss of time. An impulse will travel 10,000 miles over a chain of automatic relay stations in one and a half seconds.

In both cable and wireless telegraphy automatic transmission and reception have ensured almost hundred-per-cent. accuracy and speed. The operator at the transmitting end works a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter, the words become perforations on a tape, and these in turn produce Morse impulses. At the receiving end the process is reversed, the words tripping off on a tape at speeds reaching a hundred a minute. In the old days the operator's dot-dot-dash signals made on a tapper had to be mentally decoded at the other end.

Only thirteen errors in 20,000 words were made during a recent test-check of all traffic on one section of the system. Automatic devices attached to the circuits give warning if the signals begin to fade below a certain strength, and adjustments are made before faults develop. When a station is called up, a warning bell rings, an alarm lamp lights up.

Automatic controls have reduced station staffs to less than a tithe. At Porthcurno one of the large relay stations, one senior and one junior engineer only are responsible for an instrument room with twenty-eight circuits.

London to Buenos Aires, 7,750 miles, works at a speed of 57 words per minute; London to Hong Kong, 11,899 miles, and London to Perth, Australia, 13,419 miles, at 54 per minute. That means at about the speed the average office-girl types.

In 1895 Marconi began experimenting with wireless signalling. In December, 1901, signals were successfully sent from Poldhu, Cornwall, to Signal Hill, Newfoundland. In 1926 he perfected his Beam system, by which short-wave impulses could be focussed on a given station the other side of the world instead of long waves straddling the ether, with great economy in power and increase in signalling speed.

Beam wireless stations were accordingly built in Great Britain, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and India in 1926 and 1927, to utilise to the full the new facilities. A transmitting station at Dorchester and receiving station at Somerton became the largest beam stations in the world, the former with eight transmitters for communicating with the United States, South America, Egypt, and the Far East, and needing only 20 kilowatts power for even the greatest distances.

It became necessary that the cable and wireless systems of the Empire should operate as a whole if we were to compete successfully with foreign interests. So in 1929 the Cable and Wireless and Imperial International Communications merger, absorbing thirty-two concerns, taking over Imperial Atlantic and the Pacific Cable Board's cables, leasing and working the Post Office Beam stations originally erected by Marconi, was formed with Government sanction. It combines private enterprise with public control, and represents "rationalised" industry at its best.

Among the brains who help direct this immense corporation are Lord Inverforth and Mr. Edward Wilshaw, chairman of the Communications Company. Wing-Commander Sir Norman Leslie was formerly associated with it as joint managing director, succeeding (*Continued on page 88*)

BUYING SLEEP

The Vi-Spring OVERLAY Mattress

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Nearly all bedding looks well from the outside, but it is the inside—the unseen—that really counts. In the spring-centred mattress it is the quality of the springs and their shape, number and assemblage that is so vitally important to comfort and durability. The upholstery materials are essential only as a covering for the springs, but obviously should be of good quality and soft to the touch.

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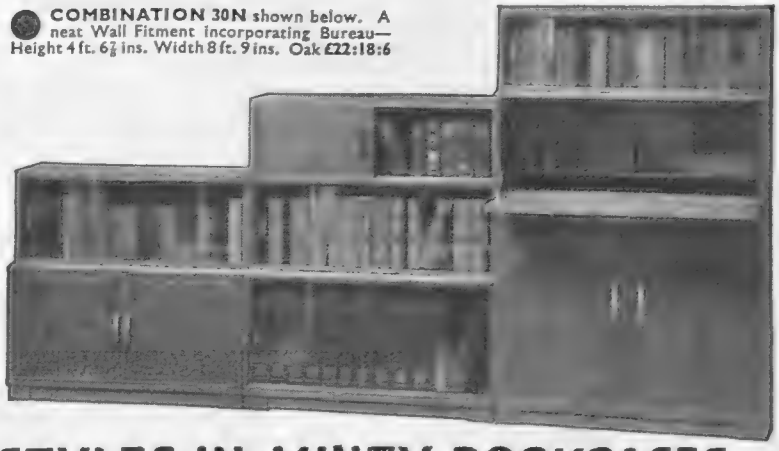

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Mr. Kellaway. Sir Campbell Stuart is chairman of the Imperial Communications Advisory Committee, which operates in a consultative capacity.

The 244-million-words-in-one-year achievement of the Communications Company is only one-half to one-third of what it could compass, if required, with no appreciable increase in working expenses. Of the cable and wireless traffic to-day, roughly 85 per cent. is commercial, 10 per cent. press, 5 per cent. social. Rates are reasonably low. One can send 25 words to New York for 6s. 3d., delivery the next day; 20 words to Montreal for 2s. 6d., to be posted to any address in the Dominion. Daily-letter telegrams to India cost 5d. a word, night-letter telegrams to the Argentine 8½d. a word.

"Photograms" across the world have supplemented words; telegraphed pictures of news events; the latest London or Paris fashions and other new products requiring illustration; financial prospectuses for advertisement display; specimen signatures; facsimile documents, cheques, charts, and graphs of immediate importance to bankers, brokers and other big financial interests; architects' and engineers' drawings and specifications; even personal Christmas and birthday cards complete!

A famous American shoe corporation has used the photogram service to enable it to reproduce new English styles ahead of its competitors. One of its representatives went to Newmarket races, searched the paddock and enclosure for a style which would sell to Americans, secured a photograph from the makers, and photogrammed it across the Atlantic within a few hours. By the time the first samples arrived from England, copies were on the market.

Another American firm wanted to launch a new and secret car model simultaneously in America and Europe. Photographs and specifications were photogrammed to London and distributed to the Continent by air mail. A financial corporation transmitted an £8,000,000 prospectus advertisement covering almost a whole newspaper page. Police departments have used the service for transmitting photographs of wanted criminals or suspects; secret service and diplomatic bodies have found it of some value . . .

Words—and pictures—across the world!

Soon, with faster and yet faster airplanes across the world, too, we shall be cabling or 'phoning from London to New York, instead of from Gris-Nez to Dover: *"All right here; home about ten!"*

END

The Zoo Gets Up

(*Continued from page 47*)

I am convinced. Occasionally you will see one assisting the men in a most surprising way.

Take the lion, Simba, for instance. Obtained ten years ago in a thorn-thicket on the Nandi Plateau in Kenya, Simba is by common consent the finest of the Zoo's twenty-odd lions. So thick and heavy is his mane that more than one film company has specially selected this animal when making pictures at the lion house. One thing is certain: Simba's looks would not be so impressive were he not attended to regularly by his keeper. Every week or so the man grooms that beautiful mane, and Simba's eagerness to make things easy for his "attendant" is often highly amusing. Directly he sees the keeper approaching with scissors, comb and brush in his hand, the lion—a bush-born lion, too, remember—runs to the bars and lowers his head so that the man can do his work. He makes no objection even when the scissors snip off the tangles which sometimes refuse to yield to the comb!

Beauty treatment is given to some of the Zoo's reptiles as well. Tortoises have their shells polished; alligators, in the ridges of whose skins all manner of rubbish is apt to collect, are brushed down; while occasionally even snakes need attention, though this is usually for a special reason. When about to moult, a snake's old skin does not always come away easily; consequently the reptile, for a time, presents rather a ragged appearance, and becomes listless. To assist the skin to peel off, therefore, the snake's body is wiped over with a cloth soaked in warm olive oil, and soon the reptile, having successfully shed its former covering, glistens and shines with all its normal beauty.

At times, too, a snake, when "sloughing," as the moulting process is termed, fails to part with the eye-scales belonging to its old "suit." This gives the reptile the appearance of having dull blue eyes, very unbecoming to look at, and although it can see through the old scales to some extent, vision is poor. When this happens, keepers immediately come to the sufferer's rescue. Provided that it is of a harmless species, the snake is held in the hand, while the eye-scales that should have been shed along with the skin are gently eased from their sockets with forceps.

ANOTHER phase of Zoo activity which has to be completed daily before the admittance of the public is concerned with what we may term "removals." Many exhibits, of course, remain in the same den for years on end—probably because no other suitable one is available; but others are shifted fairly frequently for the good of their health (often with animals, as with humans, a change of scene is as good as a tonic), or because they have outgrown their existing cages, or because their dens are required for some new arrivals.

The methods used in transferring the animals depend as much on temperament as upon physical size. Generally, if the outgoing tenant is of a comfortably placid disposition, he can be persuaded to "go quietly," and so is walked off, shepherded by keepers, to his new abode. That, however, is the exception. Usually, recourse is had to crates for the larger animals, nets for the smaller ones. And it is in getting the animals into their crates or nets that the keepers often have to exercise the utmost patience and cunning. Most animals, as we all know, can be enticed to do what is wanted of them if only a sufficiently strong appeal is made to their appetites: but the ruse is not always successful. The other day, for example, I watched a strenuous tussle of wits between two keepers and a brown bear which had to be transferred from the bear pit to a den on the Mappin Terraces, and that battle was waged incessantly for two whole hours!

Brownie, the bear in question, was inside his sleeping den, and the crate which was to take him across the gardens had been pushed up against his bedroom door. So far, so good. But how to get the bear to enter the crate so that the slide could be dropped down behind him—that was the question. Well, the obvious course was to make an appeal to Brownie's sweet tooth. Some folk will tell you that a bear will do anything for treacle. But will he? Not, I fancy, when his suspicions are aroused!

Using his most persuasive tones and holding out a spoonful of treacle as bait, one keeper crouched beside the crate while another stood on the roof, ready to drop the door directly he received a signal from his companion. But, very definitely, Brownie was not coming out that morning. Spoonful after spoonful of treacle was held out. Each time it oozed over the lip of the spoon and fell to form a sticky pool on the floor of the crate.

After two tins had been used up, the men went to the nearest buffet for a change of "bait." If treacle had failed, perhaps condensed milk would win the day? Once again a succession of spoonfuls was held out. And, as before, most of it fell to the floor, and the brown pool of treacle gradually paled to a rich creamy hue—a vision which, however unsavoury to the human eye, might have been expected to win the heart of any bear. But still Brownie looked on, his twitching nostrils scenting the feast just ahead, but a feast, apparently, not worth risking his liberty to obtain.

After two hours, and just before the second tin of milk was exhausted, Brownie changed his mind. Very cautiously he ambled forward into the crate. The keeper on top seized his chance. Down went the drop-door, and Brownie was safely crated at last!

They took the bear away then to his new home, and, from Brownie's point of view, that trip must have been a huge success. Long before he reached his journey's end, every vestige of milk and treacle had been mopped up from the floor of the crate by his energetic tongue!

OTHER animals, other methods. Some creatures in the menagerie can only be carried bodily. This, for example, was the method adopted at the aquarium when, as happened a short while ago, the large green turtles and loggerheads had to "move house." These monsters—some weighed as much as 400 lb.—were bundled out of their tank, put one at a time on to an ordinary stretcher, and carried off triumphantly to their new home.

It is also the method adopted at the reptile house when big pythons, measuring perhaps twenty or thirty feet, have to be shifted. Moving a python is definitely not a one-man job. Some of these non-venomous snakes have immense muscular power, and as many as twelve or fifteen men may be required to move them. A special technique is invariably employed. First, the temperature of the den is lowered, to render the outgoing tenant torpid. When the snake is safe to handle, the reptile is dragged from its quarters, tail first, each keeper stationing himself every two feet or so along its length. The move, usually a short one, is then accomplished without much difficulty.

Finally, we must not omit to mention the "stowaways," that quaint collection of creatures—usually insects, but often also small mammals and reptiles—which come to this country in consignments of fruit sent over from the West Indies. The final resting-place of most of these unofficial travellers in the banana ships is the Zoo, and usually they arrive in the gardens before the gates are opened, a keeper having made a special early morning visit to the docks to collect them.

I have been present when many of these creatures arrived, and recall not a few surprises. Not long ago, for example, a tropical house spider arrived carrying a bundle of tiny eggs between her front legs, and almost as soon as she was placed on exhibition in the insect house became the mother of hundreds of baby spiders, which swarmed over her body and legs in such numbers that only very occasionally could one catch a glimpse of the much-harassed parent!

Another stowaway came with her family a *fait accompli*. She was an opossum—a beautiful little starry-eyed, long-tailed animal who, when she was lifted from her box, was found to have five baby opossums all clinging ardently to her! This interesting family had evidently been born during the voyage, while the mother 'possum lay snugly tucked up among the bananas.

Sometimes there are snakes. They arrive at the Zoo packed in all kinds of makeshift containers—usually the first receptacles the men at the docks, or the banana-cutters, could lay their hands on. Thus one two-foot-long tree-snake—a lovely creature called a Harlequin tree-snake, its slender body vividly patterned in black and red—arrived at the reptile house in nothing more substantial than a milk bottle.

Another, a young boa-constrictor which came in the other day, was inside a whisky-bottle crate!

END

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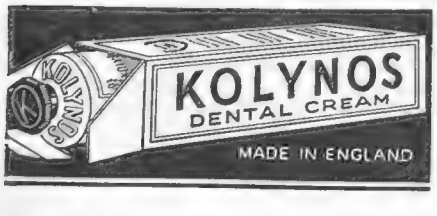

Nursery Into Schoolroom

(*Continued from page* 65)

schoolroom corner. The small desk stands by the window, but it is accompanied by the miniature furniture belonging to the dolls. But there is a businesslike blackboard (not shown in the photograph), school books (in their own shelves) and the usual paraphernalia of the kindergarten at home.

In this case Nannie remains with Raine as her governess, and outside classes supplement the training. The usual social life of a small girl goes quietly on, with the infancy friends. Raine answers her own invitations, meets her own small friends and follows a carefully (but not priggishly) arranged regime that allows her to grow up in the company of her mother.

But—just because she is not yet at school—there is nothing makeshift about her background for learning—the ink, the pen—the desk top, in fact, is kept as tidy and as efficient as that of any company director. Within reach, for the similar training in domestic things, are the tiny bed for her dolls and their dressing-table.

The actual decoration of the schoolroom has special needs. The destructive nursery days are past. "We do not draw on the walls after about seven years old," an expert designer told me when I asked about linoleum dados. The walls and ceiling are painted in bright pastel colours, washable and light-attracting.

A stout overall carpet is a necessity; handcrafts of any sort presuppose bits and pieces, paste, plasticine and so on.

It does not need scientists to tell us that right heat and humidity of atmosphere make an alert scholar. Of all the lighting fixtures, perhaps the most practical is the "anglepoise" with a long flex, that enables it to be carried from desk to table, to piano and so on. And, of course, a good central, inverted bowl type of light.

The normal child of to-day likes simple lines and up-to-date materials. Plywood furniture is inexpensive and is a good suggestion. It wil go on as the equipment of the study later. Moreover, you can get it in intelligent unit designs.

Books, pictures and maps will be collected as lessons proceed.

A play trolley helps towards tidiness and an uncarpeted corner of the schoolroom is a good idea, too. Have linoleum that can be washed.

In an old-style house it is still possible to give a whole floor to the child's use. Bedroom, bathroom and schoolroom that are almost self-contained, where the governess herself can use the gas ring, where Nannie used to heat the bottles.

There is one point on which those patient specialists, the governesses themselves, all agree. It is this. Whether the child goes to its school during the mornings and is with them during the afternoons and evenings, whether it does all lessons at home, the time set aside for any form of home work must be sacrosanct. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with it.

Page 64 of this article (see line seven), went to press before the news of the Duke of York's accession to the Throne.

Parachute

(*Continued from page* 11)

bowl down to earth for a distance of 28,000 ft. before pulling the metal ring on his chest.

"How far are you going to let yourself flop this afternoon, old thing?"

"Oh, I don't know. Had rather a stiff night. How about twelve thou?"

If only one could maintain this story on so light a plane.

You may ask why did that Russian run the totally unnecessary risk of dropping so far before opening his parachute. It wasn't totally unnecessary. He wasn't doing it out of dare-devilry. He was investigating the chances of getting to the ground in a *real* hurry and thereby saving his life. Troops descending from machines flying high to avoid A.A. fire would stand a better chance of reaching the ground safely by delaying the opening of their parachutes until they were only 600 or 800 ft. above the earth than they would if they floated down slowly for thousands of feet, presenting targets all the time, increasingly so, for every form of fire from below. One offensive ideal envisages a detachment of air infantry leaping out high above the clouds and plunging down as so many human plummets, down, down, like lightning, until right over the arranged landing area, when each man would pull his cord and touch earth in perhaps a couple of minutes at most, thereby taking the enemy or anyone else about completely by surprise.

Men or women dropping at this velocity could watch their neighbours through their goggles and regulate their own delayed openings accordingly. The theory that human beings might lose consciousness when falling for "long" at what is called "terminal velocity," or the highest speed at which a body can fall, around 120 miles an hour, has been exploded. The fact is that jumpers feel no sensation in falling, incredible though that may sound. But for the wind whistling past their ears they would hardly know they were dropping until the earth comes quite close up, when it simply rushes up as if to hit them, until they pull the cord.

But if you start dropping from a great height, anything above 20,000 ft., you must have oxygen apparatus, which complicates things, because one of the biggest parachute dangers concerns getting one's ropes and gadgets tangled.

It takes only about a thousand-feet fall to reach terminal velocity, so that it does not matter if you jump from two miles high or a quarter of a mile only. In a trice you will be falling at the same velocity in either event, and so you will continue to do until opening your parachute. Then what? The popular notion seems to be that a terrific wrench or jerk must follow. After all, try suddenly, in a moment, pulling up a car from a speed of 120 m.p.h. to twelve miles an hour—since that is what happens in the air. If you did that at Brooklands the chances are that somebody would get shot out, to say nothing of a pretty formidable shock, jolt, jar, generally.

Well, in the air things pan out more smoothly. Provided everything functions normally and that there are no special wind and current difficulties, the sudden tug is taken up by the body harness in such a way as to be evenly distributed. The actual touching of ground usually produces about the same impact as a jump from a ten-foot wall—no light impact. The art of contacting the ground has to be cultivated and is one of the first things a pupil is taught. However well padded jumpers may be, injury is of frequent occurrence if fatal injury is rare—the Russians claiming an average of but one death for every million jumps! Million jumps! That is what it is coming to.

When contacting, bodies must be relaxed and ready to roll over, somewhat as one does when playing Rugger. It is also advisable to try to keep facing in the direction in which one is drifting. If one comes down backwards the first essential is to keep the head tucked down on the chest. In a strong wind the whole affair may become perilous owing to spinning and oscillation, which can be checked only by pulling on the shroud lines of the parachute, first on one side and then on the other. And the job goes on even after landing, since one may be "wafted" away again by wind billowing in the chute. So this wind has to be hastily "spilled," which is done by immediately pulling the lines closest to the ground.

So much for landing. Leaving the machine does not call for so much practice or adaptation. Of course there is no use in sending nervy people up, people who lose their heads, get panicked. Steadiness is imperative, as it is also an understood thing that the heart

shall be in order. Youth, health and boldness constitute the requisite trinity for the mass parachuting that is rapidly approaching. (Veterans of the air can be perfectly good jumpers, and often have to be. But they are different. They are air-minded flyers, to start with.) With regard to ordinary jumpers leaving the machine: there is no set or particular way of doing this. Some go backwards, some frontwards. Some head first, some feet. The "posh" way is, perhaps, to imitate the movement of a high dive, chin up, chest thrust out. Pictures of Russian jumping, particularly where women are concerned, show the common-or-garden leap from the roof of a house on fire.

Training requires to be confined to suitable aerial conditions or unexpected happenings can flummox the learner, if not worse. Even when conditions appear to be satisfactory, the oddest things can occur, the atmosphere being capable of almost as many sly tricks as the ocean: queer and sudden occurrences that upset equilibrium, such as unexpected gusts and vortices or patches of unequal atmospheric density. The great expert on the tricks jumpers may have to put up with from the atmosphere is Joe Crane, of Roosevelt Field. Crane has jumped nearly a thousand times, mainly because he likes it, gets a kick, which is satisfactory because parachute jumping has now become his means of livelihood. Crane is a leading member of the Caterpillar Club, which is restricted to airmen who have had to jump to save their lives. So far, membership has reached 850 and is steadily mounting at the rate of about a hundred a year. Very fittingly, the brave young "Flying Fool" of May, 1927, is Caterpillar No. 1, Colonel Lindbergh having had to jump four times for his life before his historic masterpiece of flight was notched up. One of these leaps ended in a smashed shoulder, "Lindy" having to side-slip rapidly to avoid high tension wires—side-slipping being done by pulling down the shroud lines. But to resume with Crane:—

"I have come down on my back in a delayed-opening drop when, for no apparent reason, I have gone into a flat spin—my body on a horizontal plane moving forward and backward and at the same time round a definite point. Airplanes sometimes do the same thing, and there is no way of getting out of such a spin. I doubled up my legs and kicked them out, lifted one shoulder, and turned my head to one side, but it was no use. No amount of wriggling stopped that spin, so I had to open out."

A word on the parachute itself, prior to passing on to more grisly matters of actuality.

There are four types: the seat pack, lap pack, back pack and chest pack. Most pilots prefer the seat pack, because it not only forms a cushion aloft but in certain eventualities could operate likewise elsewhere. Many frequent jumpers carry both seat and lap packs, for the reason that one has been known to fail. Parachutes are of several sizes, usually measuring between twenty and thirty feet in diameter, and are distributed according to the weight of the user and air conditions when he goes up. An average "chute" will account for seventy square yards of Japanese silk, an uncreasing substance, and may cost £50 or £60. It has twenty-four panels, necessitating the very greatest care in packing lest a fatal ripping should later supervene. It may take all of an hour properly to fold and pack away an ordinary "chute."

However much people like Crane or the Russian girls may enjoy parachute jumping as a thrill and a sport, it is as a brand-new offensive weapon in war that we, alas, in this country must first contemplate the new threatened clouding over. What military value may reside in the idea?

Up to the present, we know the Russians have succeeded in landing without casualty (but in carefully selected circumstances) two whole battalions supported by light artillery and tanks, ordnance, transport and stores, and it is admitted that, given the necessary immense number of aircraft, there is no reason why a (*Continued on page 92*)

Winter Complexion

BY ELIZABETH ARDEN

How bright her eyes over the deep fur collar of her coat—how fresh her colouring! For though a biting wind whips her cheeks as she steps across the pavement towards her car, her skin has still the velvety softness of summer. It remains smooth, vivid, un-roughened through the bleakest months. Women who wish to safeguard their complexions through trying winter days will find the following Arden preparations of the greatest service. . . .

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Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

whole division could not be similarly set down. A whole Flying Division! But just what could it accomplish?

Such a swooping force could execute a mammoth raid on the enemy's communications, blowing up dumps, capturing headquarters, cutting communications, and many other nasty things. The known existence of such a *dramatic* force on one side would furthermore severely cramp the opposing side's strategy, and cause large numbers of fighting troops and vital defensive weapons to be withdrawn from the battle areas for the protection of the whole nervous system of the Army. Nothing in this is disputable. Yet there is another angle requiring close scrutiny. What would be the fate of such a force, once it had accomplished its mission? It certainly could never hope to fly back home again: little more than odd elements, that is to say. Its obvious fate would seem to be that of a self-sacrificing organisation, and what a stupendously costly one! Fought to a standstill, surrendering or destroyed. Since, once landed in enemy territory and duly engaged, it could hope to replenish neither its stores nor its ammunition. And in the meantime the opposing air forces would be converging upon it without cessation.

Nevertheless, we stand on the threshold

Parachute

of such appalling possibilities that it would be foolish indeed to dismiss too lightly the revolutionary condition of affairs that might proceed from the boldest use of a Parachute Force, particularly if it could be successfully launched to its task in the dark. Confusion, there would be. But think of the confusion the night parachute jumpers could themselves create!

The foregoing reflections relate to use of a Parachute Force in such a country as France or Germany, crowded European conditions. Less doubt exists concerning results obtainable when we cross, say, to Africa. Clearly a native enemy without an air force, or tribes, or a whole protectorate rising in revolt, would encounter in the Parachute Force, suddenly appearing out of the blue and settling where it pleased, the most formidable of truncheons.

One of France's two parachute units is being based on Algiers, right in the centre of that French North Africa extending from Sousse right round to Agadir, Tunis to Morocco, that is only growing the more turbulent as astonishing Mediterranean history is enacted round and about.

END

Etiquette of the Dinner Party

(*Continued from page* 63)

Here is a suggested menu: Consommé Julienne. . . . Sole Meunière. . . . Roast Duck, Orange Sauce, Green Peas, Potato Straws. . . . Vanilla Soufflé. . . . Coffee.

For *Sole Meunière* toss the prepared fillets in seasoned flour. Heat two ounces of butter in a frying-pan and fry the fish lightly until golden brown. Dish in a hot dish. Add two ounces of butter to the pan, heat until golden brown, flavouring with lemon juice. Pour this over the fish and garnish with finely chopped parsley, slices of thinly cut lemon and a few capers.

Vanilla Soufflé.—Tie a four-fold band of paper round the outside of a plain soufflé tin, letting it stand two inches above the top. Butter both tin and paper. Separate the yolks from the whites of three eggs, whisk the whites stiffly. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan. Add an ounce of flour and cook for a minute, then add a gill of milk and stir briskly until the mixture is thick and leaves the sides of the pan.

Add a tablespoonful of castor sugar and about half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put in the yolks one by one, beat them well in, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into the prepared tin, lay a double piece of greased paper on top and steam *very* gently from forty to fifty minutes, when the soufflé should feel firm to the touch.

When cooked, lift the tin from the pan, take off the band of paper, let the soufflé stand for a few seconds, then turn carefully on to a hot dish. Serve at once with a custard sauce.

John Bull Soars into the Air Age

(*Continued from page* 9)

Britain leads the world in air route mileage, three-fourths of all the million and a half passengers carried during the last year for which we have official figures were transported on American lines.

When the British air mail started in November, 1919, it was experimental. "You have to show us," said the Post Office, getting quite good results from road, rail, and sea transport. The Treasury added: "And we have no money to spare—the air mail will have to pay its own way."

Thus the air mail in the British Empire began, and runs still, on the surcharge system. It cost you 2s. 6d. in those old days to send an air mail letter to Paris. That was a surcharge of 2s. 3½d., allowing 2½d. for the ordinary mail charge. To-day the cost is 4d.—a surcharge of 1½d. The extra charge for letters from England to Australia is 1s. 3d.; to Egypt, 3d.; to South Africa, 4½d. Since March, 1936, there has been no surcharge to Scandinavian countries, and as a result the volume of British-Scandinavian air-borne mail has abruptly and enormously increased.

Thus, by extra charge to help cover cost of carrying letters in air machines, the British air mail has tardily developed. It was 1929 before it reached India, 1931 before it reached East Africa, 1932 before it got to South Africa, 1933 before the air mail reached Malaya on the way to Australia, and 1934 before Australia (that trail was blazed in 12½ days in 1932 by Kingsford Smith in his "Southern Star") was brought into the air mail system.

Given money, incentive, an aggressive policy of encouragement, the air mail—carrying passengers with it—might to-day be where it will be in 1940. But perhaps on a balance of factors it is as well that the pace was not forced.

The first big rises came, oddly yet significantly, as powerful forward surges against the broad world economic tide. The downward curve of the slump years has to be reversed for the air mail. Tonnage rose steadily from the 18 tons of 1928 to 30 tons, 40, 53, 64 and 85 tons. It jumped to 120 tons in 1934, and 188 tons in 1935. The 1936 figure will more than double the 1935 figure.

What it will be in 1937 and 1938 nobody knows. But there is a gauge for guessing. Imperial Airways carried 30,000,000 letters in 1935–36, March to March, against 17,000,000 in the previous 12-months period. It may be 60, 120 or 300 million in the next 12-months period; while neither the Post Office nor Imperial Airways are guessing yet about the 1938–39 and 1939–40 periods, since none can estimate the probable effects of the revolution which is about to occur.

The surcharge system under which the air mail has developed so far is about to disappear. Beginning this year, the whole of the British Empire first-class mail will be air-borne. The 1½d. stamp covers a half-ounce letter, but the weight difference can be compensated by thin air-weight paper and envelope.

It is not easy even by an effort of the imagination to envisage just what the sudden shifting of the Empire first-class mail from

land and sea to air is going to do. For a start, it has provided the economic motive for twenty-nine of the world's biggest, fastest and most luxurious air-liners, machines capable of carrying five tons of mail and twenty-four passengers by day, and sixteen by night, in the utmost luxury. It will, one sees, go on to tighten the bonds of Empire by sharply contracting time distances, and quickening the rhythm of life over that area coloured red on the map, which covers a fourth of the globe and a fourth of the earth's two thousand million inhabitants.

Flying with the air mail when the full 24-hour schedules are operating, a man will be able to reach India in 2½ days, against 5 now; Malaya and South Africa in 4½ days, instead of 8; Australia in 7 days, instead of 12½; and New Zealand in 8 days. He will sleep aboard, for when the whole ground organisation programme is complete, the great air boats will fly day and night, by stages, with regular changes of the crew (on the present boats a commander, first officer, ship's clerk, wireless operator, and two stewards).

Men going about the Empire on their business or pleasure will pick up the mail machines for a one- or two-stage journey, cutting days off their travel time; and these facilities will stimulate inter-Empire air travel as greatly as the American coast-to-coast services have quickened and extended long-distance travel in that enormous country, so that a business man will fly 1,500 miles to spend a week-end with his family, or cross the Continent, 3,000 miles in 24 hours, to have a business conference or see a friend.

The tempo of Empire business life will be changed entirely. Mail day in all the Empire lands is an event. It has dominated business routine since mails began. "Keep out—this is mail day!" "You'll have to work late—we must catch the mail." These old familiar flurries and excitements are already fading under the shadow of the giant flying-boats which will operate a five-day service, one in and one out for every working day—a never-ceasing two-way stream moving at 150 miles an hour over the Empire air routes.

The potentialities are obvious. Inside two years the air mail fleet may have to be enlarged. The more mail and passengers carried, the lower the operating costs; and the lower the operating costs, the lower the passenger fares. One sees the costs of air travel being cut and cut; and the costs of ocean travel forced to follow suit, keeping always below the faster air liner charges. The twenty-nine giant flying-boats can be only a beginning, a first move into one of the greatest adventures of our age.

Ultimately, unless the Empire disintegrates, or the island breed grows soft and loses vigour, grip, the strength to hold what it has, John Bull's mercantile air fleet will be in the skies what his mercantile marine is on the seas (despite all subsidised competition, the British still do the bulk of the world's sea carrying trade).

Nothing can stop this development except one or other or all of the aforesaid supreme disasters.

First it was the landways along which human civilisation developed; and roads held the great military empires together. Then, as men found their way about the great stretches of water dividing the continents, and organised, with infinite pain and toil, the seaways, and the great economic empires grew up to replace the old military empires, ships and sea power became of first importance; and the seaways held together the world of the economic empires. Now we are on a new threshold. Aviation holds the power either to destroy the organisation of the modern world or to carry the minds of men to a larger concept: for we are moving very fast into the age when the airways will surpass both the landways and the seaways, and the race which dominates the airways will either impose its ideas and ideals upon the world or at least will never be obliterated by rival alien civilisations. . . .

It is interesting to look at a map with this thought in mind. Britain is reduced there to her essentially proper proportions: a little island situated (*Continued on page* 94)

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Most people judge by appearance. If your eyes sparkle and your skin is clear and you've got bounding health, then people think you're young. But if you look dull and gloomy and are irritable and depressed, then don't blame people if they think you're old! Yet really, constipation may be to blame.

If you suffer from constipation simply eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day. In chronic cases, eat it with each meal. For ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" that is necessary to exercise the intestines. It also contains Vitamin B to tone the system and iron to enrich the blood.

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in the North Atlantic, but at a strategic point among the continents and oceans of the world. It is easy to see how her air development has been hampered by the very geographical factors which, in the long run —granted that she is not overwhelmed by a combination of superior hostile air and sea forces in the interim phase—must advantage her.

The Americans have had the economic advantage of an enormous continent in which to operate. They have been able to run paying trans-continental services. There has been a demand for them, and a network of air lines has grown up around that demand. But all Britain's distances lie outside her island, and over immense stretches of sea, or athwart foreign countries.

However, she is the only State with great world distances to bridge, and consequently the incentive to build, not only machines, but an organisation and a service of disciplined and tradition-guided men to bridge them. She is, further, the only State able to operate either a trans-Atlantic air service or a round-the-world air service without having to negotiate an agreement with a foreign country.

Plans for an all-red route for the transportation of mail and passengers across the North Atlantic have been made. The service is by way of Ireland and Newfoundland to Montreal. Canada has contracted with Britain and the Irish Free State to furnish an air service from the Montreal airport to the Pacific Ocean as a connecting link in an all-British air route around the world.

But economic facts are as important as political facts in this air transport business; and the economic fact is that Britain and America need one another in world airways development. Britain holds the keys to the Atlantic, the United States the keys to the Pacific. The British trans-Atlantic air service would not be an economic proposition unless it tapped the reservoir of mails and passengers in the United States, the world's biggest economic organism. There will have to be a line down from Montreal to New York, and in the plan for this air line there is a line down.

Economic, if not geographical, facts are forcing Anglo-American co-operation. In the days to come this may possibly be seen as providing a turning-point in human history. The Americans may have machines, pilots, organisation; but they have no base in the Old World, and they cannot be sure of any base on the other side of the Pacific without agreement with one or other of the two dominant Powers in the East, Japan and Britain. In short, while Britain, so long as she retains her empire, has a string of air bases sufficient to operate regular air services right around the planet, America is isolated in her continent unless she cares to co-operate with one or other of the Powers whose political problems she insists mean nothing to her, and whose clashes she asserts are none of her business.

These international politics cannot be eliminated from any intelligent survey of air development to-day, or to-morrow; nor, beneath the surface, are they being eliminated. There is active co-operation to-day between Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways in regard both to the Atlantic and the Pacific air routes. If Imperial Airways is going to get the cream of the Atlantic traffic, Pan-American Airways wants the *quid pro quo* of the cream of the Pacific traffic. Unless any conflict arises, we shall see John Bull's air lines going out from Singapore to Hong Kong and Canton, and thence in co-operation with Pan-American lines over the Pacific.

The American Pacific air service is already in operation. It is as yet a pioneer affair, with dawn take-offs and late night descents, making things very exhausting for the traveller. The longest hop, the 2,410 miles from San Francisco to Honolulu, is an overnight journey, the longest but the easiest, afternoon of one day to sunrise of the next. The next longest is Guam-Manila, 12 hours 18 minutes. The shortest is Midway to Wake Island, 1,192 miles in 8 hours

John Bull Soars into the Air Age

41 minutes. You travel by the China Clipper flying-boats, and on two stages find yourself resting in scratch airway-line hotels, one on a mid-ocean cable relay station, and the other on what was an uninhabited island before the Pan-American started its project. But all these rigours will be mitigated, if not eliminated, during the next year or two, mainly by the advent of improved flying-boats, larger and faster, and the development at the ocean stations of a considerable tourist traffic, staying over for a week or two to fish and otherwise amuse itself in what will become favoured air route playgrounds.

The big flying-boats are being brought along fast—but not too fast while the Zeppelins are in the air. In the current phase, the Zeppelins are beating the flying-boats. Measuring their China Clipper against the Hindenburg, the Americans found that it took them 100 hours to get from Pernambuco, Brazil, to Miami, owing to refuelling and overnight stops, while the airship, going night and day, carried 25 passengers and several tons of mail and freight over the same stretch in 61 hours.

The airship makers assert that they can make their ships any size. But it is improbable that they can progress beyond a certain speed; and once the long-distance day-and-night ground and terminal organisation programme is completed, the airships will lose the advantage they at present possess through being able to go on flying non-stop for nearly 9,000 miles. It is also unlikely that they will be able to keep up with the new air speeds of 200 and 250 miles an hour. Their size, and owing to their size their unwieldiness in ground handling, also in the long run are going to operate to their disadvantage.

Nevertheless, the achievement of the Zeppelins is impressive enough for the makers of the big flying-boats not to be able to take any chances with them. The Hindenburg has been shuttling across the Atlantic in all summer-season weathers in regular passenger and cargo trips; and it has reached a top speed of 150 miles an hour, utilising tail winds—a speed approximating the cruising speed of the new 200 m.p.h. (top speed) Imperial Airways flying-boats.

The Zeppelin men's idea at present is to reach out west and east, linking their German base to San Francisco along the easterly route, and to New York along the westerly route, the intervening land stretch of 3,000 miles across the American continent being bridged by a fast American-line plane service working in conjunction with the Zeppelin company.

Strange to think, as one surveys the mighty vista of the air age opening out—and reflects that to-day one can fly from New York to the Argentine in 4½ days instead of the 17 days required by steamship, and from 'Frisco to the Philippines in 2½ days instead of the 21 days by boat, and that the Atlantic has been crossed in under 14 hours—that it is only 33 years since the Wright brothers made their first successful power-driven flight, and realised man's age-old dream of flying!

Even now the potentialities of the airplane are only partly recognised. For the most part men think of it in terms of its power to destroy. As a vehicle for man's progress it remains still on the threshold of the human imagination.

But in fact we have only scratched the surface of air possibilities in the constructive realm. There is no doubt that, provided our civilisation is not going to be destroyed by the air machine, human life will be revolutionised by the expansion of air services approximating to the development of road, rail and sea services.

The air liners we shall live to see will have the comfort of the sea liner, but will make the passage from Southampton to New York in little more than the time it takes to move by train and boat from London to Paris. They will be powered with grouped motors of 10,000 horse-power, able to lift 100 tons, and cruise at 250 miles an hour, with a range of 5,000 miles. They will be big and seaworthy

enough to make emergency ascents and descents in rough seas.

Extension of our knowledge of metals and oil will obliterate the risk of engine failure and of fire, and provide us with more power for less weight.

The risks and difficulties that we were once told were insuperable—structural failure, high cost of operation, wind, storm, fog, the night—all these have been swept aside by workers in engineering research shops, metallurgical, chemical and aeronautical laboratories, meteorological stations. The cutting tool of the human brain and will is now being applied to the next strata of problems: landing in fog, flying in below-zero weather, achievement of aerodynamic control at slowest speeds, elimination of vibration and noise, lower costs, the development of high-altitude flying in order to increase speed and fly above storm areas.

Lindbergh and other forward-looking investigators and technicians in the air realm regard high-altitude flight as the next big step in the evolution of flying. They investigate every important altitude experiment—from the Goddard liquid-propelled rocket to gyroscopic control to achieve stability for a jet-propelled projectile—which promises to shed light on the possibility of projecting mail in a jet-propelled, radio-controlled rocket through the stratosphere, and cutting the time distances possible by the fastest of contemporary airplanes by anything from a half to a sixth through the use of oxygen-conditioned or supercharged machines moving through the upper air strata at what now seem the incredible speeds of 500 and 700 miles an hour.

The important thing for us anyway is that, with a new economic incentive, the British Empire airways should now grow swiftly, the organisation—airports, beacons, directional wireless, improved weather forecasting—keeping pace.

The whole rhythm of human life, and of human change, is quickening. Men have indeed grown wings, and John Bull is leading the flight into the adventurous kingdom of the skies.

Women I'd Like To Be

(*Continued from page* 31)

house, I should like to be Naomi Mitchison, especially as she leaves it all whenever she feels she must go and have a look at another country.

Most of all, I should like to be Gertrude Lawrence.

Maybe she isn't a happy and contented woman, like most of the others I envy. I don't know her well enough to ask such a leading question, but I do know what a nice, warm, cosy feeling she gives everyone with whom she comes in contact

There is no one with just Gertie's gift of making you feel immediately that you are better looking, better dressed and wittier than you are. Incidentally, there aren't many people who are wittier or better dressed than she is.

Unlike Marlene Dietrich, whose affectations are a whole-time business for her and everyone else, Gertrude Lawrence's are gay bits of nonsense, popped on to amuse like a silly hat, and taken no more seriously.

Her chi-chi is part of her charm, but it doesn't stop her being utterly natural and sincere at the same time. She has courage, too. Not the sort that would enable her to fly to Australia, but the courage it takes to see the whole of your life destroyed, and start again.

In one year she had enough troubles, serious illness, financial worries and all the rest, to quench the gaiety and vitality and sense of comedy which are her greatest gifts as an actress.

Yet she came right back in "To-Night at 8.30," as ever the most enchanting, attractive and lovely woman on the stage.

Because of her looks, her brains, her talent, her tremendous capacity for hard work, her charm and her courage, I would like to be, more than anyone in the world, sweet Gertrude Lawrence.

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Lady Moresby's Secret

(*Continued from page* 45)

She lay awake for a long time, a graceful, silken, almost voluptuous figure, watching the stars in the mystery of night. She moved restlessly. Bill was utterly impossible. She had always realised it, but matters seemed to have come to a head without any apparent reason. He seemed to expect to receive everything from her, simply because he signed the cheques which she needed. Her youth and beauty could pass unappreciated; her thoughts did not matter. He obviously considered that he had bought all those things with his money. Her eyes narrowed at the idea. Bill definitely needed a lesson. But, as a woman, she realised that her husband was not the type of man who would profit by any lesson. If he discovered the least hint of a scandal, he would ruin her utterly, ruthlessly. Well, she must use her wits, and Bill must not even suspect such a thing as a mild flirtation. The determination to really live, to find her own interest, was strong within her, as she snuggled down into the pillows.

For the following two days she waited, half hoping, half fearing, and then she received a letter at her club, a tactful note, charming, grateful and begging, pleading for one more meeting. Perhaps she was unwise; perhaps she sensed, in her inner self, that Fate was for her synonymous with Basil Ridley. The heart can sometimes realise these things before the brain. Anyway, she met him, not once, but twice and three times, and something seemed to have changed within her. She was more vivacious, more intense; but there was one thing which irritated far more than before. Each night the complacency of her husband grew more and more unbearable. Sometimes she felt that she could scream at him "You fool! you poor fool! I'm falling in love with another man and you think that I am dependent upon you!"

And then, one night, she wondered for a ghastly moment, just how much Sir William Moresby knew. She had spent the afternoon with Basil and, as it is so often with love, time stood still. She arrived back very late for dinner, and pleaded the fact that she had mistaken the hour.

He gazed at her for a moment and said:

"My dear, one of these days you will lose your reputation through mistaking the hands of your watch." Then he went on cracking nuts and, for the first time, his very impersonality made her afraid.

She was very attentive to him that evening, very sweet, very womanly, while she kept telling herself that his remark was merely a shot in the dark—a meaningless coincidence, and nothing more. She made up her mind that she would be more careful in future, that by no deed or word would she arouse his suspicions. But, unfortunately, in this world it is human to underestimate one's own weaknesses, and Lady Moresby's "affair" would have become public news if it had not been for the kindly discretion of Fate. It came about in this way.

A CABLEGRAM lay on the breakfast table a few mornings later, requesting the presence of Sir William at a business conference in Sweden, much to his annoyance. However, it was unavoidable and it meant a trip of at least three days, starting that very morning. The idea of his wife accompanying him simply did not occur to him. His is the type that finds the Continent more interesting when travelling singly. She drove up to town with him and telephoned Basil an hour or so after his departure.

They had decided, early in their relations, that restaurants were too risky, and it was her habit, when lunching with him, to do so in the privacy of his flat. She went there now, and he greeted her with that warmth of feeling and adoration which sometimes seemed to leave her almost breathless. His arms tightened around her when she told him the news of her husband's departure, and he whispered to her that his dreams were coming true, one by one. Over the lunch table they were very happy. But, in every plan they made for their entertainment and enjoyment arose the same difficulty—friends and acquaintances.

Suddenly his face lit up. "Darling," he exclaimed, "we've overlooked the easiest way of all! The South of France awaits you!"

"Basil! Are you mad? My husband will be back in three days!"

"Of course, my dear," he replied. "But, among my few accomplishments, I have earned my certificate as a pilot. We could fly there—just you and I—this afternoon, arriving there early this evening. We could return to-morrow night or the morning after. It would be wonderful, unforgettable."

"No! No! It's utterly impossible. Besides, I know people at Monte Carlo and Nice, and all along the Riviera. My dear, I'm afraid that it is out of the question."

For a moment his gaze flickered appraisingly over her piquant face and softly moulded figure.

"Now, Helen, just listen to me for a while. Of course all the fashionable resorts are out of the question. But I know a place, a tiny villa-inn, high up in the hills near the Italian border. It will be gay with flowers and sunlight now. Hardly anyone ever goes there, and the ordinary tourist does not even know of its existence. Oh, my dear"—he came and knelt by her chair and lifted one hand in his—"everything would be so peaceful, so quiet. Just you and the flowers and the sea."

She bent down and kissed his lips.

"It could be wonderful, Basil; but my husband would know that I had been away for two days. One of the servants might mention it, quite naturally. There doesn't seem to be any way out, my dear."

"Is there no woman friend whom you can rely on? Someone who would say that you had been staying with her because you found the house too lonely?"

"Well, I only know one woman whom I can really trust, and that's Molly Beresford. I have known her for years and she hates Bill like poison."

"Then, my dear, there is the last of our difficulties solved. Go round and see her now. Surely, as a woman, she'll understand and help you. You can do some quick shopping with her, as we'll both have to travel pretty light, and I'll arrange to borrow or hire a plane. Helen, this means two days of utter happiness, two unearthly, beautiful days."

"Oh, Basil, it's impossible, absolutely impossible! I cannot go with you. It's out of the question completely and utterly!"

THEY left by plane at seven o'clock that evening.

Two days, two soft, romantic nights, with the warm air heavy in the aroma of the gardenias, mystic scent of sensuality and Death.

Long, dark hours, while the light of the moon steals quietly up the pale columns of the little villa and the fragrance of the flowers makes tender murmuring lips throb with the joy of life.

Then, England once again.

Her husband arrived just twenty-four hours later, well satisfied with his trip to the Continent; and, rather to her own surprise, she found that she could greet him without the slightest feeling of nervousness. At tea she told him quite calmly that she had been away for two days, and went into further ecstasies about Molly Beresford's flat. He quickly became bored and changed the subject; and she knew that the danger point was passed.

Now was her chance to get invitations for Basil to attend their future parties; for his presence would make the difference between boredom and excitement.

"By the way, Bill," she said, "I have carried out a small commission for you."

"Really? What might that be?"

"Well, Molly is a friend of that man I told you about—you know, the investor

man. His name is Ridley, and I've got his address for you in case you want to ask him here to talk business. I rather hope that you won't, because it will be horribly boring for me. Why cannot these business people go to your office ? "

" You leave that kind of thing to me, my dear. A good dinner and a nice brand in cigars can go a long way towards mutual satisfaction. You've met the fellow and I haven't, so you had better send him an invitation for dinner for, say, next Wednesday evening. Then we can have a chat."

" I will, if you want me to. But, Bill, don't let him stay here all the evening. I'm afraid it's going to be terribly dreary." She smiled inwardly, as she spoke. Basil and the word " dreary " were utter strangers.

She wrote him a note sending the invitation and warning him of the part he had to play. Basil came and acted his part perfectly. He showed a surprising knowledge of business, and sometimes she had the greatest difficulty not to laugh when he passed the most commonplace remarks in her direction. The evening passed slowly ; but, for her, it was of intense interest. Her admiration for Basil grew to a point of pride, and his formal English good-bye was a veritable work of art.

Bill expressed his approval afterwards, and she felt that she had gained her object. Her husband would certainly send him invitations to their various parties, and especially for the dance that they were giving at the house in a week's time.

As she lay in bed that night, she realised that she had come to accept both husband and lover as part of her present life.

They met next day and laughed together about the previous evening. Basil had summed up her husband very well and gave her every gentle little attention as an unspoken sign of his understanding. She told him of the dance to be given during the next week, and that an invitation would be sent to him.

" I'll accept with pleasure on one consideration," he replied.

" And that is ? "

" That you will spare twenty minutes for me alone. I'll say good-bye to your husband just after midnight, collect my things and officially leave. Then I'll go straight on to the terrace, where we had coffee last night, and please, dear lady, let me find you there. It will amply pay for all the acting during the earlier part of the evening, and you can easily say that you took a breath of air. A very natural thing to do on these warm summer nights. Promise me just that, my dear."

" Yes. I promise," she replied. " But it will have to be a very short twenty minutes, I'm afraid. You understand, don't you, darling ? "

" Of course. Please look particularly ravishing for me that night, my dearest. I always think of you in green. Will you wear that for me ? "

" I'll wear green just for you," she whispered, as his arms stole around her and his lips gently touched her eyes.

A LARGE number of people were expected, and she dressed on the evening of the ball with that minute attention to detail which was, in itself, a compliment to Basil's taste. But the thought of her husband was in no sense an inspiration as she put the finishing touches to the wave of her hair, and studied the effect in the glass from every angle. Now came the great moment.

She reached for a black case which lay on the dressing-table, opened it, and green fire seemed to leap from within the satin depth. There they lay, glittering, scintillating, gleaming. A string of magnificent emeralds, perfectly matched in colour and in size. The Moresby jewels !

She let them play through her fingers like a vivid cascade. Then, raising her soft arms, she placed the gems around her neck, where they seemed to glow with renewed fire against the whiteness of her skin.

A perfect colour scheme. The dainty shoes, the exquisitely modelled gown, the long pendant ear- (*Continued on page* 98)

Jeune Fille turns into lovely lady in three days

MILDRED, LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE

AT SIXTEEN she was a slim fair girl who escaped from house and town whenever she could—to ride her pony up hill and down dale.

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rings; all seemed to carry on the tints of the emeralds. Even the colour of her eyes seemed to be veiled in green that night. Alluring night. Bewitching eyes.

She knew that she looked superb, and for a moment her heart warmed towards Bill. After all, he had given her the emeralds. Some women would have sold their souls and their honour, she thought, just to feel that precious weight around their necks.

One last touch of perfume and the *tout ensemble* would be perfect; for a woman without scent is like a bird without a song. Then she went down to await the arrival of the guests.

Basil was one of the last to arrive. Quiet, suave, and just that intimate touch of possessive deference which is the diaphanous tribute of a lover to his mistress.

The dinner was a great success and, very soon, people began to drift towards the ballroom, lured by the strains of a well-syncopated dance band. Only occasionally during the evening did they both dance together, and then they merely talked of the most conventional matters in the most conventional way. Except once, when he quickly whispered:

"Remember, dear, just after twelve on the terrace!"

She scarcely nodded, and her eyes did not even lift to his face.

By twelve o'clock, two or three of the guests had already left, and a few more were preparing to depart, Basil among them. He thanked her very nicely for the evening, while his eyes, for one tiny second, smiled into her own. Then, having made his adieu to Sir William, he left the house in company with one or two other early departures. Dimly, she heard his car passing down the drive and her senses quickened with that fateful feeling of adventure.

She danced three more dances, one with her husband, and then she felt that she had allowed enough time. Choosing her moment, she slipped out to the terrace. It was gloriously desolate. The moon had etched the world in black and silver, and the mottled light fell with a wistful radiance on the marble balustrade. The faint strains of the orchestra in the ballroom seemed to emphasise the stillness.

Her heart seemed to stop beating, as a dark figure detached itself from a heavily-blossomed clump of hydrangeas and climbed swiftly on to the terrace.

In a moment Basil's arms were around her, holding her close. He whispered to her of her beauty, of the fascination of the solitude with her. Then he held her at arm's length, and gazed at her without speaking. And she realised, suddenly, so suddenly, that the orchestra had ceased to play.

"Basil—they've stopped!" she gasped. "Why have they stopped?"

He looked at her for a moment longer and his eyes were inscrutable, then turned towards the French windows; and she followed him across the moon-bathed swarth of marble.

One glance into the ballroom, and she stood like a statue carved from stone and watched, with horrified eyes, the cause of the sudden silence.

Her husband and the guests were herded in a bewildered flock against the wall, while several men, clad in dark suits and carrying in their right hands objects which gleamed like blue-black steel, hurried among them. She watched them tearing off necklaces, snatching rings. The silence was appalling. She heard the pattering cascade as a rope of pearls broke and fell to the floor.

Lady Moresby's Secret

One woman lay in a dead faint.

Then Basil's firm hand led her back into the shadows, and, wildly, she turned to him.

"Basil! My emeralds! They must not get them! Oh, what are we going to do!"

"Let me take them for you, darling," he replied.

"No! No! I'll slip them down my dress. If I stand as still as possible, they won't fall through."

"Come, Helen, it's silly to take that risk! Let me have them!"

"No! I'd rather keep them on me. I feel that they're safer here."

"But, dear lady, I must *insist!*"

A pair of quick hands encircled her throat; a jerk, and the green stones, flashing in the moonlight, dangled from Basil's fingers.

"But I—I don't understand," she gasped. "Have you gone mad?"

"No! No! my dear; you will understand. Think carefully before you say *too* much to the police. You looked wonderful to-night!"

He smiled at her very softly. Then, with two quick steps, he leapt over the balustrade and, swiftly crossing the moonlit lawn, vanished towards the river.

THE tall, grey-eyed young man, known to some people as Basil Ridley, stood in the stern of the motor-boat, watching the brilliantly lit house, as it receded in the moon-dappled darkness of the night. A flurry of foam marked the rapid progress of the boat, and it heaved and strained to the throb of its engine.

His companion, a stockily built man clad in black, took his pipe out of his mouth.

"What did you do about the car, sir?" he asked.

"Tommy collected it at the entrance gate," the tall man answered. "By the way, are all the men safely on board? I can only make out seven of them."

"That's all right, sir! Ginger is lying out on the bows. He never could abide the perfume these 'ere women use."

"Then that is a profitable piece of business nicely carried out," said the tall man, as he lit a cigarette.

"Ah, that's all very well, sir," the stocky man exclaimed; "but what about the lady? She's seen you and they'll be hunting you from coast to coast."

"I think not, my good Fletching! You do me a deep injustice. I have here—" and he tapped his breast-pocket, "six sweet, intimate letters and they happen to be written by the lady in question. Sir William Moresby is, unfortunately, a very narrow-minded man. I cannot show them to you, as they are of a somewhat sentimental nature, and bring back most fragrant memories. I am quite certain that the lady is now describing me to the police as a short, bow-legged man, with a heavy Scotch accent!"

"I'm beginning to understand; but I don't get it all," his companion said, in a puzzled voice.

"No, Fletching, I don't expect you to understand. But a woman's reputation is, sometimes, of even more value to her than a string of emeralds."

The tall man stood in silence for a moment; then flicked his half-smoked cigarette into the dark water streaming by.

Motionless, he watched the lighted windows of the distant house, as it passed slowly from view around a bend of the gurgling river.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 53)

of the trip to the post office already mentioned, he was held up by bad weather for two days and three nights in a tent with indescribably dirty natives, four of them children who never ceased to scream. During all this time, when it was too cold for anyone to leave the tent, he had a raging toothache. Yet the idea of turning back seems not to have crossed his mind.

THE sub-title of Mr. John Brophy's *Ilonka Speaks of Hungary* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is "Personal Impressions and an Interpretation of the National Character," but the book may be more briefly described as an introduction to a holiday in Hungary. It is easy to read, and adorned with photographs, and succeeds in its object of transferring to the reader something of the author's enthusiasm for a beautiful country

still, thanks to a language difficult to learn, resistant to cosmopolitanism.

Very close on the heels of his last book, *The Gentleman of the Party*, comes Mr. A. G. Street's *Moonraking* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.), a rather vague volume of sketches intended for those readers who are known, no less vaguely, as nature-lovers. Mr. Street himself seems uncertain why he wrote the book. His books are always pleasant companions, but his growing reputation will not be assisted by his latest effort.

Crazy Campaign (Routledge, 12s. 6d.) means the Italo-Abyssinian War, and is an account by an eye-witness attached to the Italian forces—Mr. Mortimer Durand, representing the *Daily Telegraph*. In spite or because of the angle from which he saw the course of events, Mr. Durand maintains a detached, even at times a cynical attitude towards the ideals and mistakes of both sets of combatants. His very interesting book is a strong antiseptic to sentimentality, righteous indignation, and any kind of belief, whether in the white man's mission, the coloured man's simple innocence, the protestations of leaders or the definiteness of headlines. Here a good journalist speaks his mind. The occurrence is not common, and is worth noting by those who think that journalists are naturally nsationalists.

A CHARMINGLY produced volume, very cheap at the price, is *Coconut Island*, by Robert Gibbings (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.). The story may be briefly described as a scendant of *The Swiss Family Robinson*, t it contains a good deal more humour than at famous work, and has the further advange of being much shorter. It deals with adventures of a boy and his sister, shipecked on a South Sea Island. Amusing l fresh as the story is, one of the most leasing features of the book is the author's ll as an engraver. There are no fewer than enty-three examples of his art, and they eatly enliven the already lively journey.

The supply of novels dwindled, as usual, wards the end of the year, but among the t batch were two stories which should not overlooked. *Old Heart Goes on a Journey* tnam, 7s. 6d.) is by Hans Fallada, the thor of *Little Man, What Now*. It is a ry with a plot which has been used, and timentalised, many times before—the old fessor and the daughter of a dead friend. is a plot which might almost be described rotten with age. But to a good writer all plots are new, and Herr Fallada can make the reader forget that he has ever encountered this one before.

The Lovely Girl, by Alec Brown (Boriswood, 6d.), has also a dangerously popular theme, for the heroine quite early in the book wins a beauty prize and becomes Miss England. But Mr. Brown has a disinfectant touch, and his story is in no way the ordinary novel of the girl who becomes a film star. His characters do not come to life very swiftly or very easily, but the well-planned structure of the story sustains the reader's interest throughout this long novel.

TO-DAY everybody seems to have views on interior decoration; but the odd thing is that all their views are the same. The windows of the upholsterers and furniture dealers are laid out in the modern style, but though they appear, at first glance, so original, they are indistinguishable save for the name above them. There has never been a time in my memory when so much effort has been directed towards giving us original surroundings, and homes have been so standardised. Mr. Derek Patmore's *I Decorate My Home* (Putnam, 8s. 6d.) is assured in advance of a wide welcome, since every second person is an amateur in his profession. But his contribution to the common problem is not great. His best suggestions, as illustrated, are apt to involve structural alterations, and thus lead to considerable expense. His more economical hints, on the other hand, differ little if at all from those offered by the shop windows (see above). Still, of course, some people don't live near shops.

END

FIRE DOWN BELOW
Out in the Far East things began to go wrong. Only little things but they didn't escape the captain's eye. Then, as the voyage neared its end, came the cry - FIRE . . . .
SHANGHAI
WHY DID YOU LET THOSE COOLIES RIG THAT DERRICK BY THEMSELVES? USE YOUR EYES Mr. HYDE.
SORRY, SIR. IT LOOKED O.K. TO ME.
BOUND FOR VLADIVOSTOK
30 MILES OUT IN YOUR NOON POSITION. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU Mr. HYDE? YOU'D BETTER SWALLOW THE ANCHOR AND SET UP FOR A FARMER.
SECOND DOG WATCH
...FEELING UNDER THE WEATHER. TO THE YOUR MEDICINE KNOCK ME DROP OF TONIC.
DOC. WHACKED WIDE. BROACH CHEST AND UP A
SO YOU WANT ME TO WORK A MIRACLE? WELL -I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S WRONG. NIGHT— STARVATION. YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH ENERGY. YOU FORGET THAT SLEEP USES UP ENERGY AS WELL AS WORK. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...
WHAT'S YON YE'RE MIXING? GROG?
HORLICK'S FOR THE MATE. HAS IT EVERY NIGHT NOW, REGULAR. AND YOU'D HAVE A BIGGER PAY OFF IF YOU WAS TO STICK TO HORLICK'S.
THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF NO. 5 HATCH, SIR. IT'S GOT AFIRE SOMEHOW.
ALL HANDS MUSTER! FIRE STATIONS! ALL HANDS MUSTER!
WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE, Mr. HYDE. NOW YOU'D BETTER GET A BIT OF SLEEP—YOU'LL NEED IT AFTER THE LAST TWO DAYS.
LEADENHALL ST.
THE CAPTAIN SPOKE VERY FAVOURABLY OF YOU, Mr. HYDE; PARTICULARLY DURING THE FIRE. WITHOUT PROMISING ANYTHING, IT'S ON THE CARDS THAT YOU'LL GET A COMMAND OF YOUR OWN IN A VOYAGE OR TWO.
WELL SIR, YOU'LL GET A GOOD MAN, AND I'LL LOSE A GOOD CHIEF OFFICER.

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MUCH MORE THAN MILK ALONE CAN GIVE

Red Gods of Russia

(*Continued from page 55*)

effect that when Trotsky was Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army, and was in the field against the anti-Red Army led by Admiral Kolchak (who was backed by Great Britain and France), Stalin was denied entrance to Trotsky's tent, but that Stalin forced his way past a sentry. These stories are told, behind locked doors, by the same people who say that Stalin is really not Russian at all, but a Georgian—which is like saying a man is not an Englishman, but a Welshman—and that Stalin cannot speak Russian.

These are the stories; they may or may not be true, but the fact remains that Josef Stalin did not become a member of the Russian Communist Party until May, 1927. He was, nevertheless, one of the five who directed the policy of the Revolution, and one of the seven who organised it. Stalin then became Secretary-General of the Communist Party of Russia. That is the post he holds to-day. He has no governmental position; nevertheless, he is the supreme controller of Russia. He is neither the President of the Soviet Republic of Russia nor the Prime Minister, but yet he has more power than the two combined. It is a curious situation. Hitler is both President and Prime Minister; Stalin is neither, but he has more power than Hitler. Stalin is the world's most powerful Dictator. And at the same time he is the world's Number One Man of Mystery.

When the English sixteen-year-old Railway Queen visited Russia in the spring of 1936 she went to see Stalin's twelve-year-old daughter. There is no picture in existence of this child. She is said to have long braided plaits of black hair, but nobody knows whether she is as beautiful as her dead mother, who was beautiful indeed. The few who have seen Stalin's daughter say she is "very polite and nice"; she has a room of her own (no doubt the only child in Russia who can boast of having a room of her own) and all her toys are home-made. The child has no foreign clothes or finery of any description. Stalin means steel, and wherever one sees a new steel building being built, sure enough there is to be seen a picture of Stalin on the unfinished building. The favourite picture shows Stalin clasping a child in his arms, a girl child. Whose child is it? Nobody knows.

I have been asked whether Stalin is really a strong man, or whether, as is sometimes said, he is a god with feet of clay. Stalin can hardly be that. He is not a brilliant orator, but his speeches are very well reasoned, although they may be said to be dull. Stalin reads a lot, but his reading is of the heavy type. He has personally sponsored the plans for collective farms, and other plans of a similar sort. In politics Stalin is what they call an opportunist; he overthrows his opponents, but he does not mind lifting pieces of their programmes.

Peace or war for Russia is a choice that Stalin must make; it is comforting, therefore, to find that he is a man of peace; even his opponents admit this. He wants to keep Russia out of trouble, and this I believe to be true. Russia fears Germany and Germany fears Russia, but I believe that Germany cannot fight for some years to come, and Russia does not want to.

Stalin, according to what I learned, is a man with a purpose; a man with driving force, and no doubt with very considerable intelligence. He is of rather a jumpy temperament and of a simple nature. Stalin is perhaps more feared than respected, but as time goes by he is more and more a Red god, second, indeed, to nobody but the late Nicholas Lenin, whose disciple Stalin was and is. It should be noted that all Stalin has done, the changes he has made, have been on the lines of what the Father of the Russian Revolution did. Lenin never minded experimenting. Trotsky was against experiments; for him there was always revolution. Stalin really does want the Russian people to get something of material benefit out of the Revolution, something besides speeches and millions of words.

Stalin is seen very seldom in public, although I have seen him wearing khaki and standing on the saluting base in Red Square. The saluting base is the platform on the top of Lenin's Tomb. The two Red gods of Russia, one below ground and the other very much on top.

From time to time there come reports of the Dictator's ill-health; the reports invariably come from countries other than Russia. Moscow seldom comments on the stories. This does not necessarily mean they are not true. Overwork and strain make many leading Russians crack up. If Stalin, chief of the Russian Red Gods, falls out, what will happen to Russia?

Russia will carry on. It is impossible to forecast a definite successor. Maybe there will not be a Dictator, but the government of Russia will remain in the hands of those who were chosen to govern it—the President of the Republic and the Premier—although in Russia many people believe that on account of the unsettled state of Europe, a new strong man may arise in the person of Voroshilov, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army. Voroshilov, formerly an officer in the Czarist Army, may be said to be the second of the Red Gods. His power and his popularity are great, although he is overshadowed now by Stalin.

I have been asked many questions about the forces Voroshilov commands, whether the troops are well-conditioned, whether they are warlike. To answer the second question first, the human material of the Red Army appears to be exceedingly warlike, but it must be remembered that the Russian Army of to-day, like the German Army of to-day, consists of young men who know nothing about war, except in theory; war to them is just an adventure, and both Germany and Russia were defeated nations. Russia, one of Britain's allies, lost far more of her territories than did defeated Germany.

I have been asked whether Russia seeks expansion, whether she wishes to get back her lost territories. I do not believe so. I think that the Red Government of Russia will devote all its energies to keeping what she holds to-day, but she will undoubtedly fight if threatened by a nation which seeks territory belonging to Russia.

One of the mistakes the world outside of Russia makes is confusing the Russian Communist Party with Russia. Out of 170,000,000 Russians, fewer than 3,000,000 are members of the Party. It is possible that many other millions are favourably inclined towards the Party, but it is certain that if such a thing as a free vote were possible, there would be an overwhelming vote against the Party. Yet if a nation attacks, it will be attacking Russia; only incidentally will the Communist Party be hit, and Russia will arise and fight, not for the Communist Party, but for Russia. Should such a moment come, women will be found in the ranks with their men, fighting for a country they love. I have spoken many times with many people who hate the present government of Russia, but not one ever gave voice to a statement other than what I have reported.

There are people who want to know some particulars of the Red Army. I give the following report from a Russian source. All dogs with pedigrees have to be registered and undergo military training. They start training at the age of ten months, and thereafter the dogs undergo training two months every year. They are trained for two or three hours three times a week. If there is nobody in the home of the dog's owners who can give the dog home training, then a local Pioneer (Boy Scout) is allotted to look after the dog.

Training consists of teaching the dog implicit obedience: to jump obstacles, to run or walk, to carry surgical bandages, to find an injured person, and then to return to its base and lead a person to the place where the injured person is.

Every month the dog's owners receive

a progress report. When there was a shortage of meat in Russia, when parents could not obtain meat for their children, the Government, in order to prevent the military trained dogs from starving to death, opened special shops for the sale of horse meat at reduced prices.

About half of the rank and file of the Red Army are members of the Communist Party; nearly three-quarters of the officers are members, and all the members of the high command have to be. There are secret Communist "cells" in the Army to report on the doings and sayings of men who are not members. Apart from the Army and Militia, there is a Workers' Army, which is armed with modern rifles and which marches on holiday occasions with the Red Army. It does not wear any uniform. The Women's Army, likewise, has no uniform.

I have been asked to state how Stalin, the Red God Number One, wields his power. To explain this it is necessary to say a few words about the machine which governs the country. A village soviet elects a delegate to the district. The district soviet elects delegates to the local state, and the state elects a delegate to the Workers' Congress, which meets in Moscow and elects members who can take office. Josef Stalin is the Secretary General of the Communist Party, practically the controller of the Party, although were he not strong he could not control the Party as he does; his official position does not give him that power.

But through the Communist Party Stalin is able to wield political power; this power must be carried out through the police and, if necessary, through the Army, which would be called upon to put down a revolt. Behind the police is the secret police, and although the title of the secret police has changed, it is still the self-same terrorist police of the days of the Czar. The Communists did not invent the secret police; it was already in existence when they overthrew the Czar. Even some of the chief officials of the present are the same men who held office in the past. That is how Stalin wields his power.

There are other Red Gods, and although little is heard of them outside of Russia, they play quite an important part in the country. There is Kalinin, who was chosen by Lenin to be President of Russia. His job was very important; he had to travel hundreds of thousands of miles, keeping in touch with remote villages and isolated Army detachments, to see that they understood the aims of the Government; to cheer up those who were down in the dumps; telling the hungry they would soon be getting food, telling the farmers they would soon have some farm implements. The reason Lenin chose Kalinin for the job of being President of the Russian United Soviet and Socialist Republic was a simple one: he could milk a cow and run a factory engine. In his youth he both ploughed the fields and milked the cows. Then he went to St. Petersburg and became a mechanic. He mingled with the revolutionists and so came under the notice of the First Red God: Nicholas Lenin.

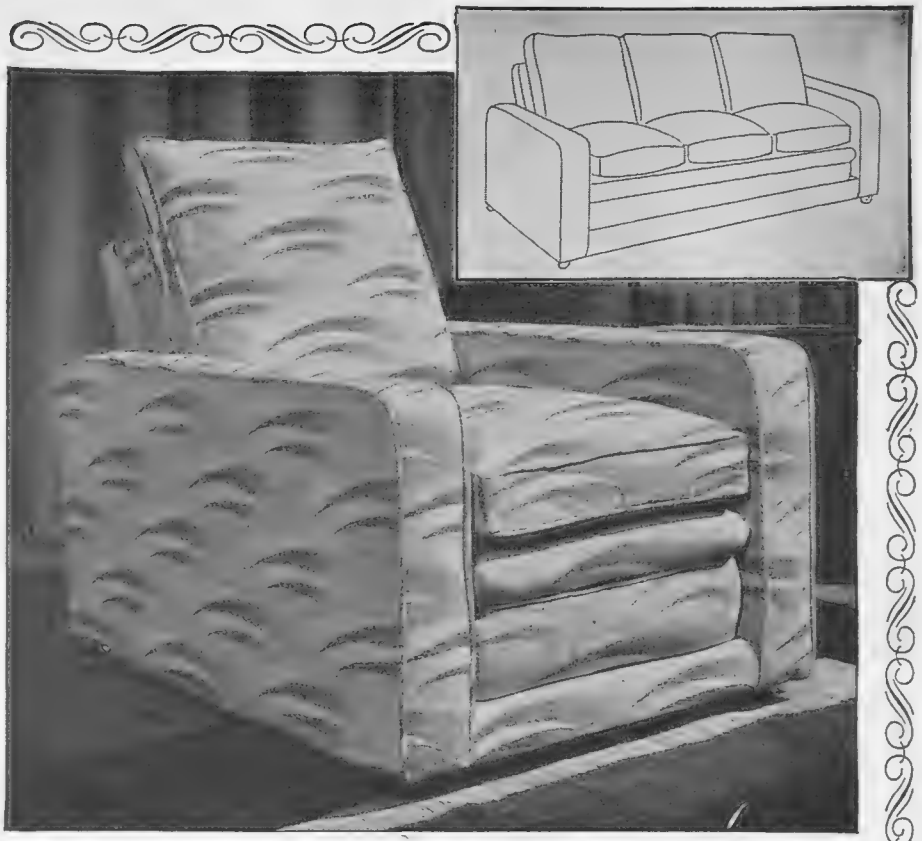
I have been asked whether there is any possibility in Russia for a man who is not a member of the Communist Party to rise to exalted heights. I would like to answer this question by saying there is nothing in the American Constitution to prevent a Negro becoming President of the United States, but a Negro never will be President of the United States.

So with Russia; there is nothing, on paper, to prevent any Russian becoming a Red God. Nevertheless I do not foresee such a possibility arising.

There is one important thing which few people know anything about. Could a woman become the head of the Russian State? A woman could most certainly become even a Dictator of Russia. If such an outstanding woman appears, not only could she dominate the country, but the country would welcome it.

The coming of a Red Goddess of Russia is a possibility which must be kept in mind.

END



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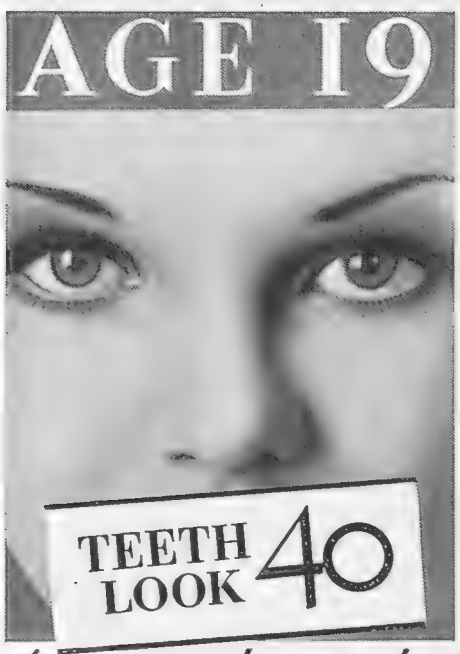

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C.P.59.3.

Kings of the Coiffure

(Continued from page 17)

of modern hairdressing, might have languished in obscurity for many more years had not a London actress discovered him. Marcel found inspiration for his wave in his mother's hair. He saw just how wonderfully her natural wave transformed her appearance, and at first unconsciously, but later with the true inspiration of a creative hairdresser, he began, in imagination, to apply these natural waves to the hair of endless women he met.

From those dream-coiffures was destined to emerge a simple iron, foundation of a great new industry, now supreme in the world of beauty.

Two years later Marcel's waves had made him famous. From the dingy quiet of a back-street shop, Marcel entered the scented luxury of spacious salons. From charging a matter of pence for dressing anybody's hair, he began to pick his own clients at enormous fees. One particular sitting alone brought him fifty pounds.

Marcel died recently, but his motto—"Aimez ce que vous faites"—still hangs over the London headquarters of Gaston Boudou, and the whole industry combined on his seventieth birthday to adopt and rebuild the French village of Lagnicourt-Marcel.

Started by Marcel, the art of artificial waving was developed and made "permanent" by Charles Nessler. One summer afternoon many years ago a casual game of rounders in the Black Forest gave Nessler his first insight into the mysteries of human hair. Because his favourite sister was religiously treating her hair with curlers, in preparation for a social evening, she could not play. Nessler found something decidedly irritating about the fanatical observance of these hairdressing rites, and could not see why they should be allowed to interfere with the pleasures of living, still less the enjoyment of a summer's afternoon in the glories of the Black Forest. In the course of the game Nessler came upon a little girl with glorious golden hair bunched in tight curls. . . . "I just hold my head in the steam from the kettle," she told him, "and it curls right away."

Nessler thought that over carefully. Why shouldn't his own sister use the same method? A little coaxing and she gave him permission to experiment. It was a hopeless failure. But the whole incident stimulated Nessler's interest in hair formations, and later was to add yet another fragment to the foundations of the new hairdressing trade.

Adapting simple steam processes to the already famous Marcel wave, he eventually produced the first "permanent" wave the world had known.

His first demonstration in London caused a sensation. Towards the end of 1905, before a crowd of distinguished hairdressers, he set to work upon the head of a model. Tolerantly amused, his audience watched. When the head of hair, beautifully waved, at last emerged, they remained quite unimpressed. Their own Marcel treatment could produce waves equally lovely, and this process could not last any longer. To prove it, they called for warm water, and set to work intent on breaking down the waves. They did not succeed. Puzzled and not a little alarmed, they asked for really hot water and this time went to work with new vigour. As the minutes slipped by and their rubbing produced no effect, they became more and more uneasy. Meanwhile the model had begun to protest. This prolonged shampoo was decidedly uncomfortable. At last, in a sudden frenzy of scrubbing, one of the audience went too far. The model screamed and jumped from her chair.

Although that brought the demonstration to a premature close, Nessler emerged triumphant. All their efforts had only served to upset the model and disarrange her hair. The waves remained.

Shortly afterwards Nessler's clientele began to develop, until one woman offered him £100 for a permanent wave by his new process. Later his machines were licensed to specially chosen hairdressers, whose fees make fantastic reading to-day. Twenty pounds per sitting was nothing unusual.

Eventually Nessler left this country for America, where the firm of Nestle purchased his business. Although, to-day, he occupies a luxurious apartment near Park Avenue, New York, in comparative retirement, he has not lost one whit of his interest in the mysteries of hair and hairdressing, and spends much of his time investigating baldness and the hundred correlated troubles of the human head.

Started by Nessler, permanent waving was firmly established and completely revolutionised by Eugene Suter. A shrewd, far-seeing Swiss, when short hair became fashionable Suter immediately realised the immense possibilities of permanent waving, particularly in London, where the damp atmosphere quickly defeated all normal attempts at curling. Finishing his military career, he sailed for England. When he arrived in London he had scarcely a penny, but before very long he had started a shop in Grafton Street.

Gradually his business developed until he was able to take the basement beneath his shop for experimental work. There short, pale-faced Suter, destined to become a king of coiffures, worked far into the night with Charles Kropacsy upon his new sachets, slowly bringing them nearer perfection. He even prepared a miniature projector and gave cinematograph displays showing every stage of his electric process.

To-day he controls the largest permanent waving organisation in the world, with branches scattered throughout the globe. His assistants cover every known language, and the ramifications of his business keep him flashing from one country to another with bewildering rapidity. Meeting him it is difficult to imagine that this quiet, sparsely spoken man, so simply dressed, controls the destiny of the most tremendous organisation hairdressing has ever known. Suter has little outward display. He absorbs and thinks before he talks. Even then his economy of words is remarkable.

There are many others who have risen from comparative obscurity to high position on the tide of hairdressing. Until recently, a tall, dark young man, with charming manners and distinguished bearing, filled the coveted position of private hairdresser to the Duchess of Kent. The history of his family is the history of hairdressing. They have seen it emerge from seclusion to overrun the world. Their son had under his care perhaps the most famous head of hair the last decade has known. Only two committee members were present when the Marina fashion was put forward and adopted. Since then the style has penetrated to the remotest corners of the world.

John Herbert Browne was responsible for the hairdressing saloon as we know it to-day. From ill-lighted dinginess and general disorder he lifted hairdressing to its present mirrored luxury. Gradually coiffeurs began to recognise the value of his new establishments, and very soon they were adopted throughout the whole world.

At different periods of his career he ran a series of saloons in London's best hotels, utterly defeated a strike of his assistants, swept from pinnacle to pinnacle, and finally made and lost the largest individual fortune ever made by a normal hairdresser. As chief hairdresser at the Waldorf he still retains his reputation as one of the finest cutters and taperers alive.

Towering amongst the many great personalities in the hairdressing world to-day stands the suave, bearded Gaston Boudou. His knowledge of hairdressing, its history and technique, is almost unrivalled. He numbers amongst his friends many of the most distinguished women alive. To them his word is law. Gaston decrees a change in

the coiffure of Lady ——. The change is effected. They know quite well the thousand yesterdays of experience, the delicate technique so laboriously acquired, the intimate understanding of individual necessities, which make up the art of the great Gaston. His subtle imagination has brought into being the perfect styles for a dozen celebrated people. Through the medium of a head of hair he can express so much more than mere hairdressing implies. Something of Gaston himself goes into the delicate fingers coaxing those curls to bring out in the hair the personality beneath. That is hairdressing today. An art.

£1,000 and Under

(*Continued from page* 38)

with green roofing tiles give a distinguished contrast, though the general effect is pleasantly restrained.

The long lounge of this house is on the right as you enter, and runs from front to back of the house, with a deep window looking over the garden. The dining-room has French casements into the garden, and communicates by a service hatch to the kitchen, which itself is splendidly equipped for comfort and convenience.

Upstairs there are four bedrooms, one of which, opening from the master bedroom, is designed as a dressing-room.

In the general lay-out of this house the architect has achieved a feeling of spaciousness in all the principal rooms, yet the whole is compact.

Another noticeable feature is the care that has been taken to reduce the future cost of repairs.

Throughout the house walls have been rough-plastered and finished cream. Against this as background, various and changing colour combinations can be imposed with charming effect, and the expense and inconvenience of renewing the surface are practically eliminated.

Wide skirtings and wooden window mouldings have all been banished, thus reducing the paintable area to an absolute minimum. The same economical forethought has been applied to exterior trimmings.

The third house illustrated on page 39 is especially interesting in view of its choice for the award in an Empire-wide competition for a thousand-pound, all-British house. Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., was the assessor in this contest.

The materials used for the house were exclusively of English and Empire origin. Nine-inch solid brick walls are rendered cream colour, and the roof is covered with blue-grey Staffordshire pantiles. Vertical tiling, which is a decorative feature of the front wall, effects a soft contrast to the roof, being buff colour.

The lounge of this house, which opens with casements on to the garden, measures 19 ft. 6 in. by 15 ft. 6 in., and the dining-room is 12 ft. by 10 ft 9 in.

Upstairs there are four bedrooms, the chief of which has an area of 12 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in.

What Will It Cost?

(*Continued from page* 41)

materials for this fixture was three pounds two shillings and a local cabinet-maker charged three guineas to make it. Total cost six pounds five.

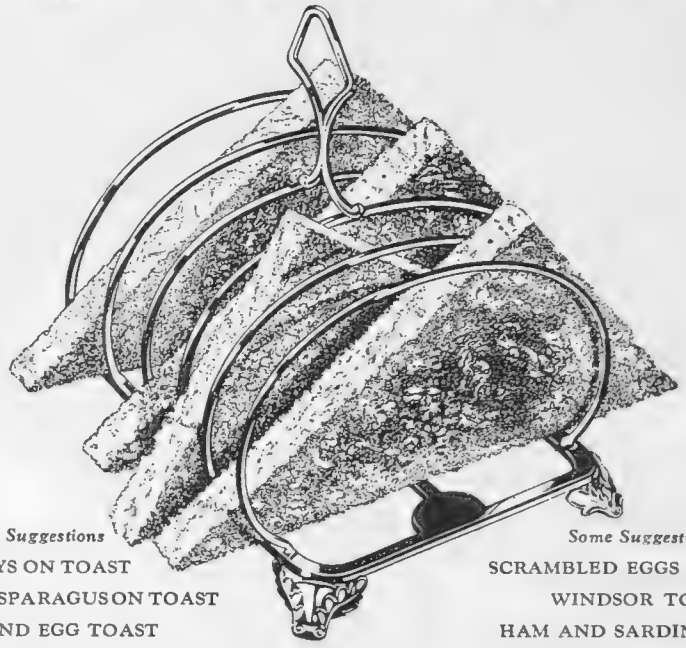
The whole cost of erecting the lounge corner seat shown at the top of page 41 was thirty pounds. This seems costly until you consider what is contained in this apparently simple fitment.

In the first place, the seat forms a most comfortable bed, and was especially arranged with cushions made to shape by Vi-Spring, which is sufficient to say that no bed could be more luxurious. The fitting also includes a gramophone cupboard and a cupboard for the records. The seat frame is painted and the cupboards are fitted with glass tops.

Eat freshly-made

TOAST

WITH EVERY MEAL



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BACON AND ASPARAGUS ON TOAST
CHEESE AND EGG TOAST
ORANGE TOAST

Some Suggestions
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Tidy Mind

(*Continued from page 51*)

"But, you said 'Bitte' when I fell over you."

She smiled again. "What lovely teeth she has," thought Douglas.

"Sorry! I wanted to practise my German on someone, and you were nearest. Here!" she dived into her case, "have a sandwich! I'm an experienced traveller too. I knew this train had no dining-car, and—oh!" she dived again and produced a hefty flask. "One good turn deserves another. It's only Weinbrand, but you're more than welcome."

Douglas beamed gratitude.

"And your friend?" She leaned forward and whispered. "He looks a dear, too, but he's rather self-contained compared with you. Would he condescend to accept a drink from a stranger, do you think?"

"Wouldn't he? Rather!" It was offered and taken with alacrity and precision.

What a woman!

And there ensued somewhat of a phenomenon—three British people talking pleasantly together in a train in a foreign country, without having been introduced.

Generous nips of Germany's best alcoholic product provided the finishing touch to a scratch lunch. The conversation lapsed by common consent. Douglas dropped off to sleep.

Zurich!

He awoke with a jerk. His friend smiled quizzically over his pipe. The Eton-cropped lady was reading. She, too, looked up and smiled.

Douglas smiled back. That made three. He pulled the window down. "Here we are! Where are they? the Junods?" The train glided to a stop. "Leon?—no. Rose Marie?—no. Papa Junod?—no. Yes! there he is. Good. Hi! Here we are, old chap! Just a second!"

"Porter! Träger! Luggage! Gepäck coming." Suitcases from the rack.. "Here!" he said, "put your pipe away and do something. I'll hop out to greet Papa Junod. You can hand our traps to the porter, through the window."

He turned to her. "Good-bye, dear lady! Thank you for being so nice to me, and for the drinks. I'm sure we'll meet again somewhere — somehow — somewhen. You're three *L*'s."

"What's that?"

"Never mind, you are, I'm sure. One day I'll tell you. Good-bye."

He shook her warmly by the hand, ran down the corridor to the steps, to alight and greet his Swiss friend—leaving his travelling companion to do the work.

At the barrier, followed by a truck full of luggage, the two men greeted warmly a "beautiful thing" as Douglas called her, known as Marie Louise, wife of "Papa" and mother of their two fine children, who were to join them later. Any below the age of thirty-three were to them children.

The luggage was duly "cloaked" for the night train, and the six friends spent a happy evening together, talking, dining, and talking without a dull moment—a hall-mark of real friendship.

During that time, Douglas thought but fleetingly of his Burgundy-voiced hostess of the train. She had gone on, alone, to he didn't know where. The "children" kept him busy, and it seemed only an hour, instead of five, when "Papa" said—"Time to go! Very sad to part, but so glad to have our dear English friends, even for so short a time. Leon! see to the luggage please."

"Yes, father!"

They had dined at the station.

Marie Louise, who was sixty years young, and refused to be called "Mama," sniffed her pleasure at meeting, and pain at parting, in French. Rose Marie did ditto in perfect English. "Papa" Junod waxed eloquent in both.

They marched arm n arm down the platform to the sleeping car, where Leon, faithful and efficient, had already stored his friends' "kit." Brown cases in one compartment, blue in the other. The berths communicated.

A whistle. "Ein Steigen! Bitte!"

Goodbyes are always embarrassing—even banal—to the British, who hate "expressed" sentiment. But it had to be. "Come back soon," sniffed Marie Louise, "not for hours, but some weeks. Dans une quinzaine je vous ferai parler français comme—comme un Français." And kissed them both.

"Come back soon, dear Uncle Douglas, and your friend. We love you," sniffed Rose Marie, and hugged them.

"Cheerio, 'Papa' and Leon. Bless you all!"

Waves of hands. Train moving. "By'ee."

"Now! what about a drink?" said Douglas—always practical.

The conductor arrived. These men are in a class by themselves. The League of Nations could learn much from them. Frontiers and racial prejudices to them are as nothing. Peaceful permeation, travel made easy, even for beginners, and "Thank you very much, sir,' for a shade over the statutory attendance fee.

"Passports, genelmen, and tickets, please! Beer? Two bottles? Yes! And bottled water for the morning? Yes?—and what time I call you? Seven forty-five? All right! Sleep well, genelmen." And the Ambassador of Travel departed to his corner, to check up tickets and passports, smoke a cigarette, loosen his collar, and sleep, intermittently, on a seat over the bogie wheels.

Beer! cold and delicious.

"Cheerio!"

"Cheerio, old man!"

"Ooh! fine! Now for one more pipe, and —bed."

"Close that door. O.K. Good-night!"

"Good-n— Ooh! half a minute," said Douglas. "Where's my attaché case? It must be in *your* bunk."

"Not here! Just my two."

"But damn it all, it must be. It's not in mine. Gracious! This is serious. Everything I need for the night is in that case, and all my money, and letters, and papers, and everything. Where can it be? All my money, travellers' cheques and everything. Oh, my hat!"

Douglas's friend creditably forbore to laugh, although to him it was rather a joke.

"Sorry, dear old Tidy Mind!" he said. "But, see here, *you* made the running with the Eton-cropped beauty. *You* had two nips of Weinbrand, *and* slept. *You* shoved the luggage job on to me while you made googoo eyes at her, and dashed out to greet the Junods. Thank your lucky stars that I held the tickets, and made you put your passport in your pocket, instead of locking it in your blessed case. *And* I carry some money, in my pockets, *not* having a tidy mind. Cheer up, old man. It'll turn out all right—and anyhow, your case *is* locked. We'll look for it at Geneva."

"Sorry!" said the ever-responsive Douglas. "Sorry to be a pig. You're right—as always."

"Only one thing though. This will be the first time, in an otherwise blameless life of travel, that I get out of a sleeping car—unshaved. I can sleep in my vest and pants. You'll lend me a nailbrush and some soap. My teeth—they must wait. But to be unshaved, and to wear the same collar two days running!" Douglas felt near to tears.

"Hope to goodness Jimmy doesn't meet the train," he said. "I'll never hear the last of it—he'll laugh his head off."

"Don't be so darned vain, and let's turn in."

They turned in.

AT 7.45 a.m. Douglas sat up in his berth, rubbed his rough chin, remembered, and sighed. He felt like the morning after the night before. He dressed with regrettable dispatch, and hoped that Jimmy wouldn't be at the station.

Geneva. The train arrived to the tick. Cook's man, efficient, inevitable, greeted the travellers. No Jimmy. Good! He, it transpired, was on leave. "Sorry for that," said Douglas cheerfully, "but if he had to be on leave, this is the very time. Now for a taxi to the dear old Russie, and—a shave. I feel like a tramp."

"But what about the case—your case?"

"It can wait an hour longer. We'll come back after breakfast."

With the physical needs of food and a clean chin satisfied, his anxieties returned. "Suppose the darned thing is lost—what shall I do? It has only my initials on the lid. The address label came adrift, and I didn't bother to tie it on—here it is in my pocket."

"How's that for a tidy mind?" said the cynical friend. "Anyway, let's go to it."

Back to the station, and Cook's man. He had a broad smile. "We've found it, sir—at least it may be yours. Come with me to the bureau."

It was. Douglas identified his lost property with unfeigned gratitude.

"How did you get it? Do tell me how."

"A lady—tall, dark, and handsome—handed it in on arrival last evening. Explained that she discovered it under some journals, described you, and you, sir, and—what? No! she wouldn't leave her name and address. She said you would understand."

"Bless her, and the sausages, and the sandwich, and the drinks!" Douglas behaved like a schoolboy, and shed tips in Swiss francs—borrowed, of course, but that didn't matter.

He tried the locks. "Good!" Tidy mind had been worth while this time.

They were scheduled to take the sleeper to Nice the same evening.

"Thank you again, Mr. Cook. We've got our reservation—here are the numbers. See you to-night complete with all our kit. By-ee!" And back they went to the Grand Hotel de Russie for a well-earned drink.

In the American bar of that extremely well run hotel, the story was told to their friend, the proprietor. "What luck!" he said. "Cheerio and congratulations." He raised his glass.

"And 'Cheerio' to the lovely thing who saved it for me," said Douglas. "Now, boys, altogether, and no heel taps."

"Cheerio!"

"While we're having 'the other half,'" said his friend, "hadn't you better 'look see'?"

"Certainly!" Douglas produced his keys, tidily secured by a chain, and opened.

"Yes, all present and correct. Pyjamas, dressing case, soft-soled slippers, tobacco, pipes, washing bag, spare collar and hanky. Rapson nearly forgot that, but I didn't. And—that's funny!" He rubbed his chin. "Here's a Swiss twenty-franc note, loose. Why?"

He grabbed the last article, a small strapped leather writing case, and opened that. Fountain pen—yes, pencil, expense notebooks, visiting cards—yes, envelopes with each country's money, amounts duly marked on the outside—*No!*

"Where were they?" He felt under the blotting paper for travellers' cheques, and Reichsmarks ditto. Gone, everything but that solitary, loose twenty-franc note—gone!

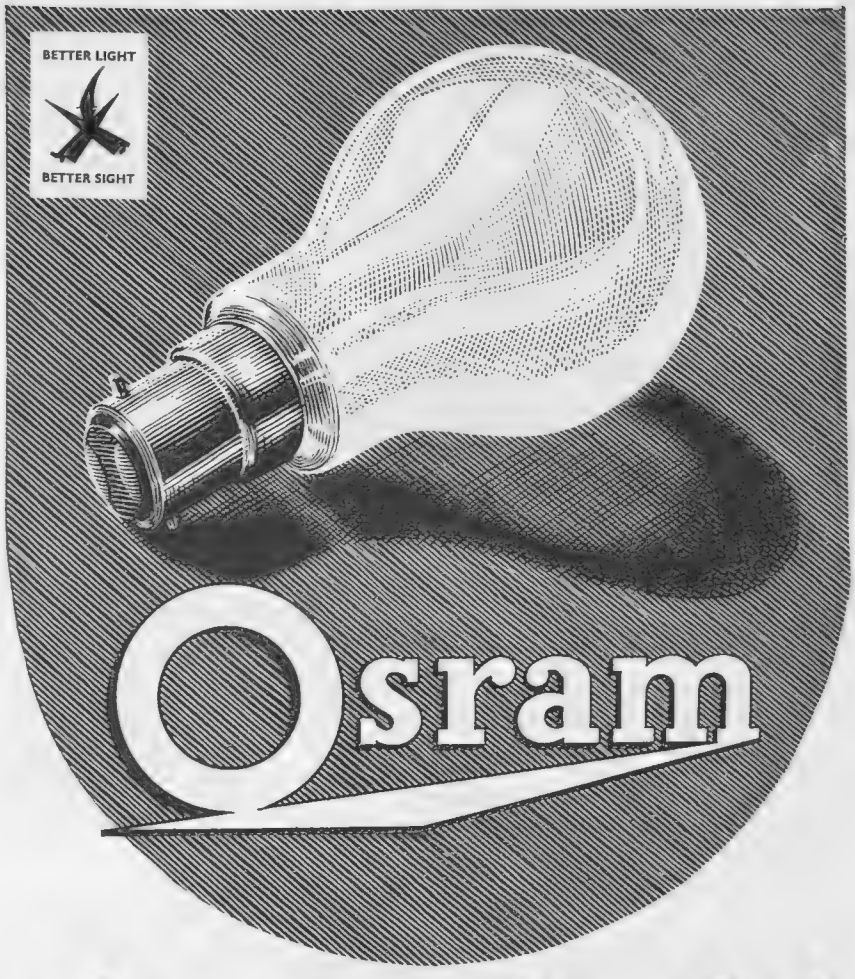
Douglas's face blanched. He felt sick, and gazed in dismay at his two friends.

"Well! I'll be——." He fingered the only other article left—his black loose-leafed book in which the travel history from London to London was neatly typed out, page by page. Towns, hotels, dates, and times of arrival, names of all concerned—in fact, everything that a tidy mind would conceive and achieve.

He choked back a shameful thought. "No, I can't—I won't believe it. An enemy hath done this thing. I mean, some dirty dog—not she. She couldn't. I know good women—I can tell 'em on sight. She couldn't, I say—she couldn't."

Douglas was upset to the point of drinking "the other half" without the customary salute.

(*Continued on page* 106)



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His friends forgave the lapse. They, too, were nonplussed

Ernens, worthy owner of one of Geneva's best hotels, chimed in soothingly. "Don't make yourself ill, old man. I will help. You've both got your work to do, seeing people and lunching and all that. Get on with your job; dine with me before your train goes, and leave the rest to me. I know everybody. I'll put our best police mind on to the 'mystery,' and have either the 'doings'" (his English was wonderful) "or the 'story' for you when we meet again. Off you go!"

"Thanks ever so much." They drank up and went. A very sad and subdued Douglas trailed his way through their official and social engagements, leaving, for once, his friend to do most of the talking.

The day dragged itself through. Towards evening he was counting the minutes to the time when a good dinner and the cheery smile of big boy Ernens would welcome them with news—he hoped it would be good.

But no! "I've drawn blank after blank," was the report. "The 'bagages' people are incorruptible. The case was never touched by them, or others, from the time your lady handed it in until you claimed it."

Ooh! That was a facer

All through dinner the mystery dominated the conversation.

"I'll never believe that she took it. I know a good woman when I see one. I'll never——"

"Oh! shut up, you wild Highlander. Perhaps I took it—just to teach your tidy mind a lesson!" said his friend.

"Did you?"

"No!"

"Good for you! or—I'd change sleepers this very night and never speak to you again. Making me suffer like this!"

Ernens calmed the sufferer with a double brandy and a real Havana, and said, "Don't fret, my dear boy. It'll be all right, and I can lend you any money you need."

"What? At 15 francs to the pound!" (When this happened Switzerland had not gone off gold.) "No thank you, dear old chap. We'll manage somehow and—sorry! forgive me, both of you. My Scots—not tidy—mind. Time to go. Goodbye! bless you. We won't fail to let you know if—if?—no! when we know. We surely shall know something. And, one good thing, I can shave in the train to-morrow, and put on a clean collar. By-ee!"

THE travellers were bound for Monaco. Sleepers from Geneva pull up at Nice, and from there a car is requisite. It was waiting, of course. Tidy mind had seen to that.

Also, it was a source of pardonable pride to the two travellers that never—well, hardly ever—did they alight from a train, or disembark from a ship, anywhere in the world, without someone being on the platform or the quay to welcome them.

Here at Nice was no exception. A polite French man friend greeted them, nursed them with their "kit" through the barrier to the waiting car, and listened to their tale of woe all the way to Monaco.

"It's very distressing for you," he murmured. "Of course you can have all the money you want from my company, or from Cook's, I know. But that is poor comfort. I'm glad that it—the theft—didn't take place in France. My distressful country has enough to bear without offending any more of her British customers."

"Theft!" thought Douglas. "A horrid word. I can't and won't believe it. And yet the money couldn't have flown away from a locked case. It beats me. It beggars Maskelyne and Cook's old box trick."

He gave it up, and tried to enjoy the scenery.

. . . .

Monaco. After a poor winter, spring, and a still more depressing summer, with hardly any English and not any German visitors, the Grand Hotel on a particular

Tidy Mind

September Sunday morning was radiating optimism. International unrest, and worse, had ordained that one country's poison should be another country's meat.

A Congress of over thirty different nations had been reluctantly abandoned—no! "postponed" is a better term—by hospitable Portugal, in circumstances over which it had no control, and transferred to Monaco, at that generous Principality's invitation, and at very short notice.

Wherefore Douglas, with English and French friend, complete with kit, credentials, everything but his fifty-seven varieties of money, arrived and was received in complete accordance with his International status and outstanding personality. In other words, the red carpet was laid down for the British delegation—or part of it.

Douglas forced an answering smile, but blenched when the big calendar over the reception counter reminded him that it was the *thirteenth* day of the month.

"Just my blessed luck, and my case was lost on Friday. That puts 'paid' to any chance of my money turning up." He said this aloud to the other two.

"Oh! So you boast of having a tidy mind, and then you're a slave to superstition. The two don't fit," said his friend. "Now, I'm not tidy, but definitely 'superstish.' And it's my funeral as well as yours, this money business. If it's gone, I stand half—so there!"

"Bless you! I know that," said Douglas. "But what's that got to do with it?"

"This! *My* lucky day is Friday, and *my* lucky number is thirteen." The reception clerk gave him a ticket. "Look! My room number—three hundred and *thirteen* Our luck is turning. Cheer up."

They unpacked, Douglas being in 315, communicating with the "lucky" (hope so) 313. Afterwards they drove to the Italian frontier, just for something to do, and back to lunch.

"Nothing happened yet," he said pessimistically, "and nothing going to."

"Oh, no! Very well—let's go in—come along. French friend too."

"Morning, genelmen," said the Maître d'Hôtel. "Glad to see you. Nice table for you—over there in the corner—by the window."

"What number, please?"

"Number thirteen, sir!"

"Ooh!"

By this time flags of all nations were being unfurled—that is, delegates were flocking in, greeting each other, falling over people, and generally putting life into the big dining-room.

Douglas had his back to the wall—in more senses than one, poor chap—and he commanded a view of most of the "lunchers."

Halfway through their meal he saw a brother delegate of Britain walking the length of the room towards him.

Douglas side-tracked his troubles to greet a jolly good fellow, whom he hadn't met since a year—in Budapest.

"Gee! So glad. Now we are a family party! How goes it? Meet my friends!"

General greetings.

"Very glad to see you too, old boy!" said the newcomer. "And you, sir, and you! But I can't stop now—I want my lunch."

"But," he twinkled over his glasses, "I've come specially over to tell you that—that—this time, my club has sent two of us, and the other delegate is—a lady—and"—more twinkles—"she is quite a well-known woman, and she's heard about you, and read about you, and she wants to meet you."

Douglas looked beyond his colleague's shoulder.

"No! you can't see her—she's hidden by the pillar."

"Oh! very well!" he said. "No hurry. We have a whole week. We'll come to you on the way out."

"Good!" said "Twinkles," and retired unhurt.

The table hidden partly by the pillar seemed to be attracting attention. On their

way out from lunch, men from Holland, Hungary, Belgium, and Norway in turn stopped to greet Britain's other delegates. Douglas could see backs bending to kiss a hidden hand. "Must be a nice hand," he said. "Wonder who 'Twinkles' has brought with him? the old sportsman. Hurry up with coffee, and let's go see." And they joined the procession of incense bearers to the only British Woman Delegate. "But mind, this is where we don't kiss hands. Whoever she is, she's one of our country-women, and we don't kiss their hands."

They passed the pillar. Only Douglas caught his breath—only he was taken aback—everyone else had guessed rightly.

It was she—of the hazel eyes—generous figure artistically suppressed by perfectly cut tailor-made coat and skirt, glorious blue black Eton-cropped hair—trimmed that very morning, perfect profile, pearly teeth, clean creamy complexion, and a smile. Oh, boy!

"Meet my colleague, Madame Jacqueline," said "Twinkles," who was enjoying every moment of the presentations. "That's only her pen name, her *nom de plume*, of course." He added in a whisper. "We call her 'Jack.'"

Douglas's heart missed a beat. That locked attaché case, mislaid and recovered, and tampered with, suddenly rose like a cloud between him and her. Miraculously, to him, it faded just as suddenly, and he saw her clearly. "I was right. She couldn't—she didn't—bless her!"

"Well! well! Isn't this wonderful to meet again?" and so on. "Delighted." And he shook her hand, smiling, looking straight and honestly into her eyes. Then he stood back and made way for the others.

"Twinkles" continued to preside over the ceremonies until, after a few minutes, the luncheon room cleared.

"Well! well! fancy you three people meeting in Germany and Switzerland, and then here. What a small world!"

"Indeed it is," she said, "and a lovely one." She took command of the situation. It was getting embarrassing.

"'Twinkles,' dear friend," she thrilled him with a look, "I want to speak to these two gentlemen without you, please—may I?"

"Of course, my dear. But—but—humph."

She looked first at Douglas, and then at his fellow traveller. French friend generously effaced himself.

"May we go to your room—either room—it doesn't matter."

"Three thirteen—my lucky number," said Douglas's friend.

"Good! Thirteen is mine, too. Two thirteen on the second floor."

Douglas pulled himself together, and said to the tactful Frenchman, "Dear boy, look after our pal, whom we call 'Twinkles'—take him for a drive—anything—just for half an hour. Yes? Thanks. Carry on."

She and the two went up in the lift to Room three-thirteen.

She sat down in the only armchair, and threw her linen hat on the floor. She asked mutely for a cigarette and got it.

They sat, one in the only other chair, and one on the bed, and with her permission, lit pipes.

"First of all," said Douglas, "may I thank you warmly for your kindness in handing my case in to the 'cloak' room at Geneva. I'm very, very grateful. Whatever happened after that isn't your affair, or your responsibility. Please believe me, it isn't. You can't know what a blow I've had—we've both had, he and I—after that. But it's not your affair—it's just our misfortune. My case was robbed. Somebody stole all my money—except twenty Swiss francs."

The hazel eyes flamed. "Stole your money?".

"Please!" said a rather distracted Douglas, "don't misunderstand. Never for a minute did I think—did I think—Oh, damn! Where am I?" He faded away into silence.

"I'm not much more than a decade younger than you," she said, "and when I was a child, I adored Sherlock Holmes. I didn't merely read (*Continued on page* 108)

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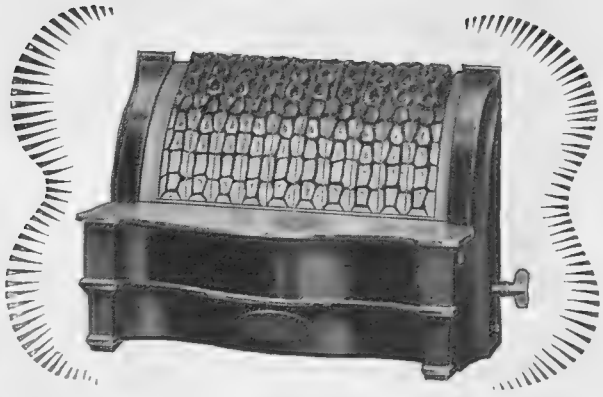

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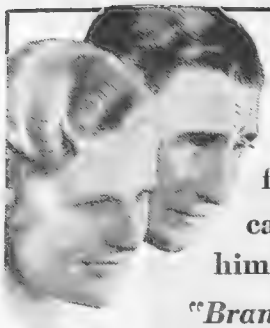

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him, I used to eat him. Right away into my late 'teens.' I revelled in his inquests. You know, the way he gathered all the parties concerned into one room—like this bedroom, number 313, and proceeded to expound his theory, and mark the sinner with outstretched arm and pointing forefinger. Come on! Let's play Sherlock—here in the Grand, Monte Carlo, at 14.20 on Sunday, September the thirteenth. I'm Sherlock. I can't fill my pipe from the toe of my slipper, like he used to do, but another cigarette, please, and listen."

She opened her bag. "First, my dear Watson—I mean Douglas. Oh! that's rather familiar—do you mind?"

"No, bless you!"

"Thanks." She produced a big envelope. "First, here's your money—fifty-seven varieties—all of it, except the twenty Swiss francs I left out, purposely, for incidental expenses, in case you might be thirsty."

The men gasped with relief and bewilderment. "But who stole it, and how did you get it back?"

"Nobody stole it," she said. "I took it."

More gasps.

"I've started wrong. Sherlock always kept the plum to the last. But somehow I couldn't keep this plum—you've had a bad time, and it seems mean to keep you miserable any longer. Now! the least you two men can do is to listen, patiently."

They promised.

"Good! When you had left, and the train moved on, I settled down to read, and then slept for an hour or so. I was still alone in the compartment when I awoke. Some papers, one a German, were in a corner seat. Yours," she said, looking at Douglas. "I went over to 'borrow' it and found your case underneath." She smiled.

"At first I had to chuckle—I couldn't help it. The tidy mind, a place for everything, and everything in its place. Oh, the superior masculine intellect! And then to leave his case behind when he got out at Zurich! Ha! ha! It was so funny!"

"Then," she continued, "my patron Saint Sherlock reproved me. 'That's not kind of you,' he said. 'This is serious. Those men are on their way to goodness knows where. Come on! think! What can you do to help them?'

"Anyway, I thought in reply, I've found it, and I'll see that they get it safely. But how? There was the rub. Just an ordinary case, with initials, locked, no tie-on label with name and next address."

"It got torn off," said Douglas ruefully, "and I didn't replace it. Here it is, in my pocket."

"All right," she said, "no kick coming. Well! I wondered what Sherlock would do. That, with another scratch meal, and a little drink, and a few cigarettes, took me as far as Lausanne, the next and only stop before Geneva. I longed for a brain wave. Mercifully, nobody got in. The brain wave arrived and materialised.

"I decided to open it. I've a case very similar and they are handy, very. Mercifully, again, my key fitted. I got a bit excited, but calmed down, and made a thorough search. Letters in envelopes showed the name, but only addresses at Nürnberg and Munich, since left, so they weren't much use. Then the leather writing case cleared the air. The smart little black-covered loose-leafed book. Tidy mind! that did the trick."

"Thank you," said Douglas. "How?"

"I found that you were taking the sleeper to Geneva, and the following evening—that is, yesterday—another to Nice, and driving to this hotel. Easy—eh?"

Tidy Mind

"Yes! but why did you leave it at Geneva?"

"That's where my heart did me more credit than my head," she said. "I thought, 'Poor man, his tidy mind will be in a whirl. All his comforts for the night, papers, and money, lost. He doesn't know me. He's sure to enquire at the station. I'm well ahead of them. I'll hand it in, and explain as best I can to the "bagages" bureau.' I ought to add that I was coming straight through. I got here yesterday morning."

"You dear!" breathed Douglas.

"Thanks! but wait for it. Sherlock inspired me yet again. All his money! All of it—and I can open his case with my key. 'Suppose,' I thought to myself, 'suppose somebody else were to have a key which would fit. Suppose that that somebody were to steal the money? What then? And what might this man called Douglas think of me, when, thanks to me, he gets this case, and then—all his money is gone!'"

"That's just what I—I——" Douglas stopped just in time.

"What?" She looked sternly at him.

"Just what I couldn't possibly believe, and didn't believe."

"Thank you."

"So, I took everything of value, and sealed it in this big envelope—except the twenty Swiss francs. Did you spend them?"

"No!" laughed Douglas, "not a bean. I borrowed what was needed. I was inspired to keep the note as a souvenir—and here's an idea. We'll take it to the Casino this evening together, if you will—please—oh, please! And we'll gamble it away principally on Number 13, and whatever we win—if anything—we'll divide! How's that?"

"Fine! But into three—we're in 313—his room, not yours! Now, let us be a little more formal. Stand up, gentlemen."

She addressed Douglas. "It is now my pleasure, Mr. Tidy Mind, to hand to you this envelope, which contains your fifty-seven varieties of money, your papers, and several letters, unread by anybody but yourself."

The two men bowed gravely.

Douglas's friend said, "Madam, we thank you. We may be wrong, but we think you're wonderful, and we ask permission to kiss your hand."

Douglas just gazed at her.

"Ha! ha! Certainly you may, but not my hand!" She offered her cheek. "You too!" and turned to Douglas. "Who says the English are 'sticky'? By the way, when you were leaving me at Zurich station you said I was 'three L's.' Now you can explain what they mean, please."

"They mean that you're LOVELY, LOVABLE and LOVING," he beamed.

"Thank you, and very nicely put. I must turn the other cheek to that!" And she did. "You know," she went on gaily, "we've all learnt something from this not too regrettable incident. Think! You paid quite a lot for the 'posh' leather chromium-plated case—and yet I was able to open it with the key of my much cheaper one. That's all wrong. There should be many more different locks."

"Yes, indeed! Fifty-seven varieties. We'll see to that when we get back to London."

"Good! Then all this will have been worth while." She looked provokingly at Douglas. "Just one more little dig. I hope it has been a lesson to you!"

"Lesson?" He grinned. "Lesson? It's been a 'Revelation.'"

Murder Service

(*Continued from page 15*)

"He was. But it never entered my head that he'd—he'd do a thing like that!"

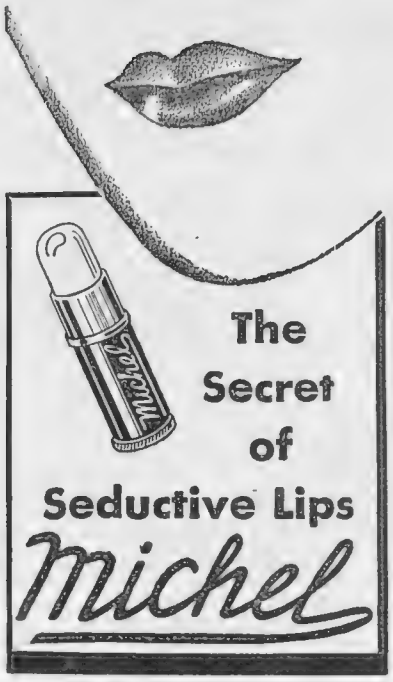
Todd said: "Now about the gun. You say it was kept in the drawer of the bedside table all the time?"

"Yes." Nichols's brow furrowed thoughtfully for a moment. "I saw it this morning when I got something from the drawer for Mr. Bentham."

The detectives asked a few more routine questions and then a brief silence fell.

Inwardly, Nichols was gloating. What fools—these police! How easy they were! An almost benevolent feeling toward them came over him. Out loud he said:

"Perhaps you gentlemen would care for a little—a little something?" His eyebrows arched suggestively.



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Redman's face brightened instantly.

"Thanks!" he said. "Scotch for me, if there's any handy."

"Yes, Scotch," Todd confirmed.

NICHOLS went first to his bedroom and slipped on trousers and shirt. Then he made his way to the pantry.

Over and over he kept congratulating himself. Everything had worked perfectly. Even when the Canadian letter was found among the post in the morning and it became known he had inherited a fortune, no one would suspect.

He opened a bottle of whisky from Bentham's private stock and set it on a small tray, together with glasses. He was getting a pleasant inner satisfaction out of waiting on the detectives like this. How astonished they'd be if they only knew the truth!

The living-room was empty when he entered. As he set the tray down on the table in the centre of the room the two detectives emerged from the bedroom.

One brief glance told Nichols that something had gone wrong. The men's faces were grim, forboding. Todd remained at the bedroom door while Redman circled around and cut off the other exit.

For one awful instant Nichols had the sickening feeling that he was trapped. The palms of his hands grew hot and sticky. He struggled to keep his composure. Impossible that these men had discovered anything!

His training as a servant stood him in good stead. "Your drinks are ready, gentlemen."

Todd advanced from the bedroom door.

"Never mind the drinks!" he clipped in a voice as hard as blue steel. "The doc just found a note in the pocket of Bentham's robe—a suicide note to the coroner!"

The whole room seemed to revolve about Nichols. This was just a piece of bluff, a routine trick the police tried on everybody in cases like this.

"A note?" he echoed. "What did it say?"

"Plenty!" Todd spat the word out. "In the first place, Bentham said he'd taken an overdose of sleeping tablets. They never had time to take full effect. He was still alive, the doc says, when he was shot!"

Nichols's face was the colour of wet sand. Sleeping tablets! So Bentham really had tried to commit suicide! Nichols braced himself against the table. He was still safe—they couldn't prove anything against him even now!

"You mean my master took sleeping tablets before he shot himself?" he managed to get out.

A cold, ominous smile spread over Todd's face. "He didn't shoot himself. *You* shot him!" The smile flicked away. "Don't move, Nichols! We've got you!"

But a paralysing weakness had robbed Nichols of all power over his muscles. Cold sweat was running down his thin, bony face. He was unable even to speak.

Redman came up from behind and Todd said to him: "Read just the last part of that note out loud for him to hear, Red."

Nichols listened as though it were all part of some horrible nightmare.

". . . and when I came home to-night I had fully resolved to end everything with a bullet. I tried to fool Nichols with some talk about going to Canada and making a new start. It was no use—he guessed my real intention. He said nothing, but when he went to my bedroom to get me some cigarettes I saw him, through a crack in the door, take away my revolver.

"Luckily he doesn't know about the whole box of sleeping tablets I have decided to take instead.

"Good old Nichols! He did his best to protect me—even from myself. My will leaves everything I may still have to him. He was faithful to the end.

"GEORGE BENTHAM."

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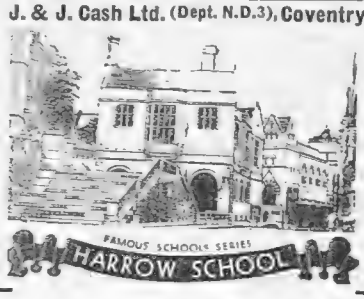

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My Pretty Jane

(Continued from page 27)

The ideas were hers; the very expression was hers. As if daddy could afford to fling twenty-pound notes about like that!

She looked at it, tore it a little, and then frantically repented. What right had she to do any such thing? Did it matter to a banknote if you tore it, as it did to one's heart? Couldn't it be mended? She folded it carefully, replaced it in the envelope, and then picked up the letter again, smoothing out the crushed and twisted folds. After all, it was in her daddy's handwriting.

AUNT LESLEY was sweetness itself. But Jane did wish so hard that she wouldn't always try to be comforting. As if there was anything to call for comfort. The lovely, gracious, old-fashioned white house, with its early Victorian porch and creeper-clad windows. The wide, velvet lawns; the dancing flower-garden; the warm, deep brick walls of the orchard, where peaches and pears and plums grew to their stately ripeness; the tall, dark cypresses with their secrets, their hidden, whispering tragedies.

The little patch of woodland, soft under the tread of the most impatient feet, quiet and undisturbed and tenderly soothing. These could comfort her, but not poor, dear Aunt Lesley's well-meant, tactless chatter. Aunt Lesley couldn't understand why Jane wanted to be alone so often. "You're so much alone, dear," she insisted. "I'm sure it isn't good for you. Why don't you have one of your friends from school to stay with you, if you won't make new friends in the village?" And when Jane shook her head, Aunt Lesley shook hers, but without any idea in it which might be in danger of rattling out. Aunt Lesley was a sweet thing, but not strong on ideas.

It was better to lead this even, uneventful existence, waiting only for the letters with the Canadian postmark. They were frequent enough, but oh! so disappointing, so distant somehow, as if the wide seas could cut love completely away. Full of news and high spirits, but not *his* kind of letter. Except just now and then, when the whole world changed and sang with sunshine, when a letter came which was like the old ones he used to write. Just two or three of them. She could tell before she opened them that they were that kind. And by the time she did open them his shadow was leaning over her shoulder, watching her to see how she liked them. Putting out her hand, she found his hand waiting for her, and clasped it in ghostly comradeship.

So it wasn't always so bad at Aunt Lesley's.

THE return to Langdale found her changed, more serious, quite the young woman. So much so that even Miss Stratton, who would have welcomed a moderate degree of sober conversion, was rather concerned. "*I am inclined to think,*" she wrote to Whitton, "*that Jane is working too hard*" . . . . But Miss Stratton put down her pen. "Why should I write these lies?" she enquired of her conscience. "Why shouldn't he *know*? It's cruel . . . *cruel!*" Miss Stratton shrugged her shoulders wearily. Nobody had ever asked to marry her, though it was not for lack of looks or charm or even cash. It was just that she had that "better-not-try-it" air with men. "A man of that age ought to be more unselfish. There was no need for him to marry until Jane did not need him any longer. Why shouldn't men be told these things? If only I were not a school marm! If I could be a human being sometimes . . . "

She took up her pen again. "You do not need me to tell you how Jane misses you—— "

"Shall I say 'misses you both'?" asked Miss Stratton. "It would be so much more tactful."

Miss Stratton put down her pen once more. "There's a beastly thing to think about," she said.

JANE threw herself furiously into her work. "You see, I've got to, all along of the competition. Even film stars have to have brains these days—the men are so exacting."

Not daring to speak of the matters nearest her heart, she manufactured light conversation from her pose as the worldly huntress. "A successful marriage," she would say, shaking her brown head, "to some helpless millionaire of impeccable morals and early nights, will go a long way to compensate me for all this swatting."

Leila, only too delighted if her beloved Jane would talk to her at all, instead of burying herself in school-books or mooning alone in some remote corner of the grounds, affected to be shocked at a cynicism in which she felt there was a good share of wisdom. But it didn't suit Jane. Jane, who had

Here is the perfect country and sports hat, an unspottable fur felt with Homburg crown, the brim edged with stitching. It costs £1.5.0 and comes from those famous hat specialists, Woodrow, of Piccadilly

never taken any stock in men—not while her darling daddy was within reach. Leila wondered whether she ought to say anything, whether some gentle demonstration of sympathetic interest might bring a response, and confession of the facts. But in a moment Jane would be off again before you could catch up with her mood.

"The dignified letters 'B.A.' needn't mean 'Bally Ass', you know. A girl can be erudite, and yet alluring. D'you think it would help my chances, Leila, darling, if I were to buy a pair of really expensive horn-rimmed spectacles? Just to let them see how alluring I was when I took them off?"

"I don't think you're a bit alluring," replied Leila, with a courage which alarmed herself, "when you put on these hard airs, like a woman of the world, with a long and lurid past."

"I *am* a woman of the world. As for a past, I can soon get that. They teach it, nowadays, in ten lessons, by correspondence. And don't you be so jealous, Leila. Your line may be the clinging, dove-like blonde. Mine's the bold, bad brunette—and they like 'em intellectual. Take it from me."

To Miss Stratton she was reserved, with a quaint, grown-up dignity whose loneliness gave that kindly, understanding soul a secret heart-ache. Yes, there was plenty news, Miss Stratton, and it was all very good. Father and Aunt Judith—no! no! Old Stratton, don't look at me like that! Call her "Mother," huh? Just ask me, straight out, and see what you'll get! And I'm not a cat—I'm not, I'm *not*!! Nobody would. You wouldn't yourself, you old owl!—Father and Aunt Judith are travelling such a great deal. I don't expect they know when they will be able to fix a date for coming home. A pity: but there you are. Perhaps in the next letter there may be something more definite, something I can look forward to . . .

Words, words, all meaningless, all on the surface. Why not speak the truth? Why not say how you hate that woman who has taken him away from you, and how you—how—how he's let you down? Why not let her know what he's done to your life, since she seemed so anxious to hear?

But Miss Stratton is speaking . . . "I wrote to your father." She doesn't seem comfortable. Doesn't know quite how to go on. "I told him I thought something ought to be done . . lonely for you here . . not fair . . not at all fair . . "

"Why, Jane, dear little Jane, don't cry! Have I upset you? Was I wrong? Poor little lonely one . . "

And now, if you please, Miss Stratton is crying, too.

THE cable came two days later.

"*Judy very ill. Want you at once. Arranging passage "Queen Mary" Southampton Saturday morning twenty-sixth. Cable reply from home and New York. Meet you Montreal when I hear. All my love. Daddy.*"

"*All* my love." Yes, because he wanted her. Was it a judgment? Don't be a pig, Jane. She's ill. Ill, very ill. Can't you understand plain English. And aren't you satisfied?

Yes, he wants you now, in his hour of need; he turns to you as he's always turned to you ever since that darling died who was his only true love. Turns to you because you are all he has left which speaks to him of her who was all in all to him.

Just as you are now, Jane. Not a word, except to Miss Stratton, of course, and to Leila and Estelle, under bond of strictest secrecy. Yet the news was all over the school by noon. What a thrill!

"Going to America, on your own. And on the *Queen Mary*, too!" Estelle's grey eyes shone with envy. "What a chance! Some folks have all the luck."

"Huh! Glad you call it luck!"

"Well, isn't it?"

"What? Dipping into a peck o' trouble?"

But her heart sang within her. It *was* luck. He couldn't do without her after all. In the hour of need, he must come back to his own. That other woman, the stranger, what was the use of her when the test came? A kind of traitress. It was Jane who mattered—and what else mattered to Jane? She would be kind, so kind to Judy. It wasn't the poor creature's fault that she was a weakling, that she couldn't hold him. But to go and get ill like that—to fail him at the first trial. What would you have done, Jane? You'd have died sooner than be ill . . .

Clothes, clothes! She must have new clothes, tons of 'em. But where was the time? Oh, make time. Phone, wire, get friends to work. But hurry, hurry: that was the idea. Off to-morrow to London, and the next day on board.

Miss Stratton would come to town with her. Oh, yes, she would. She had a nephew in a shipping office, and he would see that everything was right. The best cabin—well, not the best in the *Queen Mary*, but a really good one. If Mr. Whitton hadn't been able to reserve a good one, she, Agatha Stratton, would have it changed and pay the difference, even if it had to come out of her own pocket.

She watched the excited little face in the opposite corner of the carriage. The carriage which was taking them to Southampton. Oh, yes. Miss Stratton was coming the whole way. Was it likely she would leave her lamb alone in London overnight? It was bad enough to have to leave her at the docks. Besides, Miss Stratton was discovering that there's no such tonic, at the kind of age one never thinks about, as a little excitement.

The shipping nephew had sent an urgent wire to the purser, a particular friend of his, and Miss Stratton bore a note from him in her handbag. She invaded his office like a whippet tank, trailing Jane behind her. Fortunately, they were so early that there was no crowd. Yes, the purser quite understood. This was a small archangel, and if anything untoward happened to her lightnings from heaven were the very least he could expect for himself.

A golden mist rising over the water, in the thin October sunshine. The last siren wailing into the Hampshire hills, the great bulk slowly separating itself from the landing stage, and Miss Stratton, handkerchief at her eyes, watching the last flutter of another handkerchief waved by a trembling, small brown hand.

JANE sat at the captain's table, on his left hand, with the doctor on her other side. Very important she felt, when she saw how important her own bodyguard was. She never knew a captain could be so exalted a personage, to whom millionaires and peers of the realm were apparently nothing in particular. Just passengers, like Jane Whitton.

She herself didn't think much of the millionaires, though one old thing was rather sweet. All dried up, like a winter apple, clean and brown and seamed with humorous knowledge of the world. He sat facing her, and from the very first breakfast there was a smile between them every time they met. Once he spoke to her as they passed each other on the promenade deck. "How's tricks, little lady?" he enquired. And that smart Mrs. Lethbridge, whom the captain had enlisted as chaperon, looked quizzingly at Jane and said she had made a unique conquest.

"He owns three steel-rolling mills," she explained, "and hasn't a single wife left out of three. That's why he likes playing grandpapa. It's so safe."

The peers were just as disappointing. Two were very young, with slightly receding chins, and mild blue eyes, very charming manners, but no roots in the world apparently, though each of them owned many thousand acres. The others were older, red and round and beefy, full of worries specially dispatched from the City by radio, fussy to the sheerest boredom about their meals, men for any woman to leave, and feel virtuous over it.

She was thinking how very much they disappointed (*Continued on page* 112)

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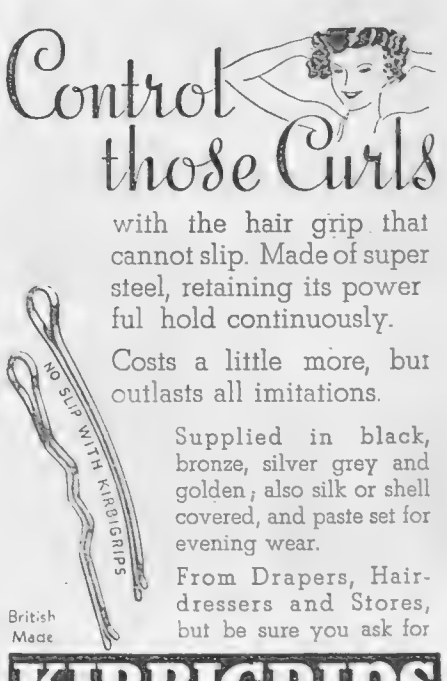
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What are you to do? You certainly must do something. In nine cases out of ten the remedy is simple enough—a dose or two of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. You must have read of case after case, many of them much worse than yours, where blessed relief has come almost in a twinkling. Flatulence, heartburn, dyspepsia, even gastric and duodenal ulcers, have had to yield to the soothing and healing properties of this modern miracle worker.

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her, when the new young man stumbled over her feet. She gave a sharp yelp, for it was a question of a corn. But as it was not romantic to have corns, and as the young man was extremely good-looking, she assured him that it didn't matter in the least. And she accompanied the assurance with a smile of such street-arab impudence that he sat down at once beside her in the chair which Mrs. Lethbridge had just vacated.

Mrs. Lethbridge was not, it is to be feared, as efficient a chaperon as Captain Sinclair imagined. She had her own fish to fry, and had already left them for too long. So Jane felt safe in telling him that she was sure the chair would not be wanted.

"And you don't mind if I take it?"

"*I* don't mind. But Captain Sinclair might. I'm under his special eye, you see."

The young man chuckled. He was tall, well-knit, and his limbs swung easily and lazily into the deck chair. A clever, masterful face, but very kindly.

"The Old Man's a special pal of mine," he informed her. His voice had a twang which was not quite American, but was certainly not English.

A steward hurried up. "Wireless message for Miss Whitton." Excitedly she tore the envelope. It was from her father, to say he would be meeting her at New York. Nothing more. No word of Judy. She was worried. Surely, if Judy was better, daddy would have said so.

"No bad news, I hope?" There was more than casual concern in the deep voice. One would have judged it to be an old friend enquiring, and not an acquaintance of the last five minutes.

"Don't know." She couldn't help her lip quivering.

The young man looked for a moment as if he were about to say something. But instead, and most amazingly, he took her hand in both of his own, covering it up like a tiny brown nut in a large white shell. No by-your-leaves or anything. And yet, she let it rest there without complaint. For there was no presumption in the way it happened. Just a gesture of friendship; that and an inexplicable air of protectiveness. As if he had the right to stand between her and all the buffets of the world.

SHE lay back and closed her eyes, content that he should hold her hand so, and careless if they were seen or not. She must rest. And he never moved, never said a word. Just waited until she spoke.

"Of course it must be bad news," she told him. And then it came out, all her troubles, in a spate of bewildered despair. "Why should daddy want to meet me in New York, unless something terrible has happened? Something he couldn't wait to tell me?"

He smiled down at her, a lovely smile, so gay and confident and reassuring. "That's easy, sister. He's brought your step-mother to New York to see some specialist. And if she can travel that distance, she can't be so very bad."

"D'you really think so?"

"Sure of it. Dead certain."

Jane sighed. "I must close my eyes again for a bit. You don't mind?" He smiled again. "I guess that's a great idea. But don't take your hand away, sister, because that'll spoil the cure. I'm a surgeon, and I'm telling you what's right."

People passed up and down, chatting lazily or furiously exercising before dinner. The rhythm of their footsteps and the murmur of their voices soothed her. She opened her eyes once to watch the passing of another splendid ship, ablaze with lights, like a sliding hotel. Then she closed them again. Those two strong hands were still prisoning her hands. But just protectively.

"What's your other name, Jane?"

The pleasant voice woke her from dreaming to a sense of alarm. "How did you know my name was Jane?"

"Heard it. Walked behind you and your dragon till it came up in conversation."

"Jane Whitton's my name," said Jane, sitting up severely and disengaging her hand. "What's more, I think it's very rude of you to ask."

My Pretty Jane

He shook his head. "Not rude. I wouldn't ask if I didn't want to know very badly. You see, Jane Whitton, I've sort of taken to you. And I don't take to people. Not easily."

"Nor do I. And I wish—I wish I'd not let you take my hand. It's—it's unbecoming."

He rose, and stood rather stiffly before her. "If you think that, I can only express my regret at having offended you, and go."

From under long lashes, her mischievous eyes regarded him. "There's no need to be huffy. I didn't say you had offended me."

He raised his head, as if listening for some new object of interest. "Was that the dressing-bell for dinner?" he enquired, airily.

"I didn't hear it," said Jane, frankly. "But don't let me keep you."

"Pig!" she added, as he left her, with a bow that was needlessly elaborate.

BUT he barred her path after dinner, as she was walking round the deck with Mrs. Lethbridge. That accommodating lady, after being introduced by a somewhat nervous charge, made things very easy. "She'll be quite safe in your hands, Doctor Newsome, I'm sure."

It appeared that Mrs. Lethbridge knew his name, a fact which annoyed Jane, though she realised it saved her the trouble of finding out for herself. "And p'raps I wouldn't have bothered, either. What do I care about his beastly name?"

"Don't talk to yourself," he advised, interrupting her mutterings. "I know you were saying nasty things about me. And quite right. I'm an ill-mannered brute. You see, I don't mix easily with folks, as I told you. And that makes me awkward when I do want to mix with some."

"Meaning me?"

"I guess so. Meaning you, Jane. Shall we walk?"

They found a quiet place very soon indeed and leant over the rail, watching the phosphorescent light on the great, green slices of water which the boat cut away from her sides. "I like this," said Jane, resting her elbows comfortably. "But it isn't walking. . . . You men never know from one moment to another what you really want to do next. Do you, now?"

He looked down at her with a quizzing, sideways appraisement, a longer look than he gave most women. "If what you say is true," he said, "there's usually a reason, a feminine one." It was *true* this time. Why should the small piece of brown impudence intrigue him so? What he ought to do next was to take her back to her chaperon, and get him some grown-up companionship. But that wouldn't be like this. Nothing would ever be quite like this October evening, with the inquisitive silver stars crowding out above the endless rim of the Atlantic to peep down and see what folly he was about.

Now she was nodding her head up and down, like a porcelain mandarin. "I wonder just how bad I am," she was saying. "Just how bad. You see"—she turned her face upwards and looked at him with the trustfulness of a small child; quite irresistible she was that way—"he does belong to Her now, doesn't he? And yet he must be mine, just a little, or he would never send for me. Isn't that so? I'm glad it's so: you can't tell how glad. And if I'm glad it's because she's ill and he's had to come back again to me. But I'm glad she's better all the same. I swear that's true," she cried, with sudden vehemence. "Do believe it. I want you to believe that of me. I'm not deceitful, though I may be a cat. I couldn't say I was sorry about her being ill, really sorry and upset, if I didn't feel it deep down inside me, glowing, like something warm. I could be sweet to her now, and love her. I know I could. D'you understand that?"

"I understand that you're a sweet-natured little lady. And that's enough to go on with. I haven't found all little ladies sweet-natured, even at sweet seventeen."

"How did you know I was seventeen?

S'pose I deny it? S'pose I say I'm as old as the whole world? Older than you will ever be. What'd you say then? But you wouldn't believe me. You wouldn't understand. Daddy would, but *you* wouldn't. You see, *he* knows what love is. And you don't."

"And you . . . ?" How absurd, to be swapping sentiment with a small child like that! But there was magic about her, not the magic of the night, but something elfin of her own, which was putting a spell upon him, so that he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Me . . . ? I think I could learn: Oh! so quickly! Even though I'm only seventeen."

A burst of music came through an open door of the drawing-room close by. A woman began to sing in a high, sweet voice, and soon the deeper voice of a man joined her in a duet. Jane shivered and drew her coat collar more closely round her.

"Let's go in . . . I'm tired . . so much thinking."

He left her listening to the music, sitting meekly beside Mrs. Lethbridge, whose last young admirer had been seduced into a poker game. She looked at him rather piteously as he went away.

ALL next day he avoided her. He wasn't going to make a fool of himself. Or compromise her, for that matter. Poor little kid! So lonely, with so much trouble on her mind. Fortunately, there was plenty excuse for him to keep away, sports organisation, the concert, even a professional consultation into which the ship's surgeon had called him. He was thoroughly busy, from breakfast time until the final whisky-and-soda at midnight—and thoroughly unhappy, as he lay in his bunk, thinking of the little brown face which had suddenly seemed so white and drawn, all in a moment over nothing.

And Jane? She could not sleep either, despite the encouragement of Mrs. Lethbridge's calm breathing in the cabin opposite. The door was ajar, and she could hear her quite plainly. "I s'pose widows are like that," said Jane. But she was not quite sure what she meant. All she knew was this sense of unhappiness, of insufficiency. Something had happened to make it less wonderful that she would be seeing daddy again in less than forty-eight hours. She would be glad to see him, of course. She was hungry for the sight of his dear face. But a new doubt of herself was assailing her. There was now something new beyond seeing him, something she longed for which he could not satisfy. And with her dream of it, as she fell asleep, the vision of two slim, strong white hands was unaccountably commingled: hands which had held hers.

In the morning she knew. She knew by the way her heart leapt as Dr. Newsome came towards her. And she didn't even know his first name. She was hurt by his indifference of yesterday, too deeply hurt to speak to him. But her heart leapt, all the same, as he barred her way. His smile was quite infectious, like the sunshine bursting suddenly through the racing white clouds overhead. And how could she resist the appeal of those outstretched hands?

"Don't turn me down, Jane Whitton. I've had such a darn bad night. Everything seemed grey. All the colour gone. And now, the sight of you brought it all back. So you *can't* turn me down, Jane Whitton. It wouldn't be natural."

He took her arm and piloted her to a sheltered corner. She made no protest as he spread the two chairs side by side, settled her in one, and covered her up with rugs.

"I should have thought you loathed the sight of me," she said at length, "instead of liking it."

"Why say an unkind thing like that, Jane Whitton, just for the sake of fishing?"

She sat up indignantly. "I'm not fishing! How dare you say so?"

"I dare anything," he returned, gloomily. "But I don't mean it, so don't mind it. I'm just a wet smack, that's all."

"A wet smack? What's that?"

"Oh, a damper. No good to myself, or to anybody else. That's why I wouldn't inflict myself on you yesterday. And a nice, pleasant day I had because of it."

"I'm glad," she said, viciously. And then was suddenly all contrition. "Oh, but I didn't mean that. Truly I didn't. It was just the cat in me."

He looked at her queerly. "You were glad, Jane Whitton, because I was miserable, thinking about you, and not being with you. Well, I guess that's good enough. Let's talk some, Jane Whitton, and be friends and not scrap any more. We ought not to scrap, we two. And I think it's time I told you my name, having stolen yours. It's not an exciting name. Just John. Not even Jack. Nobody has ever called me Jack. But I think John and Jane ought to go well together. There's a bond between them, somehow."

She looked out over the sea, and he followed her gaze. "How old did you say you were, Jane?" His hand sought hers under the rug. "Let's just sit here, and face the world together, and look for the crock of gold at the foot of the rainbow." He pointed with his finger at the distant horizon. "It'd be just there, in that corner."

"There are no corners," said Jane. Her voice was so faint that she could scarcely hear herself speaking. "It's always curving farther away, the place where you'll find the crock of gold."

He closed his eyes and lay back, just as she had done when she was tired. "I think *we* could find it—together."

HOW they talked, the two of them! She told him all about Ferndale, about her work, and her friends, and all she hoped to do. And did he think everything would be right with Judy, and that daddy would not have to worry any more? She hated to think that he might be worrying even now. He had never worried with her. He would always write and tell her all his heart. Perhaps Judy could hardly expect that—not all at once. Could she? John must tell her, because she wanted to be fair to Judy. And John, who didn't care a rap what happened to Judy, so long as Jane was happy, made noises that were conversationally useful, and watched the bright eyes glowing with speculation and the sheer love of life. He told her about himself. That he was a surgeon in New York, the son of a surgeon in Toronto—did she know where Toronto was? If she didn't, he should worry!—and that he was returning from a holiday in London, and how glad he was. Gee! what a holiday it had turned out to be!

Later in the day they told Mrs. Lethbridge. "We've got to tell somebody," said John. "Otherwise, the Old Man'll put me in irons for a kidnapper. He's been looking at me pretty sideways over lunch as it is." And Mrs. Lethbridge kissed Jane, and said some people had all the luck. And then, before Jane could stop her, she had kissed John, if you please!

In the evening they sat together in their old seat. It was the night of the concert, but they wouldn't go inside. "You're all the music I want, sweetheart," he told her. And she loved that, but did not find it satisfactory. For he hadn't kissed her yet, and she wondered when he was going to.

Suddenly she (*Continued on page* 114)

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sat up and stiffened. "Listen," she cried. A man was singing, in a clear, sweet tenor.

"I don't know the song," he said, "but I feel something about it. Something that means you. . . ."

"It *is* me," she whispered, and sang with the singer.

My Jane, my Jane, my pretty Jane,
Ah, never look so shy:
But meet me in the evening
When the bloom is on the rye.

"Daddy loves that song," she said.

He bent down over her. "My pretty Jane. . . ."

"Ah, never look so shy." She could hardly believe it was she that was speaking. She could hardly believe it was her arms which drew him down, her lips which sought his.

"NEW YORK," he told her, waving his hand at the amazing forest of bricks and mortar into which they were sailing so incredibly. "D'you like it? But I guess you'd better, for that's where you'll have to be."

She clung to him. "Don't let me go," she whispered. "Don't let them take me away. Now that I've found you, don't let me lose you."

The captain passed them and smiled. "Better be getting your traps together. We'll be alongside in less than half an hour."

SLOWLY, majestically, the mighty ship slipped into her appointed berth. And there, clearly to be seen in the milling crowd on the landing stage, was daddy!

Daddy, splendidly well, beaming with happiness, his arm linked in that of an older man. Frantically Jane waved, until suddenly, seeing her, he gave a great shout of delight, and tugged at his friend's arm, pointing her out with all the pride of a dozen peacocks.

Beside her, John was waving too. The cheek of him! Not even waiting to be introduced! How did he know George Whitton would be able to stand the sight of him? And what did he mean by shouting back like that? "Hello, dad? How's the old hoss?"

The impudence!!!

But now the gangways had been made fast, and the waiting multitude swarmed on to the ship, daddy and his American friend in the front rank of all. And now he held her in his arms, hugging her close to him with a love which almost suffocated her—as if he could never let her go.

But he did let her go, to stand back and look at her from a distance, his eyes moist with pride and admiration and love.

"You might introduce us, I guess," said the other man.

"Good Lord!" cried Whitton. "So I might. Sweetheart, this is Dr. Charles Newsome, of Toronto . . ."

Newsome . . . Newsome . . . ?

"He's the man who pulled Judy out of——" he paused.

"That's all right," said the older man. "She's well on the mend, now. Only wants a little special treatment. That's why we brought her to New York. And this is little Jane, hey? The little Jane you've never stopped talking about for the last month? Well, well, I don't blame you. But—but—what's this? You and John—this is my son John, Whitton. Quite a surgeon, they say. He and your little girl seem to have made friends already. Well, now, and isn't that fine? I'm glad you like my boy, my pretty Jane."

Jane, staring in consternation from one of them to the other, suddenly and most shamefully capitulated. Sinking to the lowest depths of feminine weakness, she buried her face, hot with tears, in John Newsome's shoulder.

Tenderly, he stroked the shining dark head. "She's *my* pretty Jane now, dad. Since the night before last." He turned to Whitton with a challenge in his eyes. "Yes, and that goes for you, sir, as well."

Whitton burst into a roar of laughter.

"Don't *you* go for me, my boy," he cried. "One turbulent child in the family is quite enough to go on with."

END

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WORLD OF THE CINEMA: A fortnightly page, reviewing the latest films, by Michael Orme.

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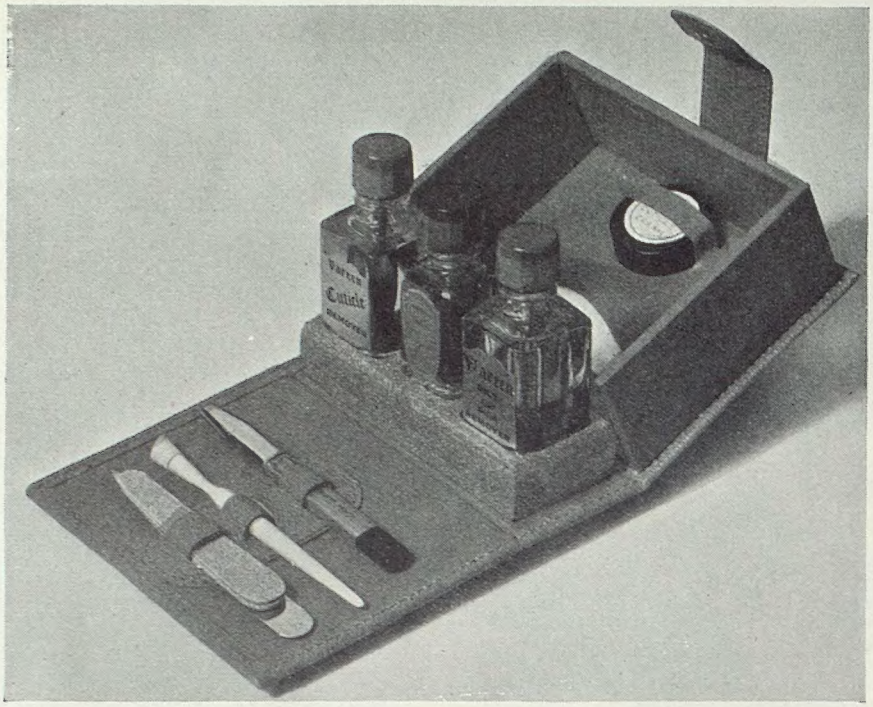


The New Vareen Outfit contains every accessory for the perfect manicure

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised products

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Over a hundred articles, a list of which will be sent post free to those who are interested, have been manufactured in "Staybrite" Olde Hall Tableware. These stainless steel utensils are a boon to housewives, for they are untarnishable, never need cleaning or polishing, and always look good on the table.

Tea and coffee services, cruets, vegetable dishes, trays and toast racks are just a few of the useful articles made in this attractive ware, which has been awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene, proof having been established that food may be served in any Olde Hall vessel with absolutely no risk.

A gargle night and morning with Listerine Brand Antiseptic is a splendid preventive of colds and influenza, greatly increasing resistance to these ills.

A bottle kept in the bathroom for daily use and emergencies will prove invaluable, for this very potent germicide is a safe and effective prophylactic for cuts, bruises and wounds of all kinds, and is also extremely effective as a mouth-wash, ensuring personal freshness and safeguarding against all infection.

To be well groomed should be every woman's first care. The smartest and most carefully chosen clothes never look right if hair is badly dressed and nails and hands are neglected.

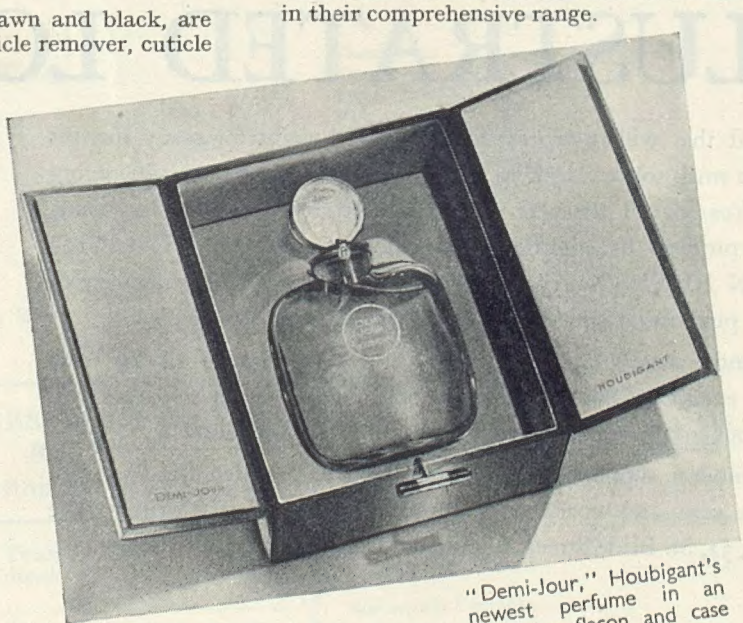
No one who is the fortunate possessor of the new Vareen manicure outfit has the smallest excuse for badly kept nails, for the attractive morocco-grain leather case contains every essential for the perfect manicure.

These cases, obtainable in red, green, fawn and black, are fitted with nail polish, polish remover, cuticle remover, cuticle cream, nail white pencil, file, emery boards, rubber hoof orange stick and cotton wool. The bottles are held firmly in a rigid cork base, and when the case is opened they rise into a secure upright position, ready for use, so that no accidental upsetting is possible.

Replacements are always available, and Vareen offers a wide choice of 30 shades of nail polish. The outfit costs 7s. 6d.

"Demi-Jour" is the charming name given by Houbigant to their newest perfume. These enterprising Parisian perfumers never keep their enthusiastic clients waiting very long before launching some new and fragrant scent, and "Demi-Jour" is a worthy successor to "Présence" and "Floraison."

Houbigant do not confine themselves to the manufacture of perfumes. Face powders, rouges, creams, lipsticks, talcum, soaps, and other toilet aids for men and women are included in their comprehensive range.



"Demi-Jour," Houbigant's newest perfume in an attractive flacon and case

At the end of a tiring day there is nothing so refreshing as a good bath.

A bath with a "Hedlea" Friction Cloth is a most pleasurable experience. This cloth gives a splendid lather, and the friction promotes healthy circulation and coaxes every particle of dust and dirt out of the skin, leaving an invigorating glow similar to that experienced after a cold bath or a sea bathe.

The "Hedlea" Friction Cloth costs only 1s. 3d. and is obtainable in attractive shades of blue, lemon, flesh and green.

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In ½-lb. and 1-lb. tins. 9d. and 1/5

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RECIPE for SUET CRUST.

8 oz. Self-raising Flour, *or* 8 oz Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 4 oz. Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix ingredients with the flour, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do *not* rub in, add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or small gas jet.